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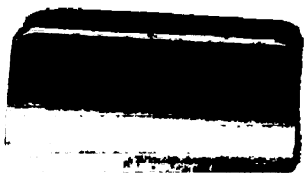

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CONTENTS

OF

No. CLVII.

Art.		Page
I.—1.	Montrose and the Covenanters: Illustrated from Private Letters and other Original Documents hitherto unpublished. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate.	
2.	The Life and Times of Montrose: Illustrated from Original Manuscripts, including Family Papers, now first published from the Montrose Charter-Chest, and other Private Repositories. By Mark Napier, Esq. -	1
II.—	Tales by a Barrister - - - - - - - -	61
III.—	Experimental Researches in Electricity. By Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. From the Philosophical Transactions, Part I., for 1846.	
	Nineteenth Series—On the Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force.	
	Twentieth and Twenty-first Series—On New Magnetic Actions, and on the Magnetic Condition of all Matter -	93
IV.—	The Second Annual Report of the Ragged School Union, established for the Support of Schools for the Destitute Poor - - - - - - - - - - -	127
V.—	La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart negli anni 1743-6, descritta Latinamente nel 1751 dal Gesuita Giulio Cordara, e ora fatta Italiana da Antonio Gussalli	141
VI.—1.	Obras de Gil Vicente.	
2.	Um Auto de Gil Vicente. Por J. B. de Almeida Garrett - - - - - - - - - -	168
VII.—	De l'Agriculture en France, d'après les Documens officiels. Par M. L. Mounier, avec des Remarques par M. Rubichon - - - - - - - - -	202

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ART. Page

VIII.—1. Letter from an Irish to an English Gentleman on the Operation of the Labour-Rate Act and the Repeal of the Arms Bill.

2. The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M.D.

3. Present Condition and future Prospects of the Country with reference to Free Trade. By F. C. 8vo. 1846.

4. The Repeal of the Malt-Tax, and its Effect on Land, Labour, and Commerce. By H. Ayres, M.R.A.S. 288

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLVIII.

Art.		Page
I.	Memoir of the Life and Services of Vice-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Baronet, K.C.B. Edited by the Rev. Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester	273
II.	1. The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere. Edited by Charles Knight.	
	2. The Works of William Shakespeare. The text formed from an entirely new Collation of the Old Editions; with various Readings, Notes, a Life of the Poet, and a History of the Early English Stage. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.	
	3. Remarks on Mr. J. P. Collier's and Mr. C. Knight's editions of Shakespeare. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce	310
III.	1. Gallus, oder Römische Scenen aus der Zeit Augusts. Zur Erläuterung der wesentlichsten Gegenstände aus dem häuslichen Leben der Römer. Von Wilh. Adolph Becker, Prof. a. d. U. Leipzig.	
	2. Charikles: Bilder altgriechischer Sitte. Zur genaueren Kenntniss des Griechischen Privatlebens. Von W. A. Becker.	
	3. Gallus; or Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans. Translated from the German by Frederick Metcalfe, B.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.	
	4. Charicles; or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursus. Translated from the German by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford	336
IV.	1. British Costume. A complete History of the Dress of the Inhabitants of the British Islands. By J. R. Planché, Esq. With Illustrations. A new Edition.	
	2. Costume in England. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. With above six hundred Engravings, drawn on wood by the Author.	
	3. The Book of Costume—or Annals of Fashion. By a Lady of Rank. With numerous Engravings	372

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Art. Page

V.—1. Correspondence relating to the Marriages of the Queen and Infanta of Spain. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.
2. Considerations respecting the Marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with reference to the Treaty of Utrecht - 399

VI.—1. The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistan, decyphered and translated, with a Memoir. By Major H. C. Rawlinson.
2. Ueber die Keilinschriften der ersten und zweiten Gattung. Von Chr. Lassen und N. L. Westergaard.
3. On the Decyphering of the second Achæmenian or Median species of Arrow-headed Writing. By N. L. Westergaard.
4. Beiträge zur Erklärung der Persischen Keilinschriften. Von Adolf Holtzmann.
5. Die Grabschrift des Darius in Nakshi Rustam erläutert. Von Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig.
6. Lettres de M. Botta sur les Découvertes à Khorsabad. Publiées par M. J. Mohl - - - - - - 413

VII.—Official and other Dispatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Second Edition - - - - 449

VIII.—1. The Winter of 1846-7 in Antrim; with Remarks on Out-door Relief. By A. Shafto Adair, F.R.S.
2. First Annual Report of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland.
3. Second Letter from an Irish Gentleman to an English Friend.
4. Minutes of Evidence taken before her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law and Practice in respect to the Occupation of Land in Ireland - 463

IX.—The Life and Correspondence of the Right Honourable Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth. By the Hon. and Rev. George Pellew, D.D., Dean of Norwich - 484

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Montrose and the Covenanters: Illustrated from Private Letters and other Original Documents hitherto unpublished.* By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. 2 vols. London. 8vo. 1838.

2. *The Life and Times of Montrose: Illustrated from Original Manuscripts, including Family Papers, now first published from the Montrose Charter-Chest, and other Private Repositories.* By Mark Napier, Esq. Edinburgh. 1840.

MR. NAPIER states in his Dedication of 1840 that he was roused to authorship on finding that the old calumnies against Montrose have not yet lost their credit, and that his name is still mentioned as one to be 'abhorred' even in present times, and by high authorities. From these *obiter dicta* (for such we must consider them), even the most candid and most justly-respected writers are not always free. Against them there must ever lie a right of appeal to ancient and authentic records. But we think it highly probable that no such unfavourable views would have been formed, and no such disparaging terms employed, had there been then before the world those fuller materials which the patient industry of Mr. Napier has since that time produced.

With a just admiration for Montrose and the Scottish loyalists, he has carefully and diligently sought out whatever could bear upon their history. The appearance of his first work, 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' in 1838, incited the descendants of the hero to a search, which they had strangely during two centuries postponed, into their own family Charter-Chest,*—a search which has brought to light, for the first time, several important original letters to Montrose, especially from Kings Charles the First and Second. Under these circumstances, which might have mortified an ordinary scribbler, Mr. Napier was far from echoing the reply of the French Abbé and would-be historian, who, when offered

* The late Duke of Montrose wrote to Mr. Napier as follows, previous to the publication of 1838: 'I am sorry to say that we cannot give you any assistance in the task you are preparing to undertake, as there are no papers whatever existing, and in our possession, which can throw light upon the subject.'—*Preface*, p. xiv.

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some curious MS. notes of the governor of a fortress, answered drily, *Mon siège est fait!* Mr. Napier, on the contrary, in an excellent spirit, and with most commendable zeal, sat down to re-write his book by the aid of his fresh materials. The new work was published in 1840 with the title 'The Life and Times of Montrose,' but compressed into a single volume, and omitting not a few of the documents and extracts to be found in the former. Both works are therefore necessary to a full understanding of the subject, and it is from both (not neglecting other helps) that we propose to draw what we hope may not prove unwelcome to our readers, a sketch of the career and character of THE GREAT MARQUIS—as to this day in Scotland the hero continues to be called.

There are very few men so eminent of whose early years so little is known. This is the more remarkable when we consider his high rank and lineage—the head of the house of Graham, and by succession the fifth Earl of Montrose. Neither the time nor the place of his birth appear to be recorded. We only know that at the decease of his father, the fourth Earl, in November 1626, he was in his fourteenth year. During the rest of his nonage he was under the guardianship of Lord Napier of Merchiston, who had married one of his elder sisters, and who continued through life his bosom-friend. It was perhaps as being an only son that Montrose married in very early youth. His wife was Madeline Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk; and by 1633 we find him already the father of two sons. Early in that year his young Countess appears to have died; but even of that fact there is no positive record, and it is rather inferred from the utter silence respecting her in all further accounts of Montrose.

In the same year, and probably in consequence of his domestic bereavement, Montrose went abroad, travelling into France and Italy, and continuing on the Continent about three years. We can trace no particulars of his tour, nor of his habits of life at that period. Only in the archives of the English College at Rome appears the following entry: '1635, 27th day of March, two Earls, Angus and Montrose, with four others, gentlemen of distinction of that nation, attended by four domestics, were honourably entertained in our refectory according to their rank.'

Montrose came back from his travels with great accomplishments and advantages both of mind and person. His chaplain, Dr. Wishart, describes him as 'not very tall, nor much exceeding a middle stature, but of an exceeding strong composition of body and an incredible force, joined with an excellent proportion and fine features. His hair was of a dark-brown colour, his complexion

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complexion sanguine, of a quick and piercing gray eye, with a high nose, something like the ancient sign of the magnanimity of the Persian Kings. He was a man of a very princely carriage and excellent address . . . . . a complete horseman, and had a singular grace in riding.' If this portrait, as drawn by his own chaplain, should appear too favourable and in need of some corrective, we can supply one from Bishop Burnet, who always refers to 'the Great Marquis' with especial malignity, and even in one passage goes to the preposterous length of questioning his personal courage:* 'He was,' says the Bishop, 'a young man well-learned, who had travelled, but had taken upon him the part of a hero too much, and lived as in a romance, for his whole manner was stately to affectation.'

On his return home, adorned by such accomplishments, Montrose was presented to Charles I. with every expectation of a cordial welcome. But the King, whether because, as is alleged, he had been prepossessed against him by the Hamiltons, or because his own manner was cold and dry until mellowed by misfortune, took little notice of him, merely gave him his hand to kiss, and then turned aside. This slight was keenly felt by Montrose; and we see no reason to doubt (however strenuously Mr. Napier denies) that it formed one motive of the part which he shortly afterwards took in the growing troubles of Scotland.

Those troubles, as is well known, began by the establishment of the Canons and Liturgy, and resulted in the production of the Covenant. Nothing could exceed the ardour and enthusiasm with which that bond was hailed among the Scottish people; Hume not unaptly speaks of it as a general contagion. That a high-spirited young nobleman, attached to the Protestant faith, not regardless of popularity, conscious of great abilities, and resenting the neglect of the Court, should espouse a specious cause in the first dawn of its zeal, and before it was clouded over by excesses, was surely not unnatural. Nor were the most artful solicitations wanting from many quarters, and above all from the Earl of Rothes, to secure so hopeful an ally. As Principal Robert Baillie afterwards declared, 'The *canniness* of Rothes brought in Montrose to our party.'†

Once engaged, Montrose bore a share in all the factions of the General Assemblies. We find the Marquis of Hamilton, the King's Commissioner in Scotland, write of him with much asperity to his Royal Master (Nov. 27, 1638): 'Now for the Covenanters I shall only say this; in general they may all be placed in one roll as they now stand; but certainly, Sir, those that have

* History of His Own Times, vol. i. p. 91, ed. Oxford, 1833.
† Letter to W. Spang, April 25, 1645.

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both broached the business, and still hold it aloft, are Rothes, Balmerino, Lindsay, Lothian, Loudon, Yester, Cranstoun. There are many others as forward in show, amongst whom none more vainly foolish than Montrose. But the above mentioned are the main contrivers.' At this period, also, Montrose was intrusted with two expeditions to the north. The first had for its object conversion rather than conquest; the Earl was attended by three of the most ardent of the seceding clergy;* and he returned in August, 1638, with a parchment full of signatures to the Covenant; 'the most worthless laurel,' adds Mr. Napier, 'that he ever gained.'

The second expedition, in the spring of 1639, was more congenial to his military temper; he was required to keep in check the Marquis of Huntley as the King's lieutenant north of Spey. Some newly-levied foot were placed at his disposal, and he bore the title of General; but as he complained from the first to Gordon of Straloch, 'business here is all transacted by vote and a Committee, nor can I get anything done of myself.' After some skirmishing, he found Huntley not disinclined to treat; and it was arranged between them that they, each accompanied by eleven of his friends, should hold a conference at the village of Lowess, about nine miles south of Strathbogie. The two parties met accordingly, armed only with walking-swords; and such was their mutual suspicion, that a gentleman from each side was appointed to search the other for fear of hidden weapons. After a few words of courteous greeting, the two chiefs stepped aside, and conversed in private for a considerable time. The result was, that Huntley consented to sign a paper with certain terms of adhesion, and on two separate occasions rode over from his own to the Covenanters' camp. But at his last visit it was sought to impose upon him further terms; on his refusal, the parole pledged for his safety was broken, and he was conducted as a prisoner or a hostage to Edinburgh Castle. The bad faith of this detention is manifest and glaring. We are assured, however, that Montrose withstood it to the uttermost,† but found that his single voice in the council of officers could not avail to prevent it.

* An account of their arrival at Aberdeen is given by John Spalding, commissary-clerk of that town, whose 'History of the Troubles' was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1828. 'The Provost and Baillies courteously salute them at their lodging, and offer them wine and confects according to their laudable custom for their welcome; but this their courteous offer was disdainfully refused, saying they would drink none with them until first the Covenant was subscribed!' (July 20, 1638.)

† *Quoy que Montrose s'opposast de tout son pouvoir*, are the words of Menteith de Salmonet (p. 67), whose work was written in French, and printed at Paris in 1661. James Gordon, a kinsman of Huntley, admits that Montrose was 'overborne by votes' in this transaction, but implies a doubt (surely without a shadow of probability) whether his resistance was sincere or simulated.

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It seems not unreasonable to infer that the resentment of Montrose at finding himself thus committed to an act of treachery, may have combined with his alarm for the monarchy and his disgust at the growing violence which he saw around him, to alienate him from the party which he had, perhaps too rashly, espoused. In the Parliaments of 1639 and 1640 his name on several occasions appears on the side of moderate counsels. Even in the field he showed a disposition to lenity, though no abatement of vigour. Scarcely had he returned to Edinburgh, with Huntley in his train, before he heard that the loyal Barons of the north were again in arms. With characteristic energy he instantly set off again, crossed the Grampians, gathered troops as he went, and on the 25th of May re-entered Aberdeen at the head of two or three thousand troops, the flower of which were the horsemen of Angus and Mearns. He had with him the Earls Marischal and Athol, and several other Lords and gentlemen, together with a train of thirteen field-pieces. The day but one after his arrival he held a general Committee to decide upon the fate of Aberdeen, which had distinguished itself by its zeal for Prelacy—'that unnatural city,' as Principal Baillie calls it on that account. The Covenanting Ministers of that day were unable to understand how a town which favoured Bishops could deserve the smallest mercy; they remembered the texts on the destruction of Jericho and Ai, and urged that in like manner Aberdeen should be given up to slaughter and conflagration. Montrose, however, stood firm against them; and, being backed on this occasion by the young Earl Marischal and other men of weight, finally carried his point, so that the burghers of Aberdeen were only fined and reprimanded, and exposed to free quarters, but spared from fire and sword.

One instance, however, of slaughter on a small scale is recorded by John Spalding. It appears that the Covenanting officers and soldiers on their first visit were decorated each with a blue riband round his neck. Upon their retreat some Aberdeen ladies in derision tied blue ribands round their lap-dogs' necks. Hearing of this jest, the soldiers on their return killed without mercy every cur which they met in the town, 'so that neither hound nor *messan*, or other dog, was left alive!' (May 26, 1639.)

The next step of Montrose was to bring up his field-pieces, and batter the castle of Gight, a principal strong-hold of the Gordons; but he quickly raised the siege on learning that a new enemy was at hand. Huntley's second son, the Viscount Aboyne, whom the King had lately named his lieutenant in the north, appeared off Aberdeen with three armed ships and some troops

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troops on board. Aboyne was only a boy of nineteen, but had for his guide Colonel Gun, an experienced though versatile soldier,—a *partisan* in both senses of the word,—and on landing he was joined by his brother, Lord Lewis Gordon, and some Highland levies. The whole united force marched off in high spirits to encounter Montrose, who had made skilful dispositions to receive them at Stonehaven. On their coming up a little skirmishing and a few cannon-balls were found sufficient to send them back in confusion. Montrose next proceeded to force the passage of the Dee, again entered Aberdeen, scattered the Gordons far and wide, and became once more master of the open country.

In this skirmish, which was called the Raid of Stonehaven, Montrose appears to have been greatly aided by the effect of any piece of ordnance on the imaginations of the Highlanders; even down to 1745 they called a cannon 'the Musket's mother,' and looked upon it with a kind of superstitious awe.

In the southern counties at this time the war seemed coming to a crisis between the Parliament of Scotland and the King; and the Scottish army, headed by General Alexander Leslie, had already marched to the Borders, when Charles decided on concluding a pacification, too hasty in its resolve, and too vague in its terms, to be lasting. During this hollow truce (for such it proved), his Majesty summoned several of the chief nobles, among whom was Montrose, to attend him at his Court at Berwick. The interview between the King and the Earl took place accordingly in July 1639, and although no particulars of it are found recorded, we cannot suppose it to have been without effect. Each on closer observation must have discovered the high endowments of the other:—each after what had passed would be more than commonly solicitous to please. Seldom, indeed, has such a subject met the eye of such a master.

The moderation of Montrose in the Parliament which met the month after (although the same moderation was shown by many others who had not been to Berwick) was ascribed by his ill-wishers to the persuasions of the King, and to his own ambitious hopes. 'Division,' writes Principal Baillie (Oct. 12, 1639), 'is now much laboured for in all our estate. They speak of too great prevailing with our nobles. Home evidently fallen off. Montrose not unlikely to be ensnared with the fair promises of advancement. Marischal, Sutherland, and others, somewhat doubtful. Sheriff of Teviotdale, and some of the Barons, inclining the Court way.' But we altogether disbelieve a story told by Bishop Guthry, and repeated by Mr. Napier without objection, that Montrose at this time found affixed to his chamber door a paper with the words,

'INVICTUS

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'INVICTUS ARMIS VERBIS VINCITUR.' Such an inscription is clearly framed on a view of Montrose's later exploits; in 1639 he had yet done nothing to deserve the high compliment INVICTUS ARMIS.

Ere many months had elapsed from the new inconsiderate pacification, the differences which had been not so much adjusted as postponed, and the resentments slurred over instead of healed, burst forth again with redoubled fury. Again did both parties appeal to the sword; again did news come to Edinburgh that King Charles was preparing for the invasion of Scotland, had collected an army on the Tyne, and had placed himself at its head. On their part the Scottish Parliament were not slack in mustering their forces; nor did Montrose, when called upon, refuse his aid in that hour of danger. He commanded a division in the army which, under General Leslie, and in July, 1640, marched towards the Tweed, and encamped for a time on Dunse Moor. During this pause in the military operations a remarkable event in politics occurred. It is stated by Montrose himself, as appears from judicial depositions, that a bond was privately offered for his signature proposing that some person should be named Captain-General, with arbitrary powers north of Forth, and implying that this person should be the Earl of Argyle. Stung at the proposal, Montrose immediately took horse for Cumbernauld, the house of the Earl of Wigtoun, where he met by appointment several of his friends, as the Earls Marischal, Home, Athol, and Mar—Lords Stormont, Seaforth, and Erskine—and Amond, who was second in command of Leslie's army. With these and some others, Montrose and Wigtoun subscribed a bond acknowledging their obligation to 'that Covenant already signed,' but stipulating for their mutual aid and defence in case of need, that 'every one of us shall join and adhere to each other.' Having thus secretly combined, Montrose and his friends returned to the army, which they found prepared to march forward and cross the Tweed. On reaching that river, the chiefs cast lots as to who should pass over the first, and the lot fell upon Montrose. He accordingly dismounted, forded the stream on foot, and returned to encourage his men.* A few days afterwards he took part in the more memorable passage of the Tyne, and the repulse, or rather rout, of the English army at Newburn.

In consequence of the day at Newburn, it is well known how the King's forces, diminished and dispirited, fell back first to

* Montrose's Life and Times, p. 138, with the passages cited from Baillie and Bishop Guthry. Sir Walter Scott, writing from memory, transfers the incident to the passage of the Tyne, at the battle of Newburn, where no doubt it makes a far better figure.—'Tales of a Grandfather,' second series, vol. i. p. 211, ed. 1829.

Durham,

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Durham, then to York, and how negotiations for peace commenced at Ripon, when the Scots were free to dictate almost their own terms. Charles had no other resource than once more to summon a Parliament in England—the 'Long Parliament,' as it proved—which from the very first displayed an eager resolution not only to curb the King's prerogative, but to punish his advisers. Within a few months of their meeting they had already voted ship-money illegal; they had cancelled the sentence against Hampden; they had driven into exile Lord Keeper Finch and Secretary Windebank; they had sent Laud to the dungeon and Strafford to the scaffold.

Even during the negotiations at Ripon, all danger to Scotland having passed, but new danger to the throne arisen, Montrose did not feel himself precluded from writing a letter to the King, expressive of his loyalty and duty. A copy of this letter (so unfaithful were some of Charles's servants!) was surreptitiously obtained, and transmitted to the chiefs of the Scottish army at Newcastle. Much incensed, they openly charged Montrose with having written to the King—but Montrose at once avowed and justified the act; and since at that time the highest respect for the Royal authority was professed even by those who most ardently laboured to destroy it—since even when troops were levied against the King it was still in the name of the King—the other Scottish leaders at Newcastle were compelled, however unwillingly, to admit, or at least to accept, the defence of their colleague.

The results were however more serious to Montrose, when, on his return to Scotland, the bond of Cumbernauld was discovered and denounced by Argyle. At nearly the same time some conferences which Montrose had held with the Ministers of Perth (Montrose being then on a visit to Lord Stormont at Scone), and which, like the bond, tended against the dominant faction of Argyle and Rothes, were made known to the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh. Loud and angry was their clamour at the news. The Earl was summoned, and several times examined before them, at the close of May 1641, when, far from denying or glossing over, or asking pardon for what he had done or said, he openly acknowledged and undauntedly maintained it. 'Did you,' thus he was asked in Argyle's own presence, and in the fullness of Argyle's power, 'did you name the Earl of Argyle?'—'I did name the Earl of Argyle,' he answered:—'I named Argyle as the man who was to rule be-north Forth, and as the man who discoursed of deposing the King. I am not the author or inventor of these things: I will lay it down at the right door!'—Ill satisfied with such frankness, the Committee, on the 11th of June,

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June, issued orders for arresting and securing, in Edinburgh Castle, Montrose himself, his kinsman Lord Napier, and Sir George Stirling of Keir, who had married Napier's daughter, while materials to serve for their impeachment were busily sought out. Lord Sinclair was despatched to the Earl's house at Old Montrose with a commission to break open his cabinets in quest of secret papers; but Sinclair found only a store of love-letters which some ladies had formerly addressed to Montrose, and which, according to Bishop Guthry, were 'flowered with Arcadian compliments. The Lord Sinclair' (thus continues the Bishop) 'was much blamed by men of honour and gallantry for publishing these letters, but the rigid sort had him in greater esteem for it!'*

If we endeavour to review the whole career of Montrose, from the time when he joined the Covenanters until the time when he forsook them, and when they threw him into prison, we shall find the contemporary accounts, as drawn out in array by Mr. Napier, neither very full nor yet very clear. We cannot think, however, that they afford any adequate ground for imputation on his motives or his conduct. It is certainly possible, nay even probable, that, conscious as was Montrose of eminent abilities, he really felt, as is alleged against him, jealous and offended at the ascendancy of Argyle in the councils of their common party; but we see no reason to distrust the truth of his own solemn dying declaration, that what mainly moved him was, when he 'perceived some private persons, under colour of religion, intend to wring the authority from the King, and to seize on it for themselves;' and that in the bond which he subscribed—'the security of religion was sufficiently provided for.'† And we may observe that this general course of politics (to resist the Royal authority while it encroaches, but to stand by it when it totters and yields—to aim at reform, but to stop short at revolution) is the course which in all ages has been sanctioned by the best and wisest of mankind—by such men among Montrose's own contemporaries, as Falkland and Hyde in England, as De Mesmes and Molé in France.

Two months after Montrose had been imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle King Charles arrived at Holyrood House. 'The end of my coming,' such were his words to his Scottish Parliament, 'is shortly this: to perfect whatsoever I have promised,

* Montrose and the Covenanters, vol. ii. p. 49. Mr. Napier observes in a note, that by the word 'publishing' the Bishop could only mean discoursing of, or disclosing; since the letters are now unknown, and not to be found among the pamphlets of Montrose's day.

† Speech of Montrose before the Parliament of Scotland, May 20, 1650.

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and withal to quiet those distractions which have or may fall out amongst you; and this I mind not superficially, but fully and cheerfully to do.' But so low had his power sunk at this period, that we may rather adopt the words of his noble historian, and say with Clarendon, that 'he seemed to have made that progress into Scotland only that he might make a perfect deed of gift of that kingdom!' To save his friends, he was compelled to scatter honours and rewards among his enemies. Alexander Leslie, the first in command of the insurgent army, was created Earl of Leven; and Lord Amond, the second in command, Earl of Callender; while lesser dignities were bestowed on inferior partisans of the same cause. Well might Lord Carnwath exclaim at this time, with a bitter jest, that he would go to Ireland, and join Sir Phelim O'Neal and the other rebels there, since then he was sure the King would promote him!

Notwithstanding Charles's intercession, Montrose was not yet released. It is said, however, that private letters and messages passed between them; that Montrose took this opportunity of disclosing to the King the ill practices and treacherous designs of Hamilton and Argyle—and that in consequence an order for their arrest was secretly prepared. The two noblemen, together with the Earl of Lanerick or Lanark, Hamilton's brother, apprised of the real or pretended danger, hastily left the Court, and retired to their own country houses, where they could not have been seized without the risk of a civil war. After sundry proceedings in Parliament, and full assurances of safety, they consented to return to Edinburgh—a Marquisate, as a pledge of reconciliation and favour, being bestowed upon Argyle. This mysterious transaction, which was known in Scotland by the name of 'the Incident,' has never been clearly explained, and admits of more than one interpretation. Its chief effect at the time, if not its secret design, was to cast a shade of doubt and suspicion on the sincerity and personal disposition of the King.

'The Incident' has however been the ground of a most serious accusation against Montrose—that he proposed to the King not merely, as he fairly might, the arrest of his rivals, but their assassination. We will give this charge in the very words of Clarendon (vol. ii. p. 17, Oxford ed., 1826):—

'Now, after his Majesty arrived in Scotland, by the introduction of Mr. William Murray of the bedchamber, he (Montrose) came privately to the King, and informed him of many particulars from the beginning of the rebellion, and that the Marquis of Hamilton was no less faulty and false towards his Majesty than Argyle, and offered to make proof of all in the Parliament, but rather desired to kill them both, which he frankly undertook to do; but the King, abhorring that expedient, though

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though for his own security, advised that the proofs might be prepared for the Parliament.'

In the first place, we cannot but think that the whole foundation of this story—the alleged interview, namely, between the King and Montrose—is utterly disproved by the following judicious remarks of Mr. Napier:—

'William Murray was not Constable of Edinburgh Castle; and if he had been, is it possible that, without the knowledge of the Covenanters, he could at this crisis have brought the Earl privately to the King? The word "privately" can have no other meaning than that the faction were kept in ignorance of this stolen interview; but it will be remembered that when Stephen Boyd, the governor of the fortress, permitted Montrose, Napier, and Keir to hold some casual meeting together within the walls of their prison, the fact was instantly known, and he lost his office for presuming to relax their confinement.'—*Life and Times*, p. 220.

But the detractors of Montrose (and how many has his loyalty made!) may still allege that, although the interview be imaginary, the assassination might, like the arrest, be suggested through letters or messages. Surely, however, it is a sound rule of historical criticism, that whenever any essential part of a story admits of disproof, the authority of the whole story is shaken. Besides, it is obvious from several other inaccuracies in this passage of Clarendon (as where he afterwards sets together, in point of time, the Marquisate of Argyle and the Dukedom of Hamilton, there being, in fact, an interval of nearly two years between them), that he did not derive this statement from the information of the King, or of any other eye-witness in Scotland, but was merely repeating the current rumours and slanders of the day. But, further still, we lay the greatest stress on the following passage from a letter of Charles. Only a few months afterwards (on the 7th of May, 1642), we find the King thus commence a letter to the Earl:—

'Montrose, I know I need no arguments to induce you to my service. Duty and loyalty are sufficient to a man of so much honour as I know you to be.'

Could a monarch so pious and lofty-minded have thus addressed the man whose foul schemes of murder he had so recently rejected with abhorrence? This question can admit of but one answer from those who think, as we do, reverently of King Charles; and as for those who do not, Montrose, in his riper years, we are very sure, would have cared little for their good or their ill opinion of himself. Even of those, however, who are most ready to disparage the 'Royal Martyr,' we would ask, could these expressions of Charles have really passed, if that statement

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of Clarendon were really true? Would not the compliments to Montrose's honour, from such a quarter and under such circumstances, have sounded like insulting irony; and would they not therefore, even on mere grounds of prudence and policy, have been carefully avoided?

On the 18th of November, 1641, the King set out from Edinburgh on his return to England. Only the day but one before, he had so far prevailed as to obtain that Montrose and his friends should be set free on caution 'that from henceforth they carry themselves soberly and discreetly.' As the price for their release, Charles issued a Declaration promising that he would not employ them in offices of Court and state, nor grant them access to his person. Yet the attack against them did not end with their imprisonment, their trials being referred to the conduct of a Committee, whose proceedings were to be limited to the 1st of March ensuing. On that day, however, the ruling powers quietly dropped the proceedings against Montrose, being equally unable to convict and unwilling to acquit him.

The Earl now withdrew to one or other of his country houses—Old Montrose, or Kincardine Castle in Perthshire—where he lived for several months in close retirement. He was not only a soldier, but a poet and a scholar, and he had therefore resources in his solitude which many other statesmen and warriors have wanted. But in May, 1642, the Earl, attended by his nephew Keir and his friend Lord Ogilvie, rode to York, then the residence of the King, with the view of holding some communication with his Majesty. Charles, mindful of his own recent Declaration, forbade their approach to him nearer than one post. Yet there seems every probability that Montrose, while there, conferred, at the King's desire, with some of his Majesty's most trusted servants.

A crisis was now indeed at hand between the King and the Commons of England which might well call for the spontaneous offer of every loyal heart and hand. In August the Royal Standard was raised at Nottingham; in October was fought the battle of Edge Hill. In February, 1643, Montrose, learning that the Queen was on her return from Holland, resolved to lay before her his counsels for the conduct of affairs in Scotland at that decisive juncture. Accordingly he met her Majesty on her landing at Burlington, and attended her to York. But he found himself supplanted by the returning favour of Hamilton. The main point was how to prevent the Parliament of Scotland from making common cause with the Parliament of England. 'Resist force with force,' cried Montrose; 'the rebellious cockatrice must be bruised in the egg. The King has loyal subjects in

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in Scotland; they want but the King's countenance and commission; the only danger is delay.' Hamilton, on the contrary, recommended dilatory and temporising counsels. 'I see,' Montrose replied, 'what the end of this will be. The traitors will be allowed time to raise their armies, and all will be lost!'

Her Majesty, however, remembering the Marquis of Hamilton's extensive influence in his native country, and trusting that it might avail for the safety of the throne, inclined to his side. The King, who was then negotiating at Oxford, took, when the case was referred to him, the same view of the question, and, conferring a Dukedom on Hamilton as a token of his confidence, sent him back to Scotland with large powers. Montrose, on the other hand, disappointed in his hopes, and ill satisfied with his reception, retired once more to his estates.

The disappointment of Montrose at this period is shown by a slight pasquinade which has been preserved to us:—'On the killing of the Earl of Newcastle's dog by the Marquis of Hamilton in the Queen's garden at York.' This little piece is certainly more remarkable for vehemence of invective than for merit of poetry. It thus concludes:—

> 'Then say, to eternize the cur that 's gone—
> He fleshed the maiden sword of HAMILTON!'

It may be contended, and it is very possible, that had Montrose's advice been followed, it might have succeeded no better than Hamilton's. Certainly, however, it could not have succeeded worse. No check was offered on the King's part to the violent measures which the heads of the Scottish Covenanters showed themselves eager to pursue. They summoned, without his authority, a Convention of Estates; they concerted an alliance with the English Parliament against him; they renewed their religious bond with wider objects and a more imposing name, as the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' to which throngs of deluded men subscribed even with tears of joy. But above all they set on foot an army of twenty thousand men, under the command, as before, of the Earl of Leven. Two officers of merit and experience, Baillie and David Leslie, were named, the first his Lieutenant, the second his Major-General. Nor was this muster merely for show and self-defence, but rather for active co-operation against the Royal cause; and thus in January, 1644, all preparations being completed without any effectual hindrance from the Hamiltons, Lord Leven marched across the Tweed to join the Parliament's forces in England.

During this busy period Montrose had not been inactive. The leading Covenanters were eager to draw the Earl once more into their party, and reckoned on his repulse at York as favourable

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able to their wishes. Accordingly they made him divers overtures, of which Montrose, we are assured, only so far availed himself as to obtain information as to their further views and designs. In June he held, at his own desire, a conference with Mr. Alexander Henderson, the Moderator of the Kirk, 'a popular and intriguing preacher,' as aptly described by Hume. To guard against the surmises and suspicions which might at such a time attend any private interview, Montrose held this conference in the open air on the banks of the Forth, close to Stirling Bridge, and he was attended by some friends—Keir, Napier, and others—as his witnesses. 'In my retirement,' he said, 'I am altogether ignorant of your Parliamentary affairs; indeed I am at a loss how to comport myself in these ticklish times, and must beg of you, for old acquaintance sake, to tell me frankly what it is you mean to do.' Henderson fell into the snare, and replied without hesitation that it was resolved to send as strong an army as they could raise in aid of their brethren in England. The preacher next proceeded to descant on the honours and rewards which the Covenanting chiefs had in view for Montrose. But the Earl, having now obtained the information he sought, put an end to the conference, merely asking whether Mr. Henderson had any authority from the Parliament for such proposals, and, on being answered in the negative, quietly wished him a good evening.

The offers which about this time were more formally made to Montrose were to free him from embarrassment by the discharge of his debts, and to give him a command in the army second only to Lord Leven's. It appears that the vague and indecisive answers which Montrose for some time returned, raised a suspicion against him in some of the Scottish Royalists.* We must own ourselves doubtful (although Mr. Napier, in his zeal as a biographer, will not for an instant harbour such a thought) whether the ill-reception of Montrose at York did not at first make him waver in his attachment to the King. If so, however (and we do not express any positive opinion on the subject), his wavering was neither publicly evinced nor long continued. By no overt act, by no authentic declaration, can Montrose be shown to have swerved from his principle of loyalty—from that better part which he had deliberately chosen and was destined to seal with his blood. In that very summer, as we learn from Baillie's letter of July 26, the Earl 'called a meeting at Old Aberdeen of sundry noblemen, to subscribe a writ for an enterprise under Montrose's and Ogilvie's conduct, which Huntley subscribed, but

* Lord Nithisdale to Lord Antrim, May 1 and 8, 1643, as printed in Spalding, vol. ii. p. 131.

Marischal

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Marischal refused absolutely, and made Huntley recall his subscription,—which, in the great providence of God, seems to have marred the design.'

In December, 1643, even before the Scottish army had passed the Border, the Duke of Hamilton hastened to the Court at Oxford to explain and justify the ill-success of his counsels. At the same time and place appeared Montrose to urge a change of measures; and, the sword being now drawn, the King had no longer any reason to maintain his Declaration and forbid the Earl his presence. Charles's displeasure at Hamilton's miscarriages was no doubt considerably heightened by the comments of Montrose. He put the newly created Duke under arrest, and soon after sent him as a prisoner to Pendennis Castle in Cornwall. Nor did his Majesty fail anxiously to ask of Montrose what means might yet remain to retrieve the Scottish affairs.

In reply, Montrose observed that the favourable opportunity which he had pressed at York, had in great measure passed away. The plan of Argyle and the other Presbyterian leaders was now complete; their confederacy formed; their army raised and on its march. All the fastnesses and strongholds of Scotland were in their hands; while, on the other side, the King's friends were gained over or disheartened, scattered, and disarmed. Still, however, by an eye like Montrose's, some gleams of hope might be discerned. The Episcopal establishment, recently abolished, hateful as it had become in the southern counties, retained many partisans in the north and west. The Royal authority was yet held in veneration by several of the Highland clans, nor were any of them insensible to the promised joys of battle—the *certaminis gaudia*, according to the fine phrase which Jornandes ascribes to Attila on the morning of the day of Chalons. It might also be expected that the less romantic inducements of regular pay, or, in default of such, occasional plunder, would not be without value in their eyes. Even the vast power of the Marquis of Argyle and the Campbells in the Western Highlands might be no unmitigated disadvantage, since while it awed the common herd into submission, it would stir the bolder spirits to resistance.

In this state of things the scheme suggested by Montrose was that the Earl of Antrim should despatch a body of two or three thousand Irish from Ulster, and land them on the opposite coasts of Scotland, while arms and warlike stores should, if possible, be obtained from abroad. Montrose himself was to pass the Borders with a small escort of horse, provided by the Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded for the King in the north of England; he was then to call to arms his own or the King's adherents in the

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the Highlands, join the body of Irish, and raise the Royal Standard. Daring as this scheme appeared, nay, desperate as Montrose's detractors call it to this day,* the necessities of Charles left him scarcely any other choice. On the 1st of February, 1644, the King signed a commission, appointing the Earl of Montrose his Lieutenant-General in Scotland, and as a further token of his confidence, he a few weeks afterwards raised him to the rank of Marquis.

Thus then was Montrose in some degree enabled to fulfil the ardent aspirations of his youth. Then, as his contemporary Drummond of Hawthornden assures us, he had written in his copy of Quintus Curtius:—

> 'So great attempts, heroic ventures, shall
> Advance my fortune or renown my fall!'

He lost no time in repairing to the scene of his new commission, and at the beginning of April, with some aid from the Marquis of Newcastle, appeared on the banks of the Annan at the head of several hundred horse. He was joined by some noblemen of great note—the Earls of Crauford, Nithisdale, Traquair, Kinnoul, and Carnwath, the Lords Aboyne, Ogilvie, and Herries—and succeeded in seizing the town of Dumfries. All this while he was in correspondence with his friends and kinsmen further north, who used to meet for secret consultations at the house of Keir. Their object was to raise a body of their vassals, and push forward to Stirling, there to meet Montrose. They had reason to expect that the castle of that place, one of the most important strongholds in Scotland, would be given up to them by Major Turner, afterwards Sir James, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and since accepted a command in the Parliament's army, but who had grown to feel dissatisfaction (or as he said himself, scruples of conscience) at its service. He says of himself in his Memoirs, 'I had swallowed, without chewing, in Germany a very dangerous maxim, which military men there too much follow; which was, that so we serve our master honestly, it is no matter what master we serve.'† Such characters were by no means uncommon in that age, and have become familiar to ours from the admirable sketch of Captain Dalgetty.

Several obstacles, however, concurred to mar this well-concerted scheme. Of the small militia force which Montrose had brought from England part rose in mutiny and part deserted;

* 'Nothing remained (to the King) but the desperate counsels of Montrose.' Laing, History of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 244, ed. 1804.

† Memoirs, p. 14, as printed for the Bannatyne Club. It appears that Turner had already fallen under the suspicion of the Committee of Estates, and he was soon afterwards removed from Stirling into England.

while

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while on the other side the Sheriff of Teviotdale had mustered a large irregular force, and the Earl of Callender was advancing at the head of a body of troops. Under such circumstances Montrose, far from pushing forward to Stirling, could not even maintain his position at Dumfries. He fell back beyond the Border, where for some time he carried on a desultory warfare. On the 31st of May Baillie writes:—'Montrose ravages at his pleasure Northumberland and the Bishoprick [Durham]; we hope it shall not be so long.' His principal exploit at this period was to reduce the castle of Morpeth, after a regular siege of twenty days, and a loss of two hundred men. He treated his prisoners with great humanity, dismissing them on their parole that they would not again fight against the King.

Such was the posture of affairs when Prince Rupert, having compelled the three Parliamentary generals, Manchester, Leven, and Fairfax, to raise the siege of York, most rashly gave them battle on Marston Moor. Montrose, who had been summoned to the Prince's aid, was already on full march, and had his arrival been awaited by Rupert, the day might have been theirs. As it was, the valour of David Leslie and of Cromwell, with his brigade of *Ironsides*, changed the first success of the Royalists into an utter rout. Newcastle fled the kingdom, Rupert retired into Lancashire, and Montrose, finding himself suddenly beset by hostile and victorious armies, fell back upon Carlisle. There his little band of horsemen melted away until it could scarcely number a hundred, and it became necessary to adopt some decisive resolution. Montrose, still undaunted, formed the bold scheme of reaching the Highlands in disguise. He bade the rest of his followers make their way to the King; while two of them, his trusted friends Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald, secretly turned their horses to the north, calling themselves gentlemen belonging to Lord Leven's army. Montrose himself rode behind them in the garb of a groom, mounted on a sorry nag, and leading another in his hand. This is the romantic adventure of which Sir Walter Scott has availed himself with such excellent skill in his *Legend of Montrose.*

Disguise was in this case the more needful, since, in the event of falling into the Covenanters' hands, the only alternative before Montrose would have been the dungeon or the scaffold. Once he seemed on the very brink of discovery. A common soldier, who had served in Newcastle's army, passed by on the road, and approaching the Marquis, respectfully addressed him by his name. In vain did the pretended groom attempt to disclaim the appellation. 'What!' exclaimed the other, 'do I not know my noble Lord of Montrose? But go your way, and God

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be with you wheresoever you go!' The poor man was true and loyal; however high might have been the reward of a disclosure, he made none against Montrose.

Travelling in this manner, Montrose arrived on the verge of the Highlands, at the house of his kinsman, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie. Shortly afterwards, for still greater concealment, he removed to a solitary hut on the same estate. Meanwhile he had sent his two companions to apprise Lord Napier of his coming, and to gather intelligence of public affairs. They returned with evil tidings. The Marquis of Huntley had risen in the North, prematurely and without due concert, and accordingly with signal defeat. Thus the loyal Gordons were now crushed, and Huntley himself a fugitive in the wilds of Caithness; while another of the name, Gordon of Haddo, the ancestor of the present Earl of Aberdeen, having become a prisoner of the Covenanters, was brought to trial and publicly put to death.

Roused to resentment rather than intimidated at such news, Montrose impatiently waited until the Red Hand of Ulster should be stretched forth to his aid. So slight were then the communications through the Highlands, that it was not until the promised Irish troops drew near to his district that Montrose first heard of their landing. Yet they had set foot on Scottish ground a month before, and were now irregularly straggling forward in quest of their general. Their immediate commander was a kinsman of the Earl of Antrim, Allaster, or Alexander, Macdonnell, or Macdonald, better known by the corrupted patronymic of Colkitto,* a brave and active but uneducated and self-willed man.

It was shortly after the first vague rumours derived from the shepherds of the hills, that a more regular communication from Colkitto reached Montrose, and the Marquis immediately set forth to join him, attired in the dress of an ordinary mountaineer, and attended by Inchbrakie alone. The meeting between the general and the troops was, at the first moment, a source of mutual surprise and disappointment. Montrose found his auxiliaries amount to less than fourteen hundred men, ill armed and worse disciplined. On the other hand, the Irish, who had expected something of Royal state and splendour in the King's Lieutenant, gazed with disdain on the common Highland garb and the single attendant of Montrose. It was under such untoward circumstances that the Marquis displayed his commission from King Charles, and first raised the Royal Standard. The spot is still shown—on rising ground near Blair Athol, about a

* His proper style in Erse was Allaster Mac Coll Keitach—Alexander, son of Coll the Left-handed.

mile

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mile from the house of Lude—and of late years in just commemoration marked by a *cairn* of stones.

Up to that time only very few Highlanders (these chiefly from Badenoch) had joined the Irish troops, although the 'Fiery Cross' had been already sent round amongst them in the manner so well described in the *Lady of the Lake*. But the presence of the King's Lieutenant soon attracted greater numbers. The very day after his arrival came eight hundred Athol men, including the Robertsons of Strowan. His own kinsmen, Lord Napier and Stirling of Keir, were detained as prisoners at Edinburgh; but he was joined on the hill of Buchanty by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, by the Master of Maderty, and by Sir John Drummond, with about four hundred retainers of their own, of Napier, and of Keir; these, however, principally bowmen. For it deserves remark of Montrose's campaigns, that they exhibit, perhaps for the last time in European warfare, and with no ill success as opposed to musketry, the weapons on which England was wont to pride herself in the days of yore—the arrow and the bow. Montrose had now passed the Tay at or near Dunkeld, and was in full march upon the city of Perth. In spite of his increasing numbers, his position at that period was fraught with hazard and peril. Behind him the Marquis of Argyle, having gathered his clansmen on the landing of the Irish, was following in their track, and impatient to engage them. In front an army of above six thousand Lowlanders, under Lords Elcho and Drummond and the Earl of Tullibardine, had been drawn together for the defence of Perth and the defeat of the mountain invaders.

Resolved with a wise temerity on forthwith giving battle to Lord Elcho's army, Montrose and his Irish came in sight of Perth—that splendid prospect which once seen can never be forgotten. It is recorded of the Roman soldiers how, when they had climbed the hill of Moncrieff, and first beheld, expanding before them, the verdant valley of the Tay, they cried out in admiration, 'Lo, another Tiber! See a second Martian plain!' But how much fairer still the sight since that rich plain is crested by a stately city—since a bridge of many arches has spanned that majestic stream!—Montrose found his enemy (it was on the morning of Sunday, the 1st of September) drawn up at Tippermuir, an open heath within three miles of Perth. They were confident of victory alike from superior numbers and from fanatic zeal. They had called their array 'the army of God,' and that very morning one of their favourite preachers, named Carmichael, had addressed them as follows in his sermon:—'If ever God spake truth out of my mouth, I promise you in his name a certain

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victory this day!' For 'the arm of flesh,' as they thought fit to term it—their cavalry force was large, and they had nine pieces of artillery; Montrose, on the contrary, had not a single cannon, and only three horses; the same probably which he had brought from Cumberland, and which were now in very ill plight; they are described by Dr. Wishart as *omnino strigosi et emaciati.*

It appears that at this period the Highlanders attached the utmost weight to an omen of victory:—

'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife!'

So deeply impressed were they with this gloomy superstition that, as is alleged (although Mr. Napier has overlooked the fact), on the morning of the battle they put to death in cold blood a poor herdsman whom they found in the fields, merely to secure to themselves the advantage of the augury.

How hard the choice between these opposite fanatics! How arrogant appear the superstitions on the one side, how cruel on the other!

To sustain the enemy's charge of cavalry, Montrose extended his front as far as possible, and drew up all his men in one line of three deep. In the hind-rank he placed the tallest, with orders to stand straight; in the second rank they were to stoop forward; and in the first rank to kneel upon one knee. Lord Kilpont and his bowmen were on the left, and the Irish in the centre, while on the right, opposed to the most formidable point of the Covenanters' array, stood the men of Athol. There Montrose himself took his station, fighting on foot with his target and pike in his hand. His whole force thus drawn up might amount to three thousand men. He had so little powder that he was obliged before engaging to bid his men be sparing of it, for that they had none to throw away. Previous to the onset, however, he sent over to the enemy the Master of Maderty to inform them of the King's commission, and desire them in his Majesty's name to lay down their arms. But, far from heeding the King's commission, the Covenanting chiefs did not even respect the laws of nations; they made the young officer, notwithstanding his flag-of-truce, a prisoner, and detained him as such during many months. Maderty, we may observe in passing, had married Lady Beatrix, the favourite sister of Montrose.

The result of the engagement made manifest the skill of Montrose. When Lord Elcho's cavalry came on to the charge they were received with a sharp fire so long as the ammunition lasted, and, when that began to fail, a volley of stones did good service. Seeing the battle waver, and remembering that Argyle was

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was behind, and that there was no retreat for the Royalists, Montrose determined to stake everything on one decisive throw—a brilliant victory, or an irretrievable rout—and thus let loose his whole army on the foe. Then was heard the Highland war-cry, 'savage and shrill;' then was felt the keen edge of the Highland claymore. Several bodies of the Lowlanders fought well; others, including the burghers of Perth, who had enlisted, fled shamefully; but in a brief space the whole Covenanting army was driven back in confusion towards the city, leaving all their artillery, colours, and baggage, and about three hundred dead upon the field.

The victory of Tippermuir was immediately followed by the possession of Perth, where Montrose obtained arms, clothes, and money for his troops. It was afterwards alleged by the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, that instead of the city being yielded, the conflict should have been renewed; and an apology on this occasion, entitled 'Reasons for the Surrender of Perth,' was drawn up by the resident Ministers. This apology, which is still extant,* is of great length, and no inconsiderable interest. Of the Fife-men it states:—

'They were all forefainted and bursted with running, insomuch that nine or ten died that night in town without any wound; and, second, an overwhelming fear did take them. Their fear *kythed* (showed itself) in this, that multitudes breaking up cellars did cast themselves down there, expecting the enemy's approach. The Provost came into one house, amongst many, where there were a number lying panting, and desired them to rise for their own defence. They answered, their hearts were away—they would fight no more, although they should be killed! And then, although they had been both willing and stout, they were unable to resist, for they had casten all their arms from them by the way.'

In such a state of things we must acknowledge that no further defence could well be made. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied, even by the most strenuous vindicator or representative of the good men of Perth, that no greater contrast could well be imagined than between the hardy Highlanders whom Montrose commanded and the stall-fed 'panting' burghers of the plains.

But few days were allowed Montrose to reap the fruits of Tippermuir. His Highlanders were returning home in great numbers to see their families or secure their spoil: a kind of desertion which re-occurred after every victory. It was useless to refuse leave to those who were determined to take it; and thus it happened that Montrose's armies were frequently as much diminished by success as other armies by disaster. At this period also another tragical cause concurred to the same end. One of the

* It is printed in 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' vol. ii. p. 306—313.

bravest

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bravest chiefs at Tippermuir, the Lord Kilpont, was stabbed to the heart in sudden passion by one of his retainers, Stewart of Ardvoirlich. The assassin, or, as his own descendant more politely terms him, 'the unlucky cause of the slaughter of Lord Kilpont,'* immediately fled, killing a sentinel who attempted to detain him, escaped pursuit under cover of a thick mist, and joined the Covenanters, by whom—surely much to their discredit—he was well received and afterwards promoted. Kilpont's followers, on the other hand, returned home to attend his obsequies, or rather because his death had broken the main link that bound them to Montrose. This story, once obscure and well nigh forgotten, has now become enshrined, under the names of Lord Menteith and Allan M'Aulay, in its admirable adaptation —for it can scarcely be called fiction—by Sir Walter Scott.

With an army thus diminished, Montrose could not pretend to maintain Perth against the forces of Argyle. He resolved, however, to convert retreat into aggression by turning his arms to Aberdeenshire, and calling the gallant Gordons to his standard. Rapid and unforeseen as was his march through Angus and the Mearns, he was joined on the way by several gentlemen and their retainers on horseback,—above all, by the veteran Earl of Airlie and his two younger sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvie. It was, however, with less than two thousand men that Montrose appeared upon the banks of the Dee. He found in front of him an unexpected enemy. Lord Lewis Gordon, a brave but hair-brained and wilful young man, had espoused a different party from his father's, and raised some of his father's vassals against the Royal cause. With these he had joined Lord Burleigh, the Covenanting general, close to Aberdeen, the whole force being upwards of two thousand five hundred men. Montrose, however, attacked them without hesitation on the 13th of September, and completely routed them. He was no longer without artillery, having with him the guns which he took at Tippermuir, and it is said that the novelty of his tactics —mingling musketeers and bowmen with his handful of horse— mainly tended to the success of the day. In the thickest of the fight his voice was heard—'We do no good at a distance—give them the broad-sword and butt-end of your muskets—spare them not, and make them pay for their treachery and treason!' Nor were the troops less animated by the gaiety and gallantry of a common Irish soldier, who, when his leg was shot off, was heard exclaiming, 'Sure, this bodes me promotion, for now that I cannot walk, my Lord Marquis must make me a cavalry-man!'

* Letter from Robert Stewart, Esq., of Ardvoirlich, to Sir Walter Scott, dated June 15, 1830, and printed in the revised edition of the 'Legend of Montrose.'

As

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As Perth had been the prize of Tippermuir, so was Aberdeen of this battle. The vanquished troops were pursued to and through the streets of the town, which, thus taken as it were by storm, suffered cruelly from the excesses of the Irish. It is said that they cut down without mercy all those whom they found in the streets, and in some cases coolly bid the victim first strip himself of his clothes lest they should be soiled by his blood! It may be urged as some slight palliation, that the soldiery were incensed by a recent act of perfidy, since a drummer with a flag of truce, sent that very morning by Montrose, had been killed—whether accidentally, as the Covenanters alleged after their defeat, or by design. Nor, in justice to Montrose, should we forget how difficult it seems to restrain troops from bloodshed when flushed with recent conflict, or from pillage where no regular pay can be provided. Yet undoubtedly the people of Aberdeen had a claim on every possible exertion of Montrose for their rescue, since he had before entered their walls in the service of the Covenant, and had then dealt hardly with them for their devotion to the Royal cause:—

'These things done,' continues honest Spalding, 'the Lieutenant (Montrose) stays Saturday all night in Skipper Anderson's house; the cruel Irish still killing and robbing. Sunday all day he stays, but neither preaching nor praying was in any of the Aberdeens, because the Ministers through guiltiness of their conscience had fled. The Lieutenant was clad in coat and *trews* as the Irish was clad. Every one had in his cap or bonnet a *rip* of oats, which was his sign. Our town people began to wear the like in their bonnets, but it was little safeguard to us, albeit we used the same for a protection. On Monday, the soldiers who had bidden behind, rifling and spoiling both Aberdeens, were now charged by *touk* of drum to remove and follow the camp under the pain of death.'—*History of the Troubles*, vol. ii. p. 266.

The fears of the Government at Edinburgh were by this time thoroughly roused. Their general in England, the veteran Earl of Leven, who was now besieging Newcastle, sent home a division of his army, under the Earl of Callender: while they themselves despatched the Earl of Lothian with a large body of horse to the assistance of Argyle. Thus reinforced, Argyle put forth a proclamation denouncing the King's Lieutenant as a traitor to religion, King, and country, and promising a reward of 20,000*l.* to any one who should bring him in—dead or alive. Argyle was still following Montrose, though at 'a judicious distance,' as Mr. Laing expresses it, and on the approach of his army to Aberdeen, the King's Lieutenant found it necessary to fall back. Unlike his rival, Montrose had no supplies or reinforcements to expect from the south, and such was his inferiority of numbers that he could only hope to counterbalance it by the most extraordinary skill

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skill in his manœuvres and celerity in his marches. On retreating from Aberdeen he destroyed his heavy baggage, concealed in a morass the guns of Tippermuir, and proceeded up the Spey, hoping still to raise the gentlemen of the name of Gordon, but he found them resentful of his former campaign against them in the service of the Covenant. Thus disappointed, he struck into the wilds of Badenoch, and thence into Athol, always pursued but never overtaken by Argyle. More than once in this rapid series of marches and counter-marches he darted back towards Aberdeenshire, yet clinging but in vain to the hope of Gordon aid. 'You heard what followed?' writes Baillie to Spang (April 25, 1645), after noticing the battle of the Bridge of the Dee. 'That strange coursing, as I remember thrice, round about from Spey to Athol, wherein Argyle's and Lothian's soldiers were tired out; and the country harassed by both, and no less by friends than foes, did nothing for their own defence.'

On one occasion, however, Montrose being then at the Castle of Fyvie, he was almost surrounded and overpowered by the troops of Argyle and Lothian. Already were the enemy creeping up the fences and ditches which flanked the high ground of his position; already at this critical moment had his single company of Gordons gone over; already might he read anxiety and apprehension on every face around him. In such trying circumstances Montrose affected an unconcern which he was far from feeling. 'Come, O'Kyan, what are you about?' he called to a young officer, 'cannot you drive these troublesome fellows from our defences, and see that they do not disturb us again?' This tone of alacrity was answered by a bold rush on the assailants. They were driven headlong down the hill, Montrose himself heading his horsemen in a subsequent charge; and it deserves remark as a proof of the spirit with which the Great Marquis could animate his men, that when on this occasion the Irish found some bags of gunpowder which the Covenanters had left behind, and which the Royalists were much in need of, they loudly complained, as of a shameful neglect, that 'the rascals have forgotten to leave the bullets with the powder!'

To these marches of Montrose—marches so rapid and repeated, and over summits now beginning to be white with winter snows—the strength of some of his Lowland followers, and the spirit of more, proved unequal. By degrees they dropped from his ranks, promising, however, and perhaps intending, to return next spring. Even Colonel Sibbald, one of his trusty companions from Cumberland, thus forsook him; the other, Sir William Rollock, had been some time before despatched with letters to the King. But amidst every defection the veteran Earl of Airlie and

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and his two gallant sons would never quit the Standard. In revenge for their indomitable loyalty, Argyle had some years back laid waste their estate and burned their mansion, on the river Isla. An historian might perhaps have overlooked this private family feud. But—

> 'When granite moulders and when records fail,
> A peasant's 'plaint prolongs the dubious date'—

and thus the lament for 'the bonnie house of Airlie' lives to this day in Scottish song.

Argyle himself was scarcely less harassed by pursuing than the Lowland gentlemen by being pursued. He went to Edinburgh and flung up his commission as general, complaining that he had not been sufficiently supported. It seemed to him that Montrose had taken up winter-quarters, and must remain cooped up in his narrow mountain-track until the return of spring.

Far different was the design of the Great Marquis. He had lately sent Colkitto on a kind of recruiting expedition, to attempt to raise the clans in his name and the King's; and Colkitto now returned to Blair of Athol, bringing with him the captain of Clanranald and his men, the Macdonalds of Keppoch and Glengarry, the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appin—clans which caught the spirit of Montrose, and which even a century from his time were still conspicuous for their devotion to the Stuart cause. With numbers thus augmented, Montrose resolved to carry the war unexpectedly into Argyle's own strongholds. 'But how shall we find a track,' he asked, 'or how obtain subsistence at this season?'—A soldier of Glencoe started up: 'There is not a farm,' he cried, 'or half a farm, under *Maccallummore*, but I know every foot of it; and if good water, tight houses, and fat cows will do for you, there is plenty to be had!'

It was the spirit of revenge—revenge both personal and hereditary—which on this occasion nerved the arm and winged the steps of Montrose. For several generations had the Houses of Campbell and Graham stood in rivalry; the former obtaining the larger, and, as the latter deemed, an undue share in the Royal favours. Montrose himself had ever found Argyle in his path—as a rival when in the service of the Covenant, as an enemy when in the service of the Crown. Still greater, if possible, was the contrast in their characters. Argyle's was the very opposite of the fiery ardour, the chivalrous daring which shone forth in Montrose. Caution, prudence, and dissimulation were his prevailing qualities. Another Drances:

> 'Largus opum, et linguâ melior, sed frigida bello
> Dextera.'

Not

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Not that we would impute want of courage to one whose closing scene was so much marked by composure and firmness; but his courage was without enterprise, it was merely defensive; it was something like the courage of the stag, after long pursuit, when he can run no further and is brought to bay in his lair. He was much revered by his own race, whose power and influence, great as it was already, he had greatly augmented; but in the same proportion was he dreaded and disliked by other clans. Besides his patronymic of *Maccallummore* (or son of Colin the Great), which he bore as chief of the Campbells, he was known in the Highlands by the nickname of *Grumach* (or the Grim), having a cast in his eye and a sinister expression of countenance.

It was a saying of this powerful and politic chief that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any one knew the passes which led into his country from the east. Wholly unsuspicious of danger, he was residing at Inverary, when towards the middle of December his affrighted shepherds and herdsmen came rushing in from the mountains with news that Montrose and his followers had crossed over near the sources of the Tay, and were already close at hand. Argyle hastily embarked in a fishing-boat and fled, leaving his country to its fate. That fate was cruel indeed. The herds and flocks were driven away, the cottages were set on fire, the male inhabitants fit for arms were put to the sword—severities which the thirst of feudal vengeance may explain, but in no degree excuse.

In this emergency Argyle summoned to his aid his kinsman, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, a stout soldier, who was then commanding a regiment in Ireland. He also obtained some levies from the north and some battalions from the Lowlands; and by these means mustered a force of three thousand men at the old castle of Inverlochy, near the place where now Fort William stands. On the other hand General Baillie, who had succeeded to the commission which Argyle resigned, had brought together a still larger force at Inverness. The object of the two commanders was to surround and overpower Montrose, who on his part perceived that his sole chance of safety lay in forestalling their movements and dealing a heavy blow on Argyle before fresh Highland reinforcements should arrive.

'My design,' such are Montrose's own words in his letter to the King, (Feb. 3, 1645,) 'was to fall upon Argyle before Seaforth and the Frasers could join him. My march was through inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guides but cowherds, and they scarce acquainted with a place but six miles from their own habitations. If I had been attacked but with a hundred men in some of these passes, I must have certainly returned back, for it would have been impossible to force my way, most of the passes being so straight that three men could not march abreast. But

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But I was willing to let the world see that Argyle was not the man his Highlandmen believed him to be, and that it was possible to beat him in his own Highlands. The difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber mountains, which we at last surmounted, and came upon the back of the enemy when they least expected us, having cut off some scouts we met about four miles from Inverlochy.'

Another contemporary document, the MS. history of Patrick Gordon of Cluny, thus describes the privations borne upon this march:—

'That day they fought, the general (Montrose) himself and the Earl of Airlie had no more to break their fast before they went to battle but a little meal mixed with cold water, which out of a hollow of a dish they did pick up with their knives; and this was those noblemen's best fare. One may judge what wants the rest of the army must suffer; the most part of them had not tasted bread these two days, marching over high mountains in knee-deep snow, and wading brooks and rivers up to their girdles.'—*Life and Times*, p. 532.

It was on the 1st of February, 1645, that Montrose thus came in sight of Inverlochy, and prepared to give battle at sunrise the next day. At his approach Argyle, who had lately hurt his arm by a fall from his horse, and wore it in a sling, embarked in his galley, rowed off the shore, and remained at a convenient distance a spectator of the conflict. Yet his numbers were on this occasion considerably superior to his enemy's. From early time the galleys, or *Lymphads*, have been the armorial bearings of the House of Campbell; but surely they were granted or assumed for other feats than these!

The Campbells, though forsaken by their chief, fought most bravely, 'as men,' says Montrose himself, 'that deserved to fight in a better cause;' but, he adds, when it came 'to push of pike and dint of sword,' they were utterly defeated. Fifteen hundred of them were killed in the battle or pursuit, including Sir Duncan, their leader—'a great slaughter,' as Montrose declares in his letter to the King next day, 'which I would have hindered if possible, that I might save your Majesty's misled subjects, for I well know that your Majesty does not delight in their blood but in their return to their duty.'

At the very time when these joyful tidings were despatched to King Charles, his Majesty, under great discouragements and many heavy losses, was endeavouring, but in vain, to conclude a peace at Uxbridge. Some of his most anxious thoughts at this period turned on his Scottish affairs. On the 30th of January we find him write as follows to Secretary Nicholas:—

'If there be any treaty proposed concerning Scotland, of which I forgot to speak at parting, the answer must be, to demand a passport for a gentleman

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gentleman to go from me to see what state the Marquis of Montrose is in; there being no reason that I should treat blindfold in so important a business, nor without the knowledge of him whom I have now chiefly employed in that kingdom, and who hath undertaken my service there with so much gallantry, when nobody else would.'

After the day of Inverlochy, Montrose again turned his arms to Aberdeenshire, where the fame of his recent victory brought at last to his aid the long-desired Gordons. He was joined not only by Huntley's eldest son, Lord Gordon, but by the younger Lord Lewis, the same who had so lately stood in arms against him at the Bridge of Dee. Thus supported, Montrose, whether to retaliate former havoc on the other side, or to strike terror into wavering minds, but in either case with unjustifiable severity, let loose the whole fury of vindictive war on the Aberdeenshire lowlands. Elgin and Banff were given up to pillage; Dunnottar and Stonehaven to the flames. He was already meditating an expedition to the succour of Charles in England, and summoned as he went every loyal Scot from sixteen to sixty to join his standard. Nor did his activity relax even amidst the pressure of the severest family bereavement. His eldest son, Lord Graham, had been for some time with him, but unable at his early age (he was not yet fifteen) to bear the fatigue of such extraordinary marches, he at this period fell sick and died. James his second, and now his only, son, was pursuing his studies at Montrose; 'a young *bairn* about fourteen years,' says Spalding, 'learning at the schools attended by his pedagogue in quiet manner.' Now, however, a party of Covenanting cavalry, in a spirit of mean revenge, seized both pedagogue and *bairn*, and carried them off prisoners to Edinburgh, where the boy's kinsmen Napier and Keir were still confined.

The Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, growing more and more alarmed at the present success and the future aspirations of the Great Marquis, felt the necessity of immediate succour to their general, Baillie. They sent to his aid a large force of cavalry under Sir John Urrey, a true Captain Dalgetty, who had first joined the Parliament's army, then gone over to Prince Rupert, and been knighted by King Charles; and then after some time rejoined the Covenanters; nor was this, as we shall see hereafter, the last of his transformations. Against such odds Montrose could not pretend to maintain the open country, especially as Lord Lewis Gordon, whether from his own fickle temper or moved by secret instructions from his father, had now again forsaken the Royal Standard; and though Lord Gordon loyally adhered to it, Lewis had been followed by very many gentlemen and retainers of the name. Montrose therefore sent back a large

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large proportion of his force to the mountains; but before joining them with the remainder (less than one thousand men), resolved to strike a blow at Dundee, a town which from the very commencement of the troubles had been most zealous and warm against the Royal cause. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April he appeared before the gates. The place, refusing a summons to surrender, was stormed in three quarters at once: it was reduced before evening; and the troops were already dispersed in quest of plunder, and Montrose, it is said, preparing to fire the town, when he suddenly received news that Baillie and Urrey, having combined their forces sooner than he had expected, were close at hand with four thousand men.

The moment was full of peril. Some persons round the Marquis advised him instantly to make his own escape, and leave his troops to their fate. But throughout his life danger and difficulty were never sources of fear, but rather incentives to Montrose. He drew together his men (some of them already drunk) from their plunder, and began his retreat at sunset in the presence of a far superior force, covering the rear himself with his horse. He sustained some loss in an attack, but that night was in great measure protected by the darkness and by his own celerity. All next day the pursuit was continued. Next evening, Baillie and Urrey having divided their forces so as to cut off his retreat, he, suddenly altering his line of march at midnight, by a masterly manœuvre slipped between them, and secured himself in the hills. It is said, no doubt with much exaggeration, that his men had marched sixty miles without either refreshment or rest.* Yet still, with every allowance for panegyric, we see no reason for distrusting Dr. Wishart's assurance:—'I have often heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in France and Germany, prefer this march of Montrose to his most celebrated victories.'

Of the two generals thus baffled, Baillie now turned his arms to the district of Athol, which he laid waste with fire and sword, according to the cruel but too common practice of that age. Urrey marched northwards, was joined by the garrison of Inverness and the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and then, without awaiting Baillie's co-operation, he sought out Montrose. On the 9th of May they came to battle at the village of Aulderne, near Nairn. The Marquis had about three thousand men, but Sir John Urrey at least a thousand more, and Montrose had accordingly been careful to secure the advantage of the ground. On either side of Aulderne, which stands upon a height, he had

* Hume, History of England, ch. 58. In this he follows Wishart too implicitly.

stationed

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stationed his army in two wings, having neither centre nor reserve, but artfully disguising the defect by showing a few men from behind the houses and inclosures. On the left stood Montrose with the Gordons and the principal force; on the right Colkitto with the Irish, and a few of the Highlanders. But this last being much the strongest quarter, as fortified by dykes and fences, Montrose had there placed the Royal Standard usually carried before himself, hoping that the sight of it would draw the main attack of the enemy upon that impregnable point. Upon the whole, his dispositions that day have been compared to those of Epaminondas at the battle of Leuctra.* Whether they were quite so classical may be questioned; that they were most able and skilful seems clear.

As the Marquis had foreseen, Sir John Urrey directed his principal attack against the point where he saw the Royal Standard waving; but every onset was repulsed with loss by the Irish musketeers and Highland bowmen of Colkitto. Unfortunately, however, Colkitto heard some of the enemy, on renewing their charge, taunt him with cowardice for remaining under shelter of the sheepfolds. His Irish blood caught fire; he forgot his instructions; and he sallied forth into the open ground, where his troops were almost immediately thrown into disorder. Just then, as Montrose was preparing to join battle with the other wing, an officer hastened up and whispered in his ear that Colkitto was entirely defeated. Even a hero might have been forgiven a moment's faltering; but that moment's faltering might have lost the day. Montrose, never losing his presence of mind, immediately turned round to Lord Gordon with a cheerful countenance. 'What are we about?' he called out. 'Here is Macdonald carrying all before him on the left, and if we do not make haste he will leave us nothing to do! Charge!' And at his voice, the Gordon chivalry, afraid—it was the only fear they could know—of being forestalled in the conflict, poured headlong down the hill, and fiercely charged the enemy. The new levies of Urrey fled at once; but his veteran foot stood firm, and were nearly all cut to pieces, for in these fierce conflicts quarter was seldom asked and seldom given. Thus successful on the right, Montrose was enabled to turn to his left wing, where Colkitto had been driven back to his inclosures, and was hard pressed by the enemy. There, too, the Covenanters being routed on Montrose's approach, the victory of the Royalists was decided and complete.

In this engagement the bravery of the Master of Napier, a youth of twenty, son of the Lord of that name, and of Montrose's sister, was most conspicuous. He had recently escaped from his

* Laing, History of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 307, ed. 1804.

confinement

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confinement at Edinburgh, full of ardour, thus early gratified, to partake in the exploits of Montrose.

At the time of the battle of Aulderne, General Baillie had been marching to the succour of Urrey. He was now joined by that officer with the shattered remnant of the beaten army, but wisely determined to avoid what he found Montrose desire—the hazard of another battle. It needed some time and stratagem on the part of the Great Marquis to bring him to action; at last, on the 2nd of July, they engaged at Alford upon the river Don. The result was another brilliant victory to the Royalists, which, however, was embittered by the fall of the gallant Lord Gordon, mortally wounded in the thickest of the fight.

Thus in six well-disputed conflicts against superior armies, and before the close of a single year—at Tippermuir—at the Bridge of Dee—at the Castle of Fyvie—at Inverlochy—at Aulderne—and at Alford—had the Royal cause and the genius of Montrose prevailed. Over all the Highlands was now his ascendancy acknowledged. The *Lymphads*, that Campbell ensign, sunk down, while high above them waved, bright with recent victory, the banner of the three Escallop Shells on a Chief Sable,—the armorial shield of the Grahams. How many a loyal heart in England may then have thrilled with the hope of such chivalrous aid!

> 'There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes,
> There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose;
> * * * *
> Then tell these bold traitors of proud London town,
> That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown!'

But, alas! at this very period, within a few days of the time when Alford field was fought—the fatal battle of Naseby dealt a last and decisive blow on Charles's cause in England!

Far from being disheartened by these tidings, or satisfied with his mountain dominion, Montrose undertook without delay to invade and reduce the Lowlands. For this purpose it became requisite to have a more complete gathering of the clans; nor did they shrink from joining a leader already so far successful in a most unequal contest, and recommended by such a train of victories. For the first time Montrose saw himself at the head of six thousand men. With these he marched to the Forth. On his way through Kinross-shire, his men dismantled and burnt Castle Campbell, a noble antique edifice belonging to the Marquis of Argyle, the ruins of which remain in lonely grandeur to this day. It is said that Montrose was urged to this havoc by the Ogilvies, in retaliation for their 'bonnie house of Airlie.'

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Airlie.' Yet we greatly doubt whether his own animosity against Argyle needed any such incentive.

On the other side the Covenanting chiefs had convened a Parliament, not at Edinburgh, but first at Stirling, and then at Perth, on account of a pestilence which was wasting the Lothians. They showed the utmost determination to resist the further progress of Montrose, ordered a levy of men throughout the kingdom, and brought together their whole remaining force for one decisive blow. Notwithstanding their loss in the recent battles, they could still, by leaving no reserve, muster an army of above seven thousand men. The command was, as before, intrusted to General Baillie, but not, as before, with full power, Argyle and other noblemen being appointed a Committee to observe and control his movements. Baillie, as a skilful officer, wished to avoid any immediate action with the Royalists. 'If we beat them to the hills,' said he, 'that will be little advantage to us—and to lose the day will be to lose the kingdom.' But he found his more sagacious counsels overruled by his more eager colleagues. It was on the morning of the 15th of August that Montrose came in sight of their array at Kilsyth, a village adjoining the old Roman wall; he having previously forded the Forth about six miles above Stirling, and Baillie having passed by Stirling bridge. From the forward movements of the enemy, Montrose perceived at once that they were willing to engage. 'The very thing I wanted!' he exclaimed. He bid his men strip to their shirts, either as a sign of their resolution to fight to the death, or merely because, as others say, he wished to disencumber them of all weight; they having to charge up hill at the hottest season of the year. The battle began by an attack of Baillie's vanguard on one of the advanced posts of Montrose; it was repulsed, upon which a thousand of the Highlanders in uncontrollable ardour rushed forward without waiting for orders. Montrose, though displeased at their rashness, saw the necessity of supporting them, and sent forward the Earl of Airlie and a chosen division to their aid. But the conflict speedily spreading, soon resolved itself into a general rush by the Royalists up hill against their wavering antagonists. The savage war-yell of the Highlanders, and their still more savage aspect this day—as dashing forward, nearly naked—might have struck dismay into more practised soldiers than any the Covenant could muster. They gave way in confusion, and with little or no quarter from the Royalists, since, by the most moderate computation, not less than four thousand were slain. Some of the fugitives sought shelter in Stirling Castle; others scattered through the Lowlands. Argyle, who is not mentioned as present in the fight, escaped to the

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the Firth of Forth, where seizing a small vessel, he again betook himself to his favourite element—at least whenever there was no chance of a naval engagement—the water!

The battle of Kilsyth—that last and crowning victory of Montrose—made him for the time master of all Scotland. His troops or his partisans spread over the low country like a torrent, and only the 'castled crags'—as Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton—seemed to lift themselves above the general inundation. Argyle and the other leaders of the Covenant fled for safety to Berwick. Montrose himself entered Glasgow in triumph, while young Napier, pushing forwards to Linlithgow and Edinburgh, had the delight of freeing from captivity his father, his wife, his sisters, and his uncle, Stirling of Keir. But Lord Graham, the only surviving son of Montrose, having been removed for greater security to Edinburgh Castle, still remained a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

The clemency and moderation of Montrose in this his hour of triumph may deserve unqualified praise. He was no longer, as in Argyleshire, the chieftain thirsting for vengeance on a rival; he was no longer, as at Aberdeen, the general obliged to connive at pillage in his soldiers because unable to give them pay. No perquisitions were made, no punishments inflicted, no acts of licence allowed. So anxious was Montrose to prevent the smallest outrage from his troops, that on the second day after his own entry into Glasgow he sent them out of the city, and quartered them, under strict discipline, at Bothwell and the neighbouring villages. Many of the King's friends, who had hitherto only looked on and wished him well, now came forward with professions of their constant loyalty and excuses for their past inaction. Nor did there fail to creep forth that numerous class of the attendants upon Fortune—all drawn out by success, as other reptiles by the sunshine.

Up to this time the communications of Montrose with his Royal Master had been but few and far-between—by precarious messengers and most strange disguises. One of these messengers, James Small, had reached him in the garb of a common beggar; another, Thomas Sydserf, son of the Bishop of Galloway, as a pedlar of Presbyterian tracts! The latter is referred to as follows in the 'Covent Garden Drollery,' printed in 1672:—

> 'Once like a pedlar they have heard thee brag
> How thou didst cheat their sight and save thy *craig* [neck],
> When to the Great Montrose, under pretence
> Of godly books, thou brought'st intelligence.'

Now, however, a high officer of state, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, son of the late Primate and himself Secretary for Scotland, was

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enabled to reach Montrose. He was the bearer of a new commission from Charles, dated at Hereford (June 25th, 1645), and appointing the Marquis Captain-General for Scotland, with extended powers. All possible solemnity was given to this new commission: at a grand review at Bothwell it was first publicly handed to Montrose by Sir Robert Spottiswoode, and then read aloud to the troops by Archibald Primrose, a lawyer of great eminence; at that time Clerk of the Council, but afterwards Sir Archibald and Lord Register, the ancestor of the present Earl of Rosebery. Montrose next addressed his soldiers in a short but earnest speech; and lastly, in virtue of Charles's new powers, he before them all conferred the honour of knighthood on Colkitto—henceforth Sir Allaster Macdonald. A further use of his new powers was the summoning of a Scottish Parliament to meet at Glasgow.

It is remarkable that even at such a crisis Montrose should have found leisure to think of future publications in behalf of the Royal cause. On the 28th of August we find him writing as follows to Drummond of Hawthornden:—

'Being informed that you have written some pieces vindicating monarchy from all aspersions, and another named *Irene*, these are to desire you to repair to our leaguer, bringing with you or sending such papers, that we may give order for putting them to the press, to the contentment of all his Majesty's good subjects.

'MONTROSE.'

It had been the anxious wish of Montrose to be joined by the King in Scotland, however much his Majesty's arrival must have lessened his own importance and renown. His report of the battle of Inverlochy thus concludes:—'Only give me leave, after I have reduced this country to your Majesty's obedience, and conquered from Dan to Beersheba, to say to your Majesty then as David's general did to his master, "Come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name."'—(Feb. 3, 1645.) But ever since the fatal day of Naseby the object had plainly become, not the sharing of Scottish victory, but rather the retrieving of English defeat; and to this object Montrose most earnestly, and with his whole heart, applied himself. He wrote word to the King that were he only supported by a small body of cavalry (in which force he was chiefly deficient), he might hope to march to his Majesty's rescue with 20,000 men. Charles had now but little force of any kind at his disposal; however, he was unwilling to cast away, perhaps, the last chance for the preservation of his Crown. He first designed to join the Marquis in person through the northern counties, but that project failing, he next intrusted Lord Digby with 1500 horse to push onward and attempt to meet Montrose upon the Border.

To the Border accordingly Montrose undertook to march. But

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But the further he moved from the Highlands the less was he supported by the Highlanders. Besides their usual unwillingness to be drawn far beyond the shadow of their native mountains, they had now a special plea for leave of absence; it was harvest time, and every man eager to get in his own little crop of oats. Thus then no sooner had the Marquis announced his march to the southwards than many of the Macdonalds under Sir Allaster, and of the Gordons under Lord Aboyne, asked permission to go home—all faithfully promising, however, to rejoin the Standard as soon as possible. But on the other hand Montrose had reason to expect powerful reinforcements on the Border. There the great House of Buccleuch indeed was adverse, and had contributed a regiment to Lord Leven's army; but the Marquis of Douglas and the Earls of Roxburgh, Home, Traquair, Annandale, and Hartfell, professed their loyal zeal and promised their active aid. It was found, nevertheless, that these noblemen had not so much zeal or so much power, or the Royal cause not so much popularity, as had been expected. The cry might be again in those districts, not for King or Peer, but as after Flodden—

'Up wi' the souters of Selkirk,
And down wi' the Earl of Home!'

To say nothing of the enmity between the neighbouring Border counties, which the same old ballad denotes:—

'Up wi' the souters of Selkirk!
For they are baith trusty and leal;
Then up wi' the men of the Forest,
And down wi' the Merse to the De'il!'

Thus, from one cause or the other, Montrose could only obtain for recruits a few troops of irregular horse—whom Bishop Guthry quaintly designates as the 'truthless trained bands!'

The state of Montrose's affairs at this juncture is well shown in a private letter, which on the 10th of September Sir Robert Spottiswoode addressed to Lord Digby from Kelso.

'We are now arrived, *ad columnas Herculis*, to Tweedside, and dispersed all the King's enemies within this kingdom to several places, some to Ireland, most to Berwick. ..... You little imagine the difficulties my Lord Marquis hath here to wrestle with. The overcoming of the enemy is the least of them—he hath more to do with his seeming friends. Since I came to him (which was but within these ten days, after much toil and hazard) I have seen much of it. He was forced to dismiss his Highlanders for a season, who would needs return home to look to their own affairs. When they were gone Aboyne took a caprice, and had away with him the greatest strength he had of horse. Notwithstanding whereof he resolved to follow his work. ..... Besides he was invited hereunto by the Earls of Roxburgh and Home, who when he was within a dozen miles of them have rendered their houses

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and themselves to David Leslie, and are carried in as prisoners to Berwick. Traquair has been with him, and he promised more nor [than] he hath yet performed. All these were great disheartenings to any other but to him, whom nothing of this kind can amaze.'

It will be observed from this letter that the Royalists were already informed of the approach of David Leslie. That able and active officer had been summoned in haste on Montrose's conquest of the Lowlands, and had hurried back to the Tweed with the flower of the Scottish army in England—4000 tried veterans, principally horse. Far inferior as was now Montrose's army, the Marquis was not unwilling nor unprepared to accept a battle, had Leslie advanced straight against him with that view. But the Covenanting general seemed to prefer a different course; he marched from Berwick to the Lothians, and appeared to have for his aim to interpose between Montrose and the Highlands, and cut off the Royalists' retreat. Montrose therefore did not imagine that any peril from that quarter could be close at hand.

On the 12th of September, accordingly, the Marquis marched from Kelso and encamped his infantry that evening on a level plain named Philiphaugh, on the left bank of the Ettrick, while he crossed that river with his officers and horsemen to take up quarters in the little town of Selkirk. For the greater part of that night he was occupied with his friends, Lords Napier, Airlie, and Crauford, in framing despatches and reports to the King, which were to be sent off at break of day. But meanwhile General Leslie, after reaching the Lothians, had stopped short at Gladsmuir, and then most unexpectedly turning to the southward, descended the valley of the Gala to Melrose. There, at less than five miles' distance from the Royalist army, he passed the night of the 12th; and it has been justly alleged as a proof how little the Royalist cause found favour in this district, that thus within reach of half an hour's gallop, no tidings whatever should have reached Montrose of his enemy's approach. Early next morning Leslie took advantage of a thick mist which prevailed; forming his troops in two divisions, he silently drew close to Philiphaugh; then furiously charged both flanks of the Royalists at once. It might almost be said that his attack was felt sooner than perceived. At the first tidings Montrose sprung to horse, gathered his small squadron, and darted across the Ettrick to the rescue of his infantry. It is admitted by an historian, far from partial to his fame, that 'in this extremity whatever the abilities of the general or the personal valour of the soldier could accomplish was performed by Montrose.'* With

* Laing's History, vol. iii. p. 314, ed. 1804.

troops

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troops not only far outnumbered, but wholly surprised, he maintained for some time a most unequal conflict; and it was not until he saw his army slain or scattered, and himself left with only Lords Napier and Douglas, and about thirty mounted followers, that he could be prevailed upon to attempt escape. He fled up the vale of the Yarrow, and then crossed over the moors to the vale of the Tweed, reaching at sunset the ancient burgh of Peebles. Next day he was rejoined by about two hundred of the fugitive horse, including the Earls of Crauford and Airlie; and with these scanty remnants of his host Montrose cut back his way to the Highlands.

The fatal day of Philiphaugh is still recorded in the traditionary songs of Selkirkshire. A ballad of more popularity than poetical merit truly describes how Leslie under cover of the darkness crept close to the Royalist ranks:—

> 'A cloud o' mist them weel conceal'd
> As close as e'er might be.
>
> When they came to the Shaw *burn*
> Said he: "Sae weel we frame,
> I think it is convenient
> That we should sing a psalm!"'

But we must not dissemble the fact, which we learn from a note to the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' that another reading of the last line, equally current among the peasantry, considerably modifies the merit of General Leslie's suggestion:—

> 'I think it is convenient
> That we should take a dram!'

In this rout both the Royal Standards were preserved in a remarkable manner. William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, carried the first; he escaped from the field, and lay for some time concealed upon the Borders, after which he travelled in disguise to the Highlands, and restored his charge to Montrose. The second Standard was saved by a brave Irish soldier, who, seeing the battle lost, slipped it from its staff, and wrapped it round his body as a shroud, and then forced his way, sword in hand, through the enemy.

The victors of Philiphaugh showed no mercy to the vanquished. Of the common prisoners, many were drawn up in the court-yard of Newark Castle, on Yarrow, and shot dead in cold blood, and their bodies interred in haste, and with little ceremony, in a neighbouring spot, still known by the name of the 'Slain-Men's-Lee.' 'The ground,' thus wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1829, 'being about twenty years since opened for the foundation

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tion of a school-house, the bones and skulls, which were dug up in great quantity, plainly showed the truth of the country tradition.'* The captives of higher rank were carefully reserved, not in compassion, but for the form of a public trial, and the pageant of a public execution. Thus perished at Edinburgh and at Glasgow—Sir William Rollock and Sir William Nesbit; the Irish officers, O'Kyan and Lauchlin; the Secretary of State, Sir Robert Spottiswoode (for even statesmen and judges were not spared); Guthry, son of the Bishop of Moray; and Murray, brother of the Earl of Tullibardine. Lord Ogilvie escaped in the disguise of his sister's clothes, and Archibald Primrose was saved (so says the family tradition) by the personal friendship of Argyle.

During this time Montrose was returned to his first recruiting-ground of Athol, and in bitter anguish for the impending fate of his friends, applied himself to raise another army for their rescue. The Athol men and some few of the Highlanders readily joined him; but the leader of the Macdonalds, Sir Allaster, who had now tasted the sweets of independent command, found pleas for remaining absent from the Standard. Thus also the head of the Gordons, the Marquis of Huntley, who had at last emerged from his concealment in Sutherland and Caithness, showed himself most jealous and untoward. In spite of every discouragement, however, the month of October had not passed ere Montrose appeared at the head of fifteen hundred men before Glasgow, where Sir Robert Spottiswoode and other of the principal prisoners were then confined. He trusted to be able to strike some blow for their deliverance, by drawing forth David Leslie to action from the walls. But that skilful General forbore from giving him the desired opportunity, and Montrose found it necessary to withdraw, leaving the captives to their doom. General Middleton, a soldier of fortune, was afterwards sent against him with some troops, and the mountain-warfare continued, but on a far lesser scale and more desultory manner than before. Montrose lost his kinsman and earliest friend, Lord Napier, who had shared in the flight from Philiphaugh, but who, unable at his advanced age to sustain such toilsome marches, fell sick and died at Fincastle, in Athol. On the other hand, the Marquis obtained the co-operation of his former antagonist at Aulderne, Sir John Urrey, who, upon some disgust from the Covenanters, veered back to the Royal cause.

The termination to this fierce and long-protracted mountain-warfare came at last, from the turn of affairs in England. Charles had no army left to take the field in the spring, and passed the

* 'Tales of a Grandfather,' second series, vol. i. p. 284, ed. 1829.

winter

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winter at Oxford, with no better prospect before him than to find himself encompassed and beleaguered in its walls. Under these circumstances he adopted the rash, and, as it proved, fatal resolution to join the Scottish troops, then encamped before Newark, and to trust to their sentiments of loyalty and honour. But even the first hour of his arrival amongst them might convince the King that he had leaned upon a broken reed. Sir James Turner, who was present, thus describes the scene:—

'In the summer (May, 1646) he (the King) cast himself in the Scots' arms at Newark. There did Earl Lothian, as President of the Committee, to his eternal reproach, imperiously require his Majesty, before he had either drank, refreshed, or reposed himself, to command my Lord Bellasis to deliver up Newark to the Parliament's forces, and James Graham—for so he called Great Montrose—to lay down arms, all which the King stoutly refused, telling him that he who had made him an Earl, had made James Graham a Marquis!'—*Memoirs*, p. 41.

The Scottish leaders, with a view of better securing the person of their visitor, or, as they had resolved to consider him, their captive, immediately marched back with him from Newark to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they began their negotiations for selling him to the Parliament of England. Ere long the unhappy monarch found himself compelled to send orders for surrendering the towns and castles which still adhered to him, and instruct Montrose to disband his forces and retire into France. Montrose, seeing that the command was plainly an extorted one, at first hesitated; but when it was renewed, and when he found that his refusal might endanger the Royal Person, he prepared to obey. To settle the terms, he held a conference with General Middleton in the open air, near the river Isla, each with only a single attendant to hold his horse. It was agreed (Middleton granting far milder terms than the Convention of Estates approved) that the Earl of Airlie and other friends and followers of Montrose should retain their lives and property, just as if they had not engaged with him, while he and Sir John Urrey were to be allowed only safe transportation beyond sea.

On the 30th of July, accordingly, Montrose having assembled at Rattray the melancholy remains of his army, dismissed them in the King's name, and affectionately bade them farewell. Their sorrow was deep and sincere. Some fell on their knees, and with tears besought that they might follow him wherever he went. Here, too, he parted from his constant friend, the brave old Earl of Airlie, who left him only at his own request, and who had to mourn the loss of a gallant son in the Royal cause—Sir Thomas Ogilvie, slain at Inverlochy.

The Marquis, accompanied by Sir John Urrey and a few others,

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others, next repaired to his house at Old Montrose, and held himself ready for embarkation. But he would not trust the good faith of the Committee of Estates so far as to enter the vessel which, according to the treaty, they were bound to provide. He hired on his own account a small pinnace belonging to Bergen, in Norway; and when it had already put out to sea, joined it secretly in a fly-boat. On this occasion, and during the voyage, he was disguised as the servant of the Reverend James Wood, one of his chaplains—thus leaving Scotland as he had entered it, in a menial dress.

The life of Montrose in his banishment was the usual life of exiles—an ever-new succession of schemes and projects for return, confident predictions of success, and eager applications for aid—all ending alike in that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Surely no Highland steep which the hero had ever climbed was so toilsome as that ascent of the stranger's stairs!

'Tu proverai si . . . . .
. . . . . com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l' altrui scale!'

Montrose repaired to Paris (as the King had desired him) to receive instructions from the Queen Henrietta Maria, but found Her Majesty wholly governed by her favourite, Lord Jermyn, and jealous of all other counsels. On the other hand, however, it seems not improbable that, as Clarendon alleges, Montrose may have shown at Paris a too haughty consciousness of his own great exploits. To make them more fully and generally known, his chaplain, Dr. George Wishart, published in 1647 a narrative of them in the Latin language, with the title *De Rebus sub imperio Illustrissimi Jacobi Montis-Rosarum Marchionis praeclare gestis, Commentarius**—an eloquent work, but not free from large amplifications.

Whatever the cause, and whosoever's the fault, it is certain that the various proposals which from time to time Montrose made to the Queen for attempting the deliverance of his Royal Master, were coldly received, and ere long laid aside. Nor could Montrose, on any other point, approve the course of conduct pursued at Paris. A project being on foot to obtain for his niece, Lilias Napier, some place at Court, he writes thus (July 26, 1647) to Stirling of Keir:—

'As for that which you spoke long ago concerning Lilias, I have been thinking, but to no purpose, for there is neither Scotsman nor woman

* The inscription on the tomb of Dr. G. Wishart (who became Bishop of Edinburgh after the Restoration) in Holyrood Chapel, concludes with these lines:

'Gestaque Mont-Rosei Latio celebrata cothurno,
Quantula, proh, tanti sunt monumenta viri!'

welcome

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welcome that way, neither would any of honour and virtue, chiefly a woman, suffer themselves to live in so lewd and worthless a place.'

It is not clear, however, from this passage to which Court Montrose refers—whether to the Court of Anne of Austria or to that of Henrietta Maria.

During the stay of Montrose at Paris, he met with many tokens of respect from the most eminent French statesmen. Cardinal de Retz, in a remarkable passage of his Memoirs, speaks of him as the only man who had ever reminded him of the heroes described by Plutarch—a strong expression from the friend of Turenne and Condé! Cardinal Mazarin made anxious endeavours to enlist for France a chief of so much fame, offering that he should be General to the Scots in France, and Lieutenant-General to the French army whenever he joined it, with a promise of other places and pensions hereafter. But Montrose thought any rank below that of Field-Marshal inferior to his merit and renown; and above all, he was unwilling to enter into any engagement which might clash with his service (whenever it might be called for) to his own King. Having accordingly refused the offer, he in March, 1648, quitted Paris, and proceeded through Geneva into Germany. At Prague he saw the Emperor Ferdinand, who received him most graciously, granted him the patent of a Field-Marshal of the Empire, and also appointed him to the command (immediately under the Emperor himself) of levies to be raised on the borders of the Spanish Netherlands. To avoid the hostile armies then in the field, the Marquis took his further route circuitously through Dantzic and Copenhagen, where he was honourably entertained by his Danish Majesty, and from whence he repaired by Groningen to Brussels.

But, whatever his wanderings, whatever his vicissitudes, Montrose never lost sight of his first object—another attempt whenever possible to restore the Royal cause in Scotland. There is still extant in the Montrose Charter-Chest his Key for secret correspondence with his friends at home, bearing the date of this very year, 1648. This paper gives covert names to be used instead of the real ones, and is still remarkable, as showing Montrose's view of several characters. For his own he adopts, not unaptly, the French phrase *Venture Faire*. The Earl of Lanerick becomes *Peter-a-Packs* (a juggler). The Earl of Roxburgh, whom Montrose suspected of double dealing with David Leslie, is designated *The Fox;* David Leslie himself is called *The Executioner,* from his cruelties after the day of Philiphaugh. The Marquis of Huntley is called *The Moor-game,* from his having lurked so long in the northern hills. *The Water-Fowl* might have seemed a tempting nick-name for the Marquis of Argyle;

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Argyle; but Montrose is content with *Ruling Elder*, or *the Merchant of Middleburgh*.

It was about this period in his life that Montrose appears to have composed his 'Love Song' to some fair one whose name is not now recorded. This piece of poetry, first published in 1711, is of great length and very unequal merit; we shall only quote from it three stanzas, which Mrs. Arkwright has set to music with her usual exquisite taste and skill:—

'My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I 'll never love thee more.

'Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My heart shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all!

'But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I 'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I 'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I 'll dress and crown thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.'

We had promised that we would confine ourselves to these three stanzas, yet we cannot forbear the pleasure of transcribing one more, which appears to us fraught with singular beauty and feeling:—

'The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung—
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has heart in store,
True love begun shall never end—
Love one, and love no more!'

We are much surprised how Mr. Napier can think—or expect any reader of taste to think with him—that these fine stanzas are only a political allegory, and denote Montrose's 'love for his Royal Master,

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Master, and his anxiety to save him from evil counsellors!' (*Life*, &c., p. 426.) Such a notion may, we think, be consigned to the same Limbo with that of the Italian commentators who in Dante's impassioned allusions to his long-lost Beatrice can see nothing but a personification of school-theology!

There is another song which we earnestly commend to Mrs. Arkwright's attention; it is not certainly known to be Montrose's, nor does Mr. Napier notice it; indeed it has been ascribed to Mr. Graham of Gartmore. 'But Sir Walter Scott,' says the last editor of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,'* 'told me he believed these verses to have been the composition of a nobler Graham—the Great Marquis of Montrose.' We cannot tell on what proof Sir Walter relied, but the resemblance in style and manner appears to us very strong. Of this, however, our readers shall judge for themselves:—

'If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I 'll mount my steed,
And strong his arm and fast his seat
That bears from me the meed.
I 'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart,
And he that bends not to thine eyes
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!

'If gay attire delight thine eye,
I 'll dight me in array;
I 'll tend thy chamber-door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thy ear,
These sounds I 'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I 'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that none can match.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!

'But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow,
No maiden lays her skaith to me—
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing.
Oh, tell me how to woo!
Oh, tell me how to woo thee, love;
Oh, tell me how to woo!'

* Vol. iii. p. 315, ed. 1833.

Reverting

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Reverting from the subject of these songs, and rejecting, as we must, Mr. Napier's explanation of the former, we will take the opportunity of dealing with another explanation on a different matter by Bishop Burnet, which seems to us equally groundless, and far less innocent. The Bishop states, in a passage of his History which was suppressed in the former editions, but which has been more recently made public:—

'The Queen Mother (Henrietta Maria) hated Montrose mortally; . . . . . she heard that he had talked very indecently of her favours to him, which she herself told the Lady Susan Hamilton, a daughter of Duke Hamilton, from whom I had it. So she sent him word to leave Paris (in March, 1648), and she would see him no more. He (then) wandered about the Courts of Germany.'—*Oxf. Ed.* i. p. 97.

It might be sufficient, in refutation of this story, to allege the devoted loyalty and the chivalrous temper of Montrose. But it is decisively disproved by the tenor of the Queen's own letters to the Marquis of a later date, as still preserved in the family Charter-Chest. Thus, on the 22nd July, 1649, her Majesty writes:—

'I receive (your assurances) with great satisfaction, having that esteem for you which can never diminish, but which I shall cherish in whatever fortune may befall me, and must claim from you a reciprocal esteem for myself.'

Montrose was at Brussels when the execution of King Charles was made known to him. In this age of less keen political contentions, and we may add of more languid political attachments, we can scarcely credit the extremity of grief and anguish which this fatal intelligence produced in many minds. We are half inclined to doubt and cavil when told, on whatever high authority, that some persons fell into convulsions, or sunk into such a melancholy as attended them to the grave; while others, as is reported, suddenly fell down dead. Montrose himself, as his chaplain assures us, swooned away at the news, and was confined to his chamber for two days. He then came forth with some lines of poetry, still preserved, in which a vigorous thought is seen to struggle through a rugged versification, and of which the three first words—GREAT, GOOD, AND JUST—denote his opinion of his murdered sovereign.

With such feelings strong in his mind, Montrose immediately tendered his allegiance to Charles II., and in the course of the next month joined the young King at the Hague. Ere long commissioners also arrived at that place from Scotland, acknowledging the right of succession, and offering to call his Majesty to the throne; but on very hard conditions—requiring him to adopt both the Covenants—to put down any other form of religion—and to banish

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banish from his presence all *Malignants*—by which term they meant the true Royalists, and amongst whom they especially named Montrose. Charles, in the extremity to which his fortunes were reduced, would not refuse, nor yet, where such sacrifices were demanded, would he accept, these propositions. He resolved to keep the commissioners in play: proceeded first to Brussels, and thence to Paris, on the plea of consulting the Queen Mother—and meanwhile gave private instructions to Montrose to raise what forces he could abroad, and with them attempt a landing in Scotland. His object, which certainly showed no nice sense of political integrity, was, if Montrose should succeed, to profit by that success—or, if Montrose should fail, then to disavow him, and conclude his own treaty with the Covenanting chiefs.

Whatever may be thought of the part of Charles in these transactions, Montrose's at least was straightforward, plain, and clear. He had counselled the King to reject at once these ignominious terms. He had taken no share in the underhand negotiations which ensued. He had looked to his Royal Master, and to his Royal Master alone. But when he received that Master's command to try a descent on Scotland, he displayed the ready obedience which every subject ought, and the dauntless energy which only a hero could. He immediately repaired to the Courts of Denmark and Sweden, from both of which, but chiefly from Queen Christina—an admirer of romantic enterprises and adventurous characters—he received much encouragement, with a few stands of arms and a little money. With this he hired some ships and enlisted some German mercenaries; while the fame of his exploits drew around him not a few of the exiled Royalists, as Sir John Urrey, and, above all, the Scots.

We need scarcely perhaps pause to mention that while the Marquis was still at the Hague, Dorislaus, an agent of the Parliament in that country, was basely murdered by several Scottish gentlemen in exile, most of them, as Clarendon states, retainers of Montrose. In more modern times Montrose himself has been suspected of participation in that crime; a charge for which there is no evidence, and against which, as we conceive, there is every presumption.

According to Hume, Montrose, after he had left the Hague, 'hastened his enterprise, lest the King's agreement with the Scots should make him revoke his commission.' But the papers in the Montrose Charter-Chest prove that the Marquis had not the smallest reason to expect any revocation. On the 12th of January, 1650, Charles sent him the George and Riband of the Garter, with letters patent, couched in terms of the highest praise. On the same day his Majesty writes,—'I conjure you not to take alarm at any reports or messages from others, but to depend upon

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upon my kindness, and to proceed in your business with your usual courage and alacrity.' And, on the 15th of April, when Montrose was already in Scotland, and the King at Breda, coming to a treaty with the Covenanters, he uses these words to Lord Napier, who had remained at Hamburgh to enlist more troops, 'I pray continue your assistance to the Marquis of Montrose.'

Thus it was that early in the year 1650—almost immediately, it would seem, after receiving the King's orders of the 12th of January*—Montrose set sail from Gottenburg, and steered to the Orkneys. Even at the outset of his enterprise he sustained no slight disaster, since two of his vessels, with about one-third of his force on board, perished by shipwreck. At the Orkneys he levied a few hundred of the islanders; but, remote as they were, and slightly disturbed as they had been, from the civil wars which wasted the main land, they appeared both unwarlike and unwilling. The whole force of Montrose, though motley and ill-compact, was very far from numerous, not exceeding, with every addition, twelve or fourteen hundred men. Still, however, resolved to try his fortune, he embarked, and once more set foot on the continent of Scotland at nearly its furthest point, on the coast of Caithness. Here he called the people to arms, and unfurled three standards, two for the King and one for himself. The first of the Royal banners was of black, and represented the bleeding head of Charles I. on the block, with the inscription, JUDGE AND AVENGE MY CAUSE, O LORD! The second bore the Royal Arms, and the motto, QUOS PIETAS VIRTUS ET HONOR FECIT AMICOS. And on Montrose's own banner appeared the words, NIL MEDIUM.

Montrose had expected the people of Caithness and Sutherland to join his standard, but found that for the most part they fled at his approach. Like the Orkneymen, they had hitherto taken little share and felt small concern in the civil wars, and the greatest of their feudal chiefs, the Earl of Sutherland, was now on the side of the ruling powers; besides which, they might remember the former excesses of Montrose's army, or dread the unwonted aspect of foreign troops. Still undaunted, the Marquis pursued his march along the eastern coast. He passed by the range of hills in sight of Dunrobin Castle, which was garrisoned for the Earl of Sutherland, but avoided any nearer approach, though a few of his soldiers, who incautiously came within range of the castle guns, were made prisoners. From thence, passing

* On December 15, 1649, Montrose wrote to Lord Seaforth from Gottenburg, as 'being to sett sayle to-morrow for Scotland;' but he appears to have postponed his voyage on purpose probably to await the King's final commands. See Montrose's letters to Lord Seaforth in the Appendix (p. 441) to the translation of Dr. Wishart's narrative, published in 1819, under the title of 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose.'

with

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with his forces up Strathfleet, he turned into the interior of the country. His progress in these desert regions has been well described in a MS. Memoir on the District of Assynt, drawn up by Mr. George Taylor, of Golspie, from still subsisting records and traditions. We owe the communication of this interesting document, from which we shall make several extracts, to the courtesy of the Duke of Sutherland, and to the friendship of his brother, Lord Francis Egerton, whom now we are happy to hail as Earl of Ellesmere:—

'The beautiful Highland valley of the Fleet,' says Mr. Taylor, 'being then destitute of roads, the picturesque and formidable appearance of a great body of armed men winding along its steep sides, and the difficulty of marching through narrow defiles and over rocky passes, made a deep impression on the inhabitants, who, for a long period afterwards, talked extravagantly of the flaunting display of the several banners, of the full sonorous notes of the trumpet, and of the martial appearance of a body of troopers seated in the high-bowed and antique war-saddles of the period.'

The news of Montrose's approach struck a terror at Edinburgh more commensurate to his past renown than to his present strength; it could scarcely have been greater had the hero been already at their walls. Colonel Strachan, an officer of some note, was sent forward in all haste with a body of horse; and whatever army could be drawn together followed, under General Leslie. Strachan found the Royalists advanced to the borders of Rossshire, and unable, from their almost entire want of light cavalry, to obtain any tidings of his movements. Thus he could, undiscovered, lay an ambuscade for them at the pass of Corbiesdale, on the river Kyle; where, accordingly, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of April, Montrose suddenly saw his enemy issue forth, close at hand, in three divisions. He beat back the first, but was instantly assailed again by Strachan at the head of the second. Then did his motley force resolve itself, as it were, into its first elements. The unwarlike Orkneymen threw down their arms, and the Germans, retiring to a wood, made a more methodical but scarcely less rapid surrender; while Montrose's few Scottish followers fought with a spirit like his own. Some of his bravest officers, as young Menzies, were slain by his side; others, as Sir John Urrey and Lord Frendraught, were made prisoners; and the rout became complete. The Great Marquis himself received more than one wound, and his horse was killed under him. Seeing the day irretrievably lost, he fled from the field, in company with the Earl of Kinnoul, having flung aside his cloak, on which was embroidered the star of his newly-gained Garter, and which, with his George, was afterwards found hidden at the root

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root of a tree, and carried in triumph to Edinburgh. He escaped into the wild mountain district of Assynt, and his further adventures, hitherto but slightly known, will appear from the following extract of the MS. Memoir which we have already quoted:—

'The wanderings of the unfortunate Marquis after his flight from the field of his defeat, and the incidents attendant on his capture in Assynt, and on his removal out of the county, have been, in several particulars, imperfectly stated in the accounts of his life hitherto published. Without singling out these omissions and inaccuracies, the following details convey such information as is considered to be correct, and which, in part, is not generally known, connected with the reverses that befel that intrepid leader after his defeat, until he was conducted out of Sutherland.

'Montrose, and the very few adherents who joined him in his flight, being compelled, by the boggy and broken high ground in which they obtained temporary safety, to relinquish the horses that carried them from the field of battle, and judging that all the surrounding inhabitants were opposed to them, wandered into the most desolate and retired parts of the wide, extended, and mountainous region that separates Assynt from the Kyle of Sutherland; their object being to pass through the hills into the Reay country, then possessed by Lord Reay and the cadets of the Mackay family, who were friendly towards the Marquis and the cause in which he suffered. The privations of food, and the distress and fatigue endured by these strangers in their wanderings, soon became insupportable; and by the evening of the second day after the battle, Montrose's companions, with the exception of the Earl of Kinnoul and Major Sinclair, left him and returned to the eastward, preferring the certainty of being taken prisoners to the risk of perishing in the wilderness. On the morning of the third day, Lord Kinnoul became so faint, and his strength was so exhausted by hunger, cold, and fatigue, that he could move no farther. He was therefore necessarily left by his distracted and enfeebled companions, without shelter or protection of any kind, on the exposed heath; but Major Sinclair volunteered to go in search of and to return with assistance, while Montrose still moving westward, and now alone, endeavoured to effect his escape to the Reay country.

'In the course of the same day he came in sight of a small hut, occasionally occupied for dairy purposes by one of the Laird of Assynt's tenants, at a grazing farm, known by the name of Glaschyle. Before leaving Drumcarbisdale, the Marquis disguised himself in the coarse woollen short coat or jacket of a countryman; and now, pressed with hunger, he ventured to approach the solitary hut before him, with the view of obtaining, if possible, some food, and of being directed in his proper course to the Reay country.

'The tenant of the farm chanced to be there alone; and the tradition still is, that Montrose very modestly asked if a stranger who had lost his way among the hills could be supplied with food of any description; and that the countryman viewed him, without any suspicion of his rank,

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as a respectable and civil stranger. This temporary place of residence was almost destitute of provisions; but its owner had a supply of whiskey in his possession, of which he gave some to the Marquis. He asked for a second supply of the spirit, and then appearing active and vigorous, made inquiry as to the proper direction towards the Reay country through the mountain passes to the north. The course to be taken was pointed out to him; and in answer to a remark that no stranger could find out the most accessible openings through the mountains without a guide, he said he regretted that he was too poor a man to pay any guide.

'The countryman's curiosity and suspicions were, however, roused by this time; for while Montrose had been drinking the whiskey, the breast of his coat, opening partially, displayed to the astonished eyes of the countryman the glitter either of a star or of rich metallic embroidery on the waistcoat. Montrose proceeded in a north-west direction from Glaschyle, followed at a little distance by his recent host, who seemed disposed to become better acquainted with the mysterious stranger. But as Montrose was ascending a hill situated a few miles to the north of Glaschyle, he was met by a servant or scout sent by the Laird of Assynt to learn if any strangers were wandering through that part of the country. When he observed this man, Montrose endeavoured to proceed in another direction; but finding it impossible to escape, he sat down until both the men overtook him, having previously scattered all the money in his possession among the heather, a few coins of which are said to have been picked up within the last ten years.

'Niel MacLeod, the Laird of Assynt, then resided at Ardvrack Castle, situated on a peninsula in Loch Assynt, in the interior of the parish. He was married to a daughter of Colonel John Monro of Lumlair, a military officer of some repute in the north of Scotland, and commander of a Sutherland regiment of foot, and who had acquired the character of a stern and cruel man. He was nicknamed, and is still spoken of by the country-people as *Ian Dhu na Cioch* (Black John of the Breast), in consequence of having been accessary to a barbarous mutilation of some women. He and his son, Captain Andrew Monro, served under Strachan at the battle of Drumcarbisdale; and the ambuscade so successfully resorted to was effected through the intimate knowledge possessed by these officers of the localities of the ground. Immediately after the engagement, Colonel Monro forwarded an express to his son-in-law, MacLeod of Assynt, and directed him to secure such strangers as might escape to the west coast; and the servant who fell in with Montrose near Glaschyle was one of the men despatched accordingly to watch the different passes into Assynt.

'In answer to questions by MacLeod's servant, Montrose said that he was going into the Reay country, but had lost his way, and begged to be conducted there; to this request both the men seemed to agree, and promised to conduct him there; but instead of doing so they conveyed him to MacLeod's castle of Ardvrack, distant about nine miles from the place where they met him. When he came in sight of the castle, its peculiar situation on a peninsula, so nearly surrounded with water as to appear to be

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what old chroniclers call it, "The Isle of Assynt," and of which Montrose had previously heard, convinced him that he was betrayed, and was now in the power of MacLeod of Assynt. He anxiously inquired if it was Ardvrack Castle to which he was conducted; when his guides acknowledged that it was, and that he might observe MacLeod's lady at its gate waiting to receive him. He hurriedly asked her father's name, and was told, as if to inspire terror, that she was the daughter of Black John of the Breast. Tradition bears that Montrose, on receiving this information, stood for awhile motionless and aghast; and then exclaimed that his destiny was fulfilled and his fate certain.'

After reciting a wild legend of an old beldame's warning to Montrose in his youth, to beware of a black lake and the daughter of a black-visaged man, the Memoir proceeds:—

'There is a small dark lake at Drumcarbisdale, where Montrose's army was defeated, and MacLeod's lady turns out to be the person alluded to by the sorceress; and it is thus the country-people account for the despondency of Montrose when led into MacLeod's castle. His fears, however, are easily to be traced to his knowledge of the lady's father and brother being actively engaged in the ranks of his enemies; and that MacLeod was also opposed to the neighbouring families and clans of Mackenzies and Mackays, who befriended the Royal cause. The deceit resorted to by his guides in conducting him to Assynt, while they pretended to lead him to the Reay country, was also ominous of evil.

'On his arrival within the castle, the unfortunate Montrose was compelled to rest his weary limbs, and to ponder over his situation, in one of the strong vaulted cellars still to be seen in the ruins of the building. Here he was closely confined and constantly watched, and notice of his capture instantly forwarded to Strachan. He, however, used every exertion to induce MacLeod to consent to his liberation, by the promise of great rewards and the countenance of the King, if he would be permitted to retire to the Reay country or to Orkney. It appears that MacLeod never served under Montrose in his previous campaigns, although the contrary is sometimes asserted.

'This Niel MacLeod is said to have been a man of no great decision, but his lady is represented by the country-people as having inherited the stern unrelenting disposition of her father, and as the active person who kept Montrose in close confinement, and delivered him up to his opponents; and it is even supposed that had MacLeod not been influenced by her, he would have permitted the Marquis to escape. Major Sinclair was also found traversing the hills, and was conducted to the prison of his leader; but as no accurate directions could be given by them to where the Earl of Kinnoul had been left, that nobleman, whose body was never discovered, must have perished miserably in some solitary recess among the mountains.

'Montrose was shortly afterwards conveyed from Assynt, and escorted to the south by a body of military, under the command of a Major-General Holbourn. He and the troops halted for two days at Skibo Castle, and

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and there, notwithstanding his misfortunes, Montrose experienced a degree of attention and respect which he said more than counterbalanced the harsh treatment he complained of while at Ardvrack. A dowager lady then occupied Skibo; and on the arrival of the Marquis and his guards, she prepared a suitable entertainment for them. She presided at the dinner table, at the head of which, and immediately before her, was a leg of roasted mutton. When Montrose entered the room he was introduced to her by the officers who escorted him, and she requested him to be seated next to her; but Holbourn, still retaining the strict military order he observed in his march, placed the Marquis between himself and another officer, and thus he sat down at Lady Skibo's right hand, and above his noble prisoner, before the lady was aware of the alteration. She no sooner observed this arrangement than she flew into a violent passion, seized the leg of roasted mutton by the shank, and hit Holbourn such a notable blow on the head with the flank part of the hot juicy mutton as knocked him off his seat, and completely soiled his uniform. The officers took alarm, dreading an attempt to rescue the prisoner; but the lady, still in great wrath, and brandishing the leg of mutton, reminded them that she received them as guests; that as such, and as gentlemen, they must accommodate themselves to such an adjustment of place at her table as she considered to be correct; that although the Marquis of Montrose was a prisoner, she was more resolved to support his rank when unfortunate than if he had been victorious; and, consequently, that no person of inferior rank could, at her table, be permitted to take precedence of him. Order being restored, and the mutton replaced on the table, every possible civility was thereafter directed by all present towards the Marquis, who remained the following day at Skibo, the troops being fatigued with their laborious march from Assynt. On the third day Montrose was removed to Brahan Castle, and while passing farther south another lady interested herself more decidedly in his behalf—for he nearly effected his escape by a stratagem of the Laird of Grange's wife.'

The incident thus referred to is told as follows by Mr. Napier:—

'The good lady (of Grange) plied the guards with intoxicating cheer until they were all fast asleep, and then she dressed the Marquis in her own clothes, hoping to save him as his friend Lord Ogilvie had been saved. In this disguise he passed all the sentinels, and was on the point of escaping, when a soldier, just sober enough to mark what was passing, gave the alarm, and he was again secured.'—*Life and Times*, p. 471.

We may also add to this narrative that the wretched Laird of Assynt appears to have been rewarded by the Covenanters for giving up Montrose with a present of four hundred bolls of meal. On the other hand, he was tried for his treachery after the Restoration, and narrowly escaped the punishment which he deserved.

In Montrose's way to the southward, the illustrious captive was exposed to every form of reproach and outrage from his un-

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generous enemies, who showed what their terror had been by what their insults were. Thus he was not allowed any change of dress, but was paraded with mean triumph from place to place, in the same countryman's habit in which he had disguised himself. The townsmen of Dundee, greatly as they had suffered from his arms, were the first who, much to their honour, provided him with clothes and other necessaries suited to his rank. The religious authority of the Kirk was violently strained not only against Montrose himself, but against those who pitied him. The Records of the Presbytery of St. Andrew's were printed only a few years since for the Abbotsford Club; and in this document we find recorded as offences, with their respective punishments, the 'having drunk drinks to James Graham;' or, in the case of a Minister, the not having 'spoken enough for our deliverance from James Graham.'

Even before he arrived at Edinburgh, his doom had been there decided. The form of a trial was dispensed with, as with such judges it well might; and it was resolved to proceed against him on an Act of Attainder passed at the close of 1644, whilst he was ravaging the country of Argyle. His barbarous sentence was, that he should be hanged for three hours on a gibbet thirty feet high; that his head should be affixed to an iron spike at the summit of the Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh, and his limbs to the gates of the four principal towns in Scotland—Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, and Glasgow; and that his body (unless he had showed signs of penitence, and been released from the censures of the Kirk) should be interred among the common felons in unconsecrated ground. That no form of insult might be wanting, it was further resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus, on Saturday the 18th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis, placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. The Marquis of Argyle had abstained from taking any public part in the sentence, his own resentment against Montrose being too open and notorious, but he could not deny himself the delight of gazing on his captive enemy on the way to an ignominious death: thus he appeared at a balcony as Montrose was dragged along, as did also his son Lord Lorne, and the wife (a daughter of the Earl of Moray) whom Lord Lorne had espoused only the Monday before. This striking scene, well worthy of a poet or a painter—the rancorous exulting persecutors, the vanquished hero, and the pale and shrinking

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shrinking bride—has, we observe, only a few weeks since, called forth an historical ballad of much spirit and feeling from Lord John Manners.

'Tis pleasant sure in merrie May
To sit at eventide,
And gaze down from your balcony,
With beauty by your side.

By sorry steeds, in servile cart,
A high-backed chair is borne—
The sitter, he hath turned his face—
Why start you, young Lord Lorne?

Good sooth, in yon poor captive dies
The dreadest of your foes—
But chained and tied to hangman's cart,
Ye dare not meet Montrose!'

It is alleged in a contemporary record that 'the reason of his being tied to the cart was, in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face.'* If such was indeed the hope of the tyrants, it was baffled by the demeanor of the victim. For as the same record assures us:—

'In all the way there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even those women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were hired to stone him, were upon the sight of him so astonished and moved that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers; so next day all the Ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him.'

It is added, that of the many thousand spectators only one—Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington—was heard to scoff and laugh aloud. Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest, 'for,' said he, 'the compliment you put on me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing!'

The Sunday was indeed allowed the sufferer as an intermission from insults; for in that age the same minds which thought murder meritorious would have shrunk with horror at any hint of Sabbath-breaking. But at eight o'clock on Monday morning some Ministers appointed for that purpose by the General Assembly, entered his cell. They began by admonishing Montrose on his natural temper, which, they said, was too 'aspiring and lofty,' and on his personal vices, meaning, as they expressed it,

* Wigtoun MS. as quoted by Mr. Napier, Life and Times, p. 480. See also p. 198.

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'his being given to women.' On these points Montrose replied to them with much humility; but when they proceeded to arraign his public conduct in the King's service, they found his conscience clear and his resolution firm. He ended the conference with these words:—

'I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the Church of Scotland, and I would with all my heart be reconciled to the same. But since I cannot obtain it on any other terms—unless I call that my sin which I account to have been my duty—I cannot, for all the reason and conscience in the world.'

This conference over, Montrose was summoned before the Parliament to hear his sentence read. He was first placed in the criminals' seat, and, according to some contemporary notes, 'looked somewhat pale, lank-faced, and hairy.'* Next, the Chancellor, the Earl of Loudoun, in a long speech, upbraided him for his violation of the Covenant, his introduction of the sanguinary Irish soldiers, and his invasion of Scotland during a treaty with the King. Montrose, finding himself permitted to reply, spoke with equal courage, temper, and dignity. He declared that it was only on account of the King's condescending to acknowledge the Estates by treaty, that he submitted to appear uncovered before them; and he then proceeded to vindicate his conduct

'as a good Christian and loyal subject. I did engage in the first Covenant, and was faithful to it. . . . . For the League, I thank God, I was never in it, and so could not break it. How far religion has been advanced by it, and what sad consequences followed on it, these poor distressed kingdoms can witness. . . . . His late Majesty gave commission to me to come into this kingdom to make a diversion of those forces which were going from home against him. I acknowledge the command; it was most just, and I conceived myself bound in conscience and duty to obey it. What my carriage was in that country many of you may bear witness. Disorders in arms cannot be prevented, but they were no sooner known than punished. Never was any man's blood spilt but in battle, and even then many thousand lives have I preserved; and I dare here avow that never a hair of Scotsman's head that I could save fell to the ground. And as I came in upon his Majesty's warrant, so upon his letters did I lay aside all interests (of my own) and retire. And as for my coming at this time, it was by his Majesty's just commands, in order to the accelerating of the treaty betwixt him and you, his Majesty knowing that whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call. . . . . And therefore I desire you to lay aside prejudice, and consider me as a Christian in relation to the justice of my cause—as a subject, in relation to my Royal

* Sir James Balfour's Notes; Life and Times, p. 487. It appears that the permission to shave had been refused to Montrose.

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Master's command—and as your neighbour, in relation to the many of your lives I have preserved in battle!'

To this address the Lord Chancellor rejoined, with much heat and many hard names: 'proving,' says his admiring friend, Sir James Balfour, 'Montrose to be a person most infamous, perjured, treacherous, and of all that ever this land brought forth the most cruel and inhuman butcher and murderer of his nation!' After this invective, so unbecoming a high judicial functionary, Montrose was compelled to kneel while his sentence was read; he heard it with an unmoved countenance, and was then conducted back to prison. There he found another deputation of preachers ready to contend with him. But in vain did they endeavour to shake his constancy by descanting on all the horrors of his sentence. He told them that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison than that his picture should hang in the King's bed-chamber; and that, far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished that he had limbs enough to send to every city in Christendom as testimonies of his unshaken attachment to the cause in which he suffered. He drew aside the Reverend Robert Baillie, and conversed with him for some time in a corner of the room; but, says one of the other preachers, 'Mr. Baillie afterwards told us that what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned.'* When, however, the other preachers continued to urge upon him the heinousness of his crime in maintaining the cause of his sovereign, and attempted to draw from him some expressions of repentance for his guilt, he at last turned away from them with the words—'I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace!'

That very evening, when left alone—for no access from either friends or kinsmen was allowed him—Montrose wrote, with a diamond, it is said, on his prison window, the well-known and affecting lines:—

'Let them bestow on every *airth*† a limb,
Then open all my veins,—that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake—
Then place my purboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;—
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I 'm hopeful thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou 'lt raise me with the just.'

* MS. Journal by the Rev. R. Trail, as quoted by Mr. Napier (Life and Times, p. 490). It is remarkable that Baillie's own Letters and Journals, voluminous as they are, contain no notice whatever of Montrose's end.

† Point of the compass.

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The next day—Tuesday, May 21—was fixed for the execution; it had been hastened for the purpose of anticipating any intercession or remonstrance from the King. Early in the morning, Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, then Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner's cell, and found him employed in combing the long curled hair, which he wore according to the custom of the Cavaliers. 'Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?' muttered the Puritan. Montrose replied with a smile, 'While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please.'

All preparations being now complete, and the guards in attendance, Montrose walked on foot from the prison to the Grassmarket, the common place of execution for the meanest malefactors, in the midst of which arose, conspicuous from afar, the dismal gallows, thirty feet high, and covered with black cloth. We have been gazing at the spot on the very day on which we write these lines, and but few of its permanent objects seem altered since there fell upon them the last look of Montrose. Scarce one new edifice—nay, scarce even a trace of modern architecture, breaks their gloom. There are still the same antique houses of dark massy stone, with their manifold rows of windows, and their gable roofs—yonder still towers the old castle on its beetling precipice—yonder the same low portals open to the same dusky *closes* and *wynds*. Montrose, as proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, had clad himself in rich attire—'more becoming a bridegroom,' says one of his enemies, 'than a criminal going to the gallows!' * As he walked along and beheld the instrument of his doom, his step was not seen to falter nor his eye to quail; to the last he bore himself with such stedfast courage, such calm dignity, as have been seldom equalled and never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits, and his own Manifesto, to hang around his neck, but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and, smiling at this new token of his enemies' malice, merely said, 'I did not feel more honoured when his Majesty sent me the Garter!' He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time with his hat before his eyes. Two of the preachers, Trail and Law, were present according to the order of the General Assembly—'But,' as the former complains in his Diary, 'he did not at all desire to be released from excommunication in the name of the Kirk—yea, did not look towards that place in the scaffold where we stood; only he drew apart some of the magistrates and spake awhile with them, and

* Diary of John Nicholl, Notary-public and Writer to the Signet, as printed for the Bannatyne Club.

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then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold and asked, "How long shall I hang here?" When my colleague and I saw him casten over the ladder we returned to the Commission, and related the matter as it was.' *

We may add as the final act to this tragedy, that within a few days Montrose was followed to the scaffold by his principal officers. Colonel Sibbald, one of his attendants from England—Sir John Urrey, by turns his antagonist and his confederate—and Spottiswoode, a grandson of the Primate—were beheaded by the 'Maiden'—for thus jocular was the name of the seldom-rusting Scottish Guillotine.

According to his sentence, the legs and arms of Montrose were cut off and sent as trophies to the four principal towns of Scotland, while his head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth. There it remained, a ghastly spectacle, during ten years. But on the Restoration it was taken down in the presence of many of his kinsmen and friends, as his grand-nephew, then Lord Napier, and his former host in Athol, Graham of Inchbrakie: the scattered limbs were reassembled, and interred with due honours in hallowed ground. Immediately after the execution Montrose's severed trunk had been carried out and carelessly flung into a hole on the Borough-Moor. But—here again we quote the very words of a contemporary record—

'Two days after the murder the heart of this great hero, in spite of all the traitors, was, by conveyance of some adventurous spirits appointed by that noble and honourable lady, the Lady Napier, taken out and embalmed in the most costly manner by that skilful chirurgeon and apothecary, Mr. James Callender, and then put in a rich case of gold.'†

* It is remarkable that Mr. Napier, who inserts this passage from Mr. Trail's Diary, also inserts (without in either case expressing any doubt) an 'admirable speech,' addressed by Montrose to those around him on the scaffold, as 'taken in short-hand by one appointed for that purpose, and as circulated at the time.' Surely Mr. Napier must have overlooked the phrase in Mr. Trail's account, that 'Montrose never spoke a word.' This witness was standing close by, and could have had no imaginable motive for suppressing in his private diary the fact that Montrose had made a speech. On the other hand, there is an evident reason why the Royalist party at Edinburgh should devise and circulate some last words of the hero as honourable and advantageous to their cause; and accordingly, on examining the speech itself, several expressions appear drawn up with that view, as when Montrose is made to say:—'For His Majesty now living, never people, I believe, might be more happy in a King. His commands to me were most just. *In nothing that he promiseth will he fail!!!*' This speech, if publicly circulated at the time by the Royalists (perhaps in a broadside or printed sheet), might be, without further inquiry, admitted by Sir James Balfour into his notes.

† 'Relation of the True Funerals of the Great Lord Marquis of Montrose, in the year 1661.' See 'Montrose and the Covenanters,' vol. i. p. 115, and vol. ii. p. 552. The same statement is made in the *Mercurius Caledonius* of the day (January 7, 1661); indeed in the obsequies of 1661, the remains of the trunk appear to have been identified mainly by the absence of the heart, as well as of the limbs.

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The further fortunes of this doleful relic are traced in a letter from the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon, which is dated July 1, 1836, and printed in Mr. Napier's Appendix. Although the evidence is for the most part of a hearsay and traditionary character, we see no reason whatever for distrusting the main facts. We are told, then, that the gold filagree box containing Montrose's heart was in the possession of Francis the fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston, and by him given on his death-bed to his eldest and favourite daughter, who afterwards became Mrs. Johnston and Sir Alexander's mother. She accompanied her husband to India, and during the voyage the gold box was struck by a splinter in action with a French frigate.

'When in India,' continues Sir Alexander, 'my mother's anxiety about it gave rise to a report amongst the natives of the country that it was a talisman, and that whoever possessed it would never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner. Owing to this report it was stolen from her, and for some time it was not known what had become of it. At last she learnt that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had purchased it for a large sum of money.'

This chief was the Pollygar or captain of Pandlum-Courchy, a fort and district in the neighbourhood of Madura. Sir Alexander, as a very young man, happened to pay him a visit, and induced him to restore the stolen property. It was again lost by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at Boulogne during the French Revolution, and was never recovered by them. But whatever may have been its final destination, we can scarcely conceive a stranger turn of fate than that the same nerves and sinews which had throbbed to the warm pulses of a Scottish hero should a century afterwards come to be worshipped as a talisman on an Indian idol shrine!

In examining the character and exploits of Montrose, we must always bear in mind that when he was put to death he was only thirty-seven years old. Several men of the highest powers—as Raphael, Pascal, Burns, Byron—have died at that very age and left behind them great works of imperishable fame; but such eminence is less surprising when, as in these cases, it depends on imagination and genius rather than on teaching and experience. If, on the contrary, we look to warriors and statesmen, we shall find that they often pass the *mezzo cammin di nostra vita*—as Dante calls thirty-five—before they are enabled to achieve things worthy of renown. Had Marlborough, for example, died at forty, or even fifty years of age, he would now be remembered only for his signal treachery to James II. It seems, therefore, not unreasonable to conclude that, had the life of Montrose been spared and

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and his career prolonged, he might, through many a well-fought field, have led other and greater armies to victory. For partisan warfare he had already displayed the highest talents, and wanted perhaps only opportunity to earn similar distinction in a regular campaign. Undoubtedly, he possessed beyond most men the high and rare gift of energy—that resolute will which makes light of obstacles, and, by boldly confronting, so often overcomes them. He believed himself reserved for great enterprises, and in his designs might sometimes be accused of preferring the vast, the romantic, the soaring, to the more prudent and more practicable.

That Montrose was, as drawn by the master-hand of Clarendon, impatient of control and jealous of rivalry, may be readily admitted, and seems to follow from other parts of his character. For the cruelties which are alleged in his conduct, they can neither be denied nor defended; it can only be pleaded as some extenuation, that they were the faults of his country and his age; and that, on the change of fortune, his enemies showed full as little of mercy and forbearance. But as to the reproach of treachery, which even to this day is urged against him, we can discover no valid grounds for it; and we have, as we hope, explained and vindicated that secession from the Covenanters on which, as we suppose, the charge proceeds.

But certainly the point in Montrose's character, at least in his riper years, which has given most offence on the one side, and attracted most admiration on the other, was his ardent zeal for upholding the Crown. In present times there is, of course, far less scope for such a feeling. Where the Crown seems perfectly secure—where no danger assails or threatens it—there can be of course no honour, no merit, in defending it. Yet still, after making every such allowance, there is, to our mind at least, an indescribable charm in reverting (as who does not sometimes?) from all the changeful politics and uncertain friendships of our own day, to that stedfast and undying flame of loyalty which glowed in the breast of the ancient Cavaliers. How lofty seem such characters as Ormond's, of whom Charles II. used to say, that ill-treat that man as he might, he never could make him his enemy! Like a poet of his period, he felt—

> 'Loyalty is still the same,
> If it win or lose the game;
> True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shined upon!'

And how touching that meditation on the virtues of Charles I., which could cheer the captive loyalist through all his dungeon's gloom:—

'Stone

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'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage.
* * * *
When linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing,
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my King,
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be;
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie!'

In those times loyalty was no mere effect of reasoning—no cold result from the proof that monarchy is the happiest form of government for the people;—loyalty was then something more and better. It was then an impulse, an instinct, a natural affection like that which binds a child to a parent, and calling as little for any previous proofs of exalted merit. Yet did not the loyalty of those days imply any undue subservience; as with a parent, there were no cases of guilt or error put beforehand, but had either the King or the father bid the subject or the son do wrong, the command would have been in either case reverently but sturdily refused. Such was the feeling, which even when most sorely tried—on battle-fields and scaffolds—amidst lingering imprisonment or unfriended exile—used to animate the gentlemen of England, which filled their hearts, and which may even now be read underneath their shields—as in the LOYAULTÉ N'A HONTE of Clinton—or the UNG JE SERVIRAY of Herbert!

Delighting then, as we do, to trace either a chivalrous character or a loyal zeal, and finding both united in Montrose—a champion worthy the cause and a cause worthy the champion—we have lingered too long perhaps on our sketch of his achievements. Sure we are, however, that no duty of a critic is more binding upon him than the endeavour to clear away the mists of calumny from the deeds of the departed great. And proud shall we feel if in what we have said we have tended, not indeed to dissemble the failings and errors of Montrose, but to portray those great services to his King and country, which in the eyes of those who maligned him were held as his principal error—if we have been able to weave another leaf into his chaplet, or, according to the former superstition of his own country, to cast another stone upon his Cairn!

ART. II.

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ART. II.—*Tales by a Barrister.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

MORE 'causes célèbres,' thought we, as we took up this book. The success of M. Dumas has raised him a rival in some briefless barrister, who, hoping to make crime more profitable than he had made law, has been dishing up, for the morbid appetite of youths and maidens, a *réchauffé* of the sayings and doings of 'filthy dungeon villains,'—has been dressing up a Newgate Calendar for the drawing-room tables of Mayfair. Now shall we see Hare elevated to a hero, Thurtell's defence ranked with those of Erskine, and Burke declaim more eloquently than his namesake of Beaconsfield. A glance through the work reassured us. Instead of the Old Bailey, we mixed in a levee at the Horse Guards; for Tyburn we had, at worst, Tyburnia; and at last found ourselves, after a substantial breakfast at Trinity College, Cambridge, threading the mazes of St. James's parish with personages in whose company our throats at least were safe.

We have certainly seen many stories more skilfully constructed than those before us; but the author seems to have a grasp of mind and a knowledge of human nature above any of the popular novel-writers of the present day. His tales have nothing flashy—no clap-trap—no shabby pandering to the cant of the hour—no poisonous condiments of personal spite or envy—no artificial working up of plot or characters to harrow the feelings and suspend the very breath of the reader; but a sober tone of thought and feeling pervades the whole; many a cursory remark shows the fruit of deep reflection; and the sad realities of life are painted with a firm, bold, manly pencil. Those who read for mere amusement will not be disappointed; they will find no lack of entertaining incident and well-contrasted character, in a strain of narrative usually lively, often humorous, but always chastened by good sense. Readers of another order, however, will find here many things worthy of their attention: and, in the first place, there is real novelty in the main purpose and design of the work.

Besides the supply of mere amusement, the *novel,* in its original form, aspired to inculcate moral and social duties; but its aid has been frequently called in for other purposes—for the advancement of some particular branch of literature or of general knowledge. Thus, not many years ago, we were deluged with *historical* novels; a few years afterwards, the disputes of High and Low Church brought down on us a flood of *religious* novels; and now we have, it seems, a new variety in the *legal* novel.

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novel. To the two former species we have strong objections. The *historical* novel, or, in plainer language, *fictitious history*, is a contradiction in terms. In the magical hands of Sir Walter Scott, it so dazzled our eyes, that for a time we lost sight of this grand defect; but the very brilliancy of his pen, as soon as we became a little accustomed to it, brought out into stronger view, and flashed full conviction on one point, that the higher the ability of the writer, the greater the danger to the reader. When an author is perfectly conversant with the manners and minutest details of the times which he is delineating, and possesses the consummate skill of bringing them all to bear on imaginary persons and events, fiction will so closely resemble history that few will be able to distinguish the one from the other. Our objection to the *religious* novel is of a still graver cast. We cannot think that a fictitious tale of weal and woe, with a due seasoning of sexual love, is a proper mirror for reflecting the awful truths of religion. In the very designing of such a piece there must be an obliteration of the principle of reverence; or if that be disputed, who will deny that it must be wholly lost sight of in the elaborating of the details? The effect to our own minds, whenever such books rise above mere dulness and namby-pamby, is somewhat akin to that of blasphemy. The *legal* novel is open, as far as we can see, to no such objections. We do not anticipate any attempt to teach the science of law in this way, or interfere in the remotest degree with the professional treatise; but we do not see why very considerable good should not result from the endeavour to fix the attention of the lay community on some in itself important rule or maxim of the law, by making it the hinge on which may turn the fortunes of some imaginary personage in a well-told tale. We call these 'Tales of a Barrister' *legal* novels in the strictest sense of the term, because each is written with the avowed purpose of inculcating some *legal* moral; and in this respect they differ perhaps from any of their predecessors. For, though Fielding and Scott, who were both lawyers, built pretty freely, particularly the latter, on legal foundations; though Miss Edgeworth was fond of introducing law points and even making her plot turn, as in 'Patronage,' on some legal document or question; yet we should hardly call any of their works *legal* novels, inasmuch as in them the law is generally a mere casual appendage to the story, not an essential part of it, or if interwoven with the piece, it is still subsidiary to the tale, not the tale to the law; the law is introduced to bring out the plot, not the plot fabricated for the purpose of bringing out the law. On similar grounds we do not call even Mr. Warren's most amusing novel of 'Ten Thousand a Year' a *legal* novel, because,

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because, though in every other respect it would come under this denomination, though law is the mainspring of the whole, though the plot and all the leading incidents turn more or less on questions of law, yet it neither enforces, nor was intended to enforce, any *legal* moral.

In a nation like this, where the strict impartiality of the law is every one's boast, and the administration of it is brought close to every man's door, it seems as strange as it is true that the law should be in even its most ordinary points a mystery to men of all ranks, not excepting the highest and the most highly educated;—that our gentry, generally the best informed class in the world, should sit down contentedly ignorant of the most common legal matters which may, and frequently do, put their property in jeopardy; that our merchants, so renowned for cautious and business-like habits, should be satisfied with depending on the skill and integrity of others, when their own common sense, with a little knowledge not very difficult to be acquired, would enable them to judge and act for themselves. Every one thinks it incumbent on him to understand something of that particular art or science which may promote his advancement in life; yet very few attempt to acquire a knowledge of that which may secure or endanger every step they take. No educated man is willingly ignorant of general topics in which all are more or less interested; for instance, the cost and efficiency of our naval and military establishments — the rival theories of commercial policy, with the supposed advantages and disadvantages of *free-trade* and *protection* — population and emigration — the social condition of *the masses*—even the relative merits of broad-gauge and narrow-gauge;—but, talk to a man of legal points of the most common occurrence, ten to one he cares little and knows less about them; and, what is perhaps still more surprising, is contented to remain in ignorance, and would be astonished to hear that he himself is to blame for it, or that it might have been dispelled by a little mental exertion. The enigmatical language, the prolix and tautologous jargon, in which lawyers contrive to mystify and obscure everything they handle, strengthens, if it did not originate, the general impression that none but the initiated can possibly comprehend the language and mode of operation of the simplest legal document. The mischief is completed by the railroad facility with which our wise men make, unmake, and remake laws (miscalled *amending* them)—so as to deter all but lawyers by the bulk of the record, and to perplex even them by its vague and often contradictory phraseology. This last evil, at least, seems on the increase. Since the Reform Bill deluged the House with brisk vestrymen, the Attorney-General finds his department, even

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even the most delicate and intricate branches of it, interfered with daily by persons who know about as little of law as the most conspicuous *ignoramus* in these 'Tales of a Barrister.' But we shall not dwell on the presumption of those from whom it might be unfair to expect anything but ignorance—not even on their tampering with Bills 'to amend the laws relating to Bankruptcy and Insolvency.'

Almost invariably the education of an English gentleman is presumed to be completed when he leaves the university; and there he can have had little or no assistance in acquiring legal knowledge. Both at Oxford and at Cambridge, it is true, he will find a professor of civil law and a professor of English law, bound by the statutes to give public lectures on each, and able as well as willing to do so; but, as neither civil nor English law enters at all into the examination for the common degrees, vain are all attempts to raise a class among the students. Not that it was so in by-gone days. Some ninety years ago, Blackstone, then Vinerian professor, delivered his Commentaries to crowds of delighted auditors. His successors, and among them his son, on whom the father's mantle did not descend, continued for some years afterwards to give lectures on English law; but attendance gradually became thinner as the novelty of a new lecturer wore off, until empty benches obliged him at last to give up his occupation in despair; and for some years no such lectures have been given. At Cambridge the result was much the same. About five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Christian, then appointed to the newly-established Downing professorship of English law, succeeded for some time in attracting a respectable but not numerous audience, whom he amused by the quaintness of his illustrations. But his successor, a much abler man, found it impossible to draw any audience at all. Classics and mathematics fairly drove law out of the field. There is, indeed, but too much cause to suspect that the boasted modern system of examination for *honours* has been productive of as much evil as good. If it has stimulated many a sluggish mind, it has led to the exhaustion of many an active one upon what ought, generally speaking, to be but the preliminaries of a noble intellectual training. Mr. Lyell has more reason than we could wish for his strictures on this topic in his late book of 'Travels in America.'

Although, however, the study of law (like some other studies of the first importance) is thus virtually driven from our Universities, the Inns of Court do pay some deference to degrees granted there. If a student at law bring with him from Oxford or Cambridge the degree of A.M., or, what is considered equivalent in rank, B.C.L. (bachelor of civil law), two years

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years are deducted from the five during which he would otherwise be required to *eat commons*. At Oxford the degrees in arts or in civil law require in reality the same course of academical studies; at Cambridge they do not. Those who at the latter university go out (as it is termed) in law, are exempted from the usual mathematical examination; and as the bishops (strange to say) ordain on a *law* degree, almost the only men who now take it (besides the very few destined for practice at Doctors' Commons) are those candidates for holy orders who feel an inaptitude for reading Euclid!*

We have the sincerest respect for the old adage, 'Whoever is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.' We do, however, hold it most desirable that some knowledge of law should form part of the studies of an educated Englishman. In France law is still considered an indispensable part of a gentleman's education, whatever may be his profession. *Faire son droit* is part of the course of every student, even in the military colleges. And why should education be more contracted in England than in France? Surely *every* English gentleman should know something about the duties and liabilities of trustees, executors, sureties, &c. 'No man,' says our author in his preface, 'can go through life without having something to say to agreements, leases, sales, purchases, bargains, bills, indorsements, and other concomitants of buying and selling.' Not that it is necessary for every landed proprietor to be able to draw up a lease or agreement; but, when it is laid before him, he ought to be able to understand clearly what he covenants to do himself, and what he binds others to do. It is not necessary for any man to make his own will—nay, in most if not in all cases, he had better call in his solicitor for that purpose; but it is desirable that he should thoroughly understand it when drawn up for him.

This exclusion of legal studies from our general education is of a comparatively modern date. As early as the reign of Henry VI., when Sir John Fortescue was Chief Justice, there were *two thousand* students at the Inns of Court—all '*filii nobilium*.'

* The ten years' degree, as it is called, is still more startling; and we hesitate not to say that it is a disgrace to the University of Cambridge to allow it to cumber its statutes. By an old act of the 9th of Elizabeth, made, we presume, when clergymen were not 'as plenty as blackberries,' it was enacted, that any person not less than twenty-four years of age might put down his name on the boards of some hall or college; and without residing, without attending one lecture, or passing one *real* examination, might, at the expiration of eight years, keep *parts* of three short terms, preaching a Latin sermon, and going through some formal exercises; and at the end of ten years be admitted, *per saltum*, to the degree of bachelor in divinity, with all the privileges and all the advantages of a regular University education. Public opinion is, however, fairer than the University statutes, for it stigmatizes such a person as a *ten years' man*.

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nobilium.' As society advanced, the sons of lesser gentlemen and opulent merchants began to aspire to the bar, on which Sir George Buck in great ire remarked, 'that by ancient custom, and the orders of Chancery, all those admitted into the Inns were *gentlemen*, and of *three descents* at least, and therefore,' says he, 'those now admitted are registered by the style and title of *gentlemen.*' As we come down toward the time of the first James, we find that the law-students in London were a numerous and powerful body (see 'Fortunes of Nigel'), and such they continued until religion, law, and all the great land-marks of society were swept away by anarchy, fanaticism, and military despotism. Cromwell himself was at one time a member of Lincoln's Inn (his chambers were over the gateway that opens into Chancery Lane), not with the intention of making law his future profession, for he seems to have hesitated some time between the church and the army, but according to an almost contemporary historian and panegyrist, 'that nothing might be wanting to make him *a complete gentleman.*' The law, after the interruption of the civil wars, soon reappears again in its palmy state. The numbers of students in the days of Charles II. and his brother equalled, if they did not exceed, the numbers of the present day; so that taking into account our present increase of population and property, especially the increased number of persons in easy circumstances in these days, we may fairly compute the difference in favour of those earlier times as nine or ten to one. And, we repeat, it is quite clear that such numbers were not studying the law as their profession: for the nature of property was then so simple, and commercial transactions so limited, that not a twentieth part of them could have found employment in it; to a very large proportion of them law must have been simply a branch of general education. The Inns of Court were thronged with the gentry of the kingdom, who had no intention but to complete their proper accomplishments, and to qualify themselves of course for discharging with ease and credit the functions of the local magistracy.

The design of these 'Tales of a Barrister' has perhaps seduced us into too long and formal a preface; but we must apologise also for its being too late. The book was published two years ago, but we never heard of it till we stumbled on it last summer at a watering-place,—and we confess that after reading it, we found with much surprise that it was still in its first edition.

The three volumes include four tales, unequal in length and in merit. One, 'The Receipt,' might have been omitted; for few can need to be warned of the danger of paying a bill without taking a proper receipt; and, though the incidents are neatly put

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put together, there is nothing very striking in the characters. Another and a better story, 'The Power of Attorney,' is intended to show the danger of signing any document relating to property without examining it and comprehending its import. There are, as every one *should* know, *two* sorts of Powers of Attorney in general use; the one empowering the person to whom it is granted to sell the stock itself, the other authorizing him to receive the dividends only. But this is a distinction of which ladies and even gentlemen are very often ignorant or entirely negligent; and the consequences well deserve our author's illustration. The hero of the tale, with the thoughtlessness natural in a young inexperienced officer, hastily, amidst the hurry of an embarkation, appends his name to a power of attorney sent him by his agent, without looking at its tenour. During the absence of Captain Manton with his regiment at Gibraltar, this agent sells out the stock, appropriates it to his own use, becomes a bankrupt, and thus deprives his employer of the whole of his funded property. Men of business may smile at the improbability of any one committing so *green* a trick:—but we ourselves know that the thing actually occurred as here related to an officer now in command of one of Her Majesty's regiments. For the development of this *legal* moral the author has formed an amusing little tale, in the course of which he displays no ordinary powers of description. The bustle and confusion attendant on the embarkation of troops, the straitened quarters on board a troop-ship, the passage, the bay of Gibraltar, the rock-fortress itself, a day on guard, sunset, &c. &c., are all vividly and faithfully portrayed. There can be no doubt of the Barrister's having wielded the sword before he assumed the gown. None but a man who had actually mounted guard at the Waterport could paint it as he has done.

The 'Purchase,' a still better tale, exemplifies the danger of paying for an estate without having previously ascertained that the title is good. Circumstances induce Mr. Barclay, a wealthy West India merchant (now *rara avis!*), to withdraw from the firm in the city, and agree for the purchase of a piece of land in the immediate neighbourhood of a thriving watering-place, for the purpose of commencing a building speculation. Partly from over-eagerness of natural temperament, and partly from the novel *bore* of having nothing to do, the ex-merchant pays down the coin and begins to build as soon as the contract is signed, without taking the necessary precautions to have the title examined. Before, however, the new suburb of Stackville is completed, Mr. Barclay finds himself in want of ready cash to pay his workmen. To obtain this he decides on selling one of his hardly

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finished houses. A Mr. MacCleverty waits on him to treat for the purchase. The dexterous coolness of the Scot in this transaction is beautifully drawn. He drives a very hard bargain with Mr. Barclay, and the money is to be paid down as soon as the conveyance can be executed. But lo! canny Saunders never buys his pig in a poke—and the inquiries necessary for making out a conveyance to his satisfaction, lead to the astounding discovery that Barclay has sunk all his fortune (beside incurring heavy liabilities) in purchasing and building on land previously mortgaged for its full value. Scarcely is the discovery made when the owner of the property dies of an apoplectic seizure, leaving his affairs deeply involved; the mortgagee files a bill of foreclosure, the land is sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery, and bought by the mortgagee for little more than sufficient to cover his own claims and a second mortgage, so that nothing remains for poor Barclay but to take the benefit of *the Insolvent Act*. A very pretty love affair is interwoven in the tale, which is cleverly constructed, full of natural incidents, and finds after all a comfortable conclusion. The description of a part of London but little known or explored, viz., the quiet retired streets lying between Queen's Square and Gray's Inn, with their antiquated dwellings, where 'Steele and Congreve might have visited, and within whose walls we may fancy the routs and card-parties described in the Spectator and Tattler to have taken place,' is a delicious bit of painting—quite equal to the best of the same sort, that is to say the least laboured, in any of Mr. Dickens's performances. We can again ourselves vouch for the actual truth of the main incident. The prototype of Mr. Barclay (once a very prosperous London tradesman) will be recognised by the *habitués* of one of the more retired bathing-places on the coast of Sussex.

We come now to the longest of the series—*the Trustee*. If the author had been *making a book*, this story would have most probably occupied three volumes, and fairly so, for it contains incidents enough. In beginning it we dare say he meant merely to relate the effect of Frankberry's villainy on the fortunes of Major Barrington, in order to demonstrate the impolicy of appointing *one* trustee only in a settlement of funded property; or in a case where two persons have been associated in the trust and one of them dies, of suffering the stock to remain in the name of the survivor alone. For as the Bank of England (like the common law courts) takes no cognizance of trustees, but presumes all funded stock to belong to the person or persons in whose name it stands in their books, the consequence is that when money is invested in Government securities in the names of *two* persons, being trustees, and one of them dies, the other can sell out the stock

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stock and dispose of it as he pleases. To point out this danger comprehended, no doubt, the whole of the author's original design; but the adventures of the Major's son at Cambridge, and subsequently in the dissipation of the metropolis, ran away with him. The career of a *fast* man presented too many temptations; he had not sufficient self-command to keep the road which he had prescribed to himself at setting out, but permitting his Pegasus to bolt, deserted those with whom he had commenced his journey, and picked up others in whose society he spent so much time, that when he fell in again with his old friends he was obliged to arrange their affairs with more dispatch than suited his own inclinations or their interests. In spite of this, however, *the Trustee* is the jewel of the tales. It is throughout most attractive as a story, and its instructiveness is by no means confined to the legal moral conveyed. Subjects of vital importance to the well-being of society, generally far beyond the pale of the mere novel, are discussed and illustrated with sense, judgment, and candour, without reference to party or sect, or any object but the exposition in order to the remedy of a practical evil. There is neither hero nor heroine, no tale of love, very little plot, and yet our interest in the principal characters is kept up throughout. Major Barrington, after having served through the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, and living on that and his modest patrimony, is exquisitely drawn—a most rich portraiture, wholly free from exaggeration. The fire of the gallant soldier is softened down into, not lost in, the quiet country gentleman, the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the kind friend and neighbour. He had lost his wife some years before the opening of this history, and all his hopes and affections were centered in an only child, whom he had sent to a public school and afterwards entered at Cambridge, intending him for the Church. But Edward Barrington's University career was a most unfit preparative for the sacred office. He had acquired at school a slavish deference for wealth and rank, which led him at college to associate with a set of rich and titled prodigals, as ignorant and heartless as himself, who had entered the University not for the acquirement of knowledge, not for the improvement of their minds, but to pass a few idle years in folly, vice, and extravagance. In the company of these profligate associates he had spent his time in hunting, drinking, and such unlettered and expensive pursuits, to the abasement of his mind and the injury of his health as well as purse. It is indeed a sad mistake that young men of birth and fortune should resort to our academical seats of learning under the pretence of what is called completing their education, but in reality with the almost acknowledged

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ledged purpose of attending to anything and everything but education. And in the narrow sphere of college life the contagion of idle and expensive habits spreads with such fearful strength and rapidity, that incurable mischief is done almost before the source of the evil is perceived. It ought surely to be the first object of the governing powers to make it impossible for idleness or extravagance to exist for any length of time within their classic walls; the homage which the world pays to birth and riches should here at least be confined to talent and acquirements. But, as if to proclaim the sovereignty of wealth in learning's own domain, a recognised distinction of name and costume is offered to those whose parents are silly enough to pay for it; and at Cambridge Fellow-commoners, at Oxford *Gentleman*-commoners (we blush to write the name, as if wealth made the gentleman) are entitled to a richer garb, in many colleges to eat at a different table, and enjoy privileges, expressed or understood, which are denied to the less wealthy or more prudent. We gladly record, to the credit of some Heads of Houses, that they have practically abolished this distinction, and refused to admit it into their societies—and it is to the credit of the higher ranks that young men of the most distinguished birth, even of the very loftiest prospects, are found eagerly competing for a place in the colleges that have adopted this rule. We are aware also that even in houses that admit the system, the sons of ancient, even of noble families are frequently seen in the plain garb, while the scions of the millocracy and so forth strut about in the insignia of splendour. All this is true—still, however, the gold and silver tuft, the velvet cap and silk gown, remain to the common eye the badges of birth and wealth, and the bearers are tempted into vanity and pampered in folly, to the harm of others about them as well as of themselves. How, while they sanction such a system, can our Universities exclude the besetting sin of the present day, that luxurious extravagance and heedlessness of expense which pervades all classes of society, which spreads like a pestilence from our voluptuous metropolis into every city and village, mortgaging the acres of our landed proprietors, nor sparing in its course those almost sacred retirements, where least of all places ought God and Mammon to have even a divided empire?

We must give a specimen of Mr. Edward Barrington's Cambridge existence. Every touch in the outline is true—and moreover there is not the slightest overcharging in the colour. For example, the following scene is only a faint miniature portrait of what a smart college breakfast is now-a-days. We appeal to our *paternal* readers, whether they have not heard of one of these *spreads* costing fifty pounds!

'"Hilloa,

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'"Hilloa, Ned!—What; not stirring yet? A fast fellow like you should be out long before this time of day." "Eh! who is that? What the devil do you make such a noise for? Why can't you let a poor fellow sleep?" "Sleep, man! why it is ten o'clock,—and as fine a morning as ever ——" "Ten! no, no,—it was not three when I turned in,—I can recollect that,—and that's not more than two hours ago;—but who is it? Not Fred. Reynolds?" "To be sure it is. Did not you ask me to breakfast with you on Thursday?" "Thursday,—ay, like enough I did,—but not in the middle of the night, Fred." "Zounds, man! I tell you it is past ten. I was here an hour ago, and your rascal of a gyp promised me he would have breakfast ready by ten, if I took another turn in the walks." "Did he? He meant his own, then, for the fellow has never been near me.—Very well;—now look sharp;—and, Fred, if you'll amuse yourself with popping at the crows out of the window with my air-gun, or, as you are a queer fellow, with looking into a book, I will be out with you before the pie makes its appearance;—just put my head into a bucket of water, and you will see me turn out as fresh as a four-year old."

'The above dialogue was carried on in one of those beautiful buildings which look out upon the academical groves and richly-shaded walks bordering the classic banks of the peaceful and slowy-winding Cam. The speakers were Edward Barrington, the son of our friend the Major, and Frederick Reynolds, the worthy scion of an ancient comrade of that officer, also a member of the university, but belonging to a different college. The conversation, as might be inferred from its tenor, was carried on from different rooms, Edward not having yet emerged from his chamber, which opened, as is usual in collegiate arrangements, into the sitting-room.

'Here, over the chimney-piece was suspended the air-gun which Edward had recommended to Reynolds as affording such delectable amusement, and which he was himself in the habit of using at the expense of any unfortunate rook who happened unadvisedly to parade his black glossy plumage on the smoothly shaven lawn, which ran shelving down from the front of the building to the river. Under this weapon, and crossing each other on the wall, so as to form the letter X, were two Turkish chibouks, with amber mouth-pieces and cords and fringes of red silk, while the mantel-piece was decorated with a collection of fantastic German pipes, snuff-boxes, and cases of Havannah cigars. A side-table covered with half-emptied decanters, wine-glasses, and tumblers—a large roll of Virginia tobacco—the remains of half-finished cigars, and the fragments of pipes lying soaking in little puddles of punch, gave ample evidence of the *fast* work of the preceding evening.'

Mr. Phillips, the *Gyp*, now makes his appearance—throws open doors and windows to purify the atmosphere, reduces the furniture into decent order, and by and by sets forth the breakfast for the two '*men!*'

'First, there was a smoking dish of broiled ham and eggs, which would

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would alone have defied the utmost efforts of the party; this was flanked on one side by a pair of cold roast chickens, and on the other by a dish of sliced tongue. Besides, there was an omelet, a plate of brawn, and a multitude of boiled eggs—and in the centre stood a pasty, swelling with pigeons and beef-steaks, quietly deposited under a tempting coverlid of crust, such as only experienced *artistes* can produce. Round this substantial fare were piles of buttered muffins and racks of dry toast. In liquids there were the usual decoctions of coffee and tea, besides a large pewter tankard foaming with strong college ale, fresh from the buttery.

'To a draught of this last-mentioned beverage, Reynolds was strongly urged by the sagacious Mr. Phillips, that authority observing it was the best thing in the world taken fresh and pure in the morning as soon as you are up. "But I fear, sir," continued he, remarking Reynolds shake his head, "you bean't given to malting of a morning—more's the pity—you would be another guess-sort of a man if you were. Why, sir, in my young days, when I first came to college, every gentleman took his tankard of a morning—and a pleasure it was to see them; there wasn't one of them as wasn't double your girth by the time they had completed their terms—and when they went away to their parishes, they was a credit to the university."

'"What are you talking about, you old chaffer?" said Barrington as he entered from his bed-room, his flushed countenance and throbbing temples giving evident signs of the debauch of the preceding night. "Only recommending Mr. Reynolds to take a sip from the tankard, sir; but he ain't got no heart to it." "Hasn't he?" replied Barrington—"then I have—here, hand it to me, old Ganymede," and lifting the tankard with both hands to his lips, the young man took a long, deep, continuous draught, impelled thereto by the intense thirst left by the night's excess, and the temporary relief afforded by the cool liquid to the burning passage of his throat. "Come," said he, "that has cooled my coppers at any rate—I am another man already—and by the time I get a couple of pounds of that pasty in my stowage——" . . . . "Please, sir," said Phillips, bursting into the room, "Mr. Shirley has sent his servant to say he is waiting for you at Bolter's stables. You was to be there, sir, at twelve o'clock, and now it is a quarter past."—"The devil it is!" exclaimed Ned—"here, give me my frock—not the red—the grey one, stupid. I dare say you forgot to tell Bolter to keep the bay mare for me?"—"No, sir," replied the man, "she has been saddled this half-hour—took care of that—saw Jemmy Dawson this morning—Jemmy, says I——" "Damn Jemmy and you too—where is my whip? Oh!—did you put my stone-picker in my pocket?—A handkerchief, you old fool. And where's my ——— oh! here it is. Good bye, Reynolds, I am off—beg pardon—but that long yarn we got into has put me quite out. You'll dine here on Tuesday, you know. I wish you were one of us—rare morning, by Jingo. Yare! hip!—to 'em, my boys—that's the time of day"—and cracking his whip as he hurried down stairs, Edward Barrington hastened to his appointment.'—vol. ii. pp. 340-354.

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We have not space to enter here upon what we consider as a most crying mischief and absurdity of the modern university system—we say *modern*, for the thing had scarcely shown itself, in one of the universities at least, when we ourselves wore the cap and gown,—the system of *private tutors*. This is another fruit of the illustrious plan of examinations for honours! The regular college tutors cannot possibly *cram* their lads for these exhibitions: so resident masters of arts, not at all contemplated in the college arrangements, and often not belonging to the same college with their volunteer pupils, are called into play at private hours; and if we may credit such authorities as Mr. Hildyard of Christ's College and the Dean of Ely, to such a height has the system (which these experienced observers denounce *in toto*) now gone at Cambridge, that the annual payments of the supernumerary private tutors there amount to some *eighty thousand pounds sterling!* Well—by the assistance of a gentleman of this order, Edward Barrington manages to get his degree, and leaves Cambridge to reside with his father until he procures a title for orders. But Major Barrington could no longer shut his eyes to the conviction that his son was totally unfit for the sacred ministry:—

'He was not unaware of Edward's deficiencies, and the little benefit he had derived from the seven years spent at a public school; but he had trusted much to what a residence at the university might do for him. He had hoped that a collision with the cultivated intellect and high moral feeling which he could not fail of meeting there, would have imparted some degree of elevation to his sentiments, and have given him something of that perception and refinement which constitute the essential difference between the man of taste and feeling and the unreflecting and obtuse. He had pictured to himself the happiness of seeing Edward respected and honoured in the exercise of his sacred functions, and of passing the remainder of his own life, now some way advanced beyond its meridian, in the enjoyment of his society and as a witness of the usefulness of his ministry. While this hope remained he had designed to devote a considerable portion of his disposable property to the purchase of the next presentation to a rectory in the neighbourhood. The conviction that the university had failed to do anything for his son, and that he could never be what he had hoped, came to blast this prospect.

'Major Barrington was a man of principle and conscience. How could he justify to himself the making use of the means which God had given him to put Edward into the sacred office for which he felt—and how acutely!—that he was manifestly unfit? How inflict this terrible injury upon a whole community? How commit their spiritual concerns to the superintendence of one incapable of feeling the importance of the charge, and the awfulness of his own responsibilities? How should one whose whole thoughts were engrossed with the things of this life, and those

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those too of the lowest and most trivial nature, take upon him to instruct others in the most momentous concerns that can affect them? How make them feel what he was incapable of discerning himself—the infinite importance of eternal things as compared to those of time and sense, the beauty and purity of Christian doctrine, its ennobling principles, its purifying influences, its undying hopes, and its blissful consolations? How could such a one sympathize with the suffering? How warn and startle the wicked and the impenitent? How encourage the humble and the contrite? And, above all, how approach the dying, and prepare his brother mortal, filled with terror at approaching dissolution, for the awful passage of the grave?

'As these thoughts passed through the mind of Major Barrington, he felt that he dared not incur so heavy a responsibility; and that, however great the disappointment, after the sacrifices he had made, he must renounce the project of placing Edward in the Church. Those who are most acquainted with the circumstances and motives which commonly induce parents to select the ecclesiastical profession for their sons, will smile at this puritanical scrupulousness on the part of the conscientious soldier.'—vol. iii. pp. 9-12.

Any one at all conversant with modern University life will readily imagine that the allowance of 250*l.* or 300*l.* a-year made by Major Barrington to his son fell far short of covering the young gentleman's expenses, although the academical year is but of six or seven months' duration. Consequently this youth, like many others, quitted Cambridge under a load of debt sufficient to weigh him down and cripple all his prospects and energies for many of the best years of his life. For a year or so his creditors content themselves with writing to him from time to time to refresh his memory, but as all their letters remain unnoticed, one of them at last resolves to pay him a visit in the country. He sets out accordingly in 'a gig as high as a mail-coach and as small as a rat-trap.' Edward is from home, and the man craves an audience of the Major. We introduce him to our readers at the risk of giving pain to many a father's heart; for he is a shrewd fellow, and tells some unpalatable truths:—

'If the Major was puzzled before to conjecture who the "gentleman from Cambridge" might be, he was much more so when that personage entered the room. Though he had thrown off what might be denominated his top great-coat, he still kept on a drab one, which covered an under-coat of a brown colour ornamented with gilt buttons, while his nether person was protected by a pair of extra over-alls of the same colour and material as the great-coat, and drawn up to his hips. His countenance, broad, florid, and fleshly, bespoke an intimate acquaintance with the sort of good living which is found at a commercial inn; and there was about it an air which showed that the owner stood upon good terms with himself. What could be the nature of the connection of such a person with Edward it was impossible to divine. He could

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could not have been a college contemporary from his age; and as little likely was it that he could be a fellow, or any description of don belonging to the university. He remembered, however, Edward's story of Professor S——— being taken up for a burglar when found within a gentleman's grounds during a geological tour in the north (the suspicions excited by his being discovered in such a spot having been confirmed by the chisels, hammer, and mallet found in the pockets of his jacket—the gamekeeper and his assistants laughing to scorn the probable tale of a learned professor of Cambridge skulking about the country in such a guise with his pockets filled with the contents of a carpenter's tool-box); and determining, at all events, not to be wanting in courtesy, he requested the stranger to be seated, and then begged to know what had procured him the pleasure of this visit.

'"My name is Bolter, sir," said the stranger, as he seated himself very composedly, putting his hands on his knees, and looking his interrogator hard in the face. I doesn't like to be inconvenient to gents; but, you see, sir, your son's account has been owing a goodish time; and when a gent has left the univarsity for good, and won't answer no letters, why it's no more than right that people should look after their own." "Account! Mr. Bolter," exclaimed the Major; "this must be a mistake. I paid the amount of his last college bill when he left the university, and that is nearly a year back, into the hands of the college tutor myself, and have his receipt to show."—"Oh! no doubt, sir, no doubt, that's all in course; but, you see, sir, this is quite an extra kind of thing—quite. *We* never sends our bills in to the college tutors, but always looks to the gents themselves; not that we ever presses a gent who means to act all fair and on the square; if he can't pay at one time, you know, why he may at another; but when a gent won't answer no letters ———"—"Pray come at once to the point, sir," interrupted the Major, "and let me know what is the nature and the amount of the demand you have to make against Mr. Edward Barrington."—"Oh! certainly, sir, certainly," replied Mr. Bolter, nothing daunted, and producing a large leathern pocket-book, from which, after a little search, he extracted a paper and handed it to him. It consisted of an entire sheet of foolscap, the four sides of which were covered with a list of items written in a very clear and clerkly hand, headed with the information that Mr. Barrington, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was indebted to Messrs. Bolter and Son, livery-stable keepers and job-masters, for the keep and hire of horses, carriages, and various other items specified in the account beneath.

'"This paper, sir," said the Major, addressing Mr. Bolter in the short, dry manner which most men assume when they have no particular reason to be pleased with their visitor, "acquaints me that my son is indebted to you to the amount of 243*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*" "Jist so, sir," replied the Master of the Horse, as he was facetiously termed at Cambridge; "that's jist it." "And the whole of this debt," continued the Major, "has been incurred for the hire of horses and carriages supplied to a youth at college, without the knowledge of his friends? I suppose, Mr. Bolter, you hardly expect this bill to be paid?" "If I didn't, sir,

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sir, do you think I should have allowed it to run up? You don't suppose as I keeps up an expensive establishment at Cambridge, to furnish horses to gents gratis?" "But do you think you are justified," asked the Major, "in allowing a young man to run up such a bill without the knowledge of his friends?" "Why, sir, where am I to seek for his friends? What I does I does openly. My establishment is well known to every body in Cambridge; and as to charges, you won't get 'em more moderate nowhere—not for such horses as I keeps—specially when it's such work as Muster Barrington wants 'em for: he was never satisfied unless he got the best hunters in my stables." "Hunters! you don't surely supply young men with hunters!—that at least cannot be known to the tutors and heads of colleges;" exclaimed the Major. "Lord bless you, sir, yes, it be; they knows it and approves of it, and the faculty recommends it too. There's Dr. Blowerwit says himself there ain't nothing so good to cure the effects of a course of hard reading as a course of hard riding; and so he sends all his patients to me. In course, you know, I considers him in return. Fair play's a jewel: live and let live—them is my maxims." "But this debt," resumed the Major, who had been examining the items of the account, "extends, I perceive, over a period of more than two years." "It do, sir," returned the horse-jobber; "and who has most right to complain of that—them who have had the wear and tear of my horses, or me who has been kept out of my money?" "But this is at the rate of more than a hundred a-year for horses alone!" cried the Major, still engaged with the bill. "Well, sir, and little enough too for a gentleman as hunts reg'lar three times a week all through the season; besides attending races and coursings wherever they are held all over the country." "Hunt regularly three times a week!" repeated the Major. "For a considerable part of the period during which these debts were incurred my son was a minor; and it will hardly be contended that horses and carriages can be regarded as necessaries to a young man in his rank and condition of life." "Well, sir," returned Mr. Bolter, "I warn't charged with his hedication. If you, sir, and the college tutors and the univarsity can't teach your son common prudence, what obligation is there on me to do it for you? My business is to look after my own trade, and leave others to mind their own consarns. Another thing, sir; how should I know what your son's fortin might be? He chose to associate with lords and all the out-toppers in the univarsity, and always spoke as if you owned a large estate, and kept as good a stud as any gentleman in the county."

'Major Barrington still insisted that tradesmen were bound to be more cautious in giving credit to young men, who from their age and inexperience were peculiarly open to temptation. "Ah! that's always the way," observed the sturdy dealer—"I don't mean no offence, as I said before, sir—but that's the way gen'lemen talk. When it serves their purpose they always bring up the talk about youth and inexperience; but when such things would be in their way, why then we never hears nothing about them. When they wants to oppose the payment of a debt, then it's always youth and inexperience; but when they

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they comes to propose a son or a nephew, who is jist fresh from college, as a candidate to represent a borough, why then jist the last things they would speak of would be youth and inexperience. I should like to know what Sir Harry's friends would have said, if I had talked of youth and inexperience!"

'"Well, Mr. Bolter, I shall not enter any further into the matter now," observed the Major: "the case will, in all probability, be decided elsewhere." "In court, I suppose you means, sir?" returned Bolter. "Very well, sir. Perhaps I may win—perhaps I may lose; that's all a toss-up like—just as juries thinks. It ain't the first time I have been into court on the same errand, and I don't suppose it will be the last. As to the talk about 'youth and inexperience,' that's all bam. There's my son, Dick Bolter, ain't turned of seventeen yet; and I should like to see him getting into debt, or living above his means! And if your son, sir, had been properly hedicated, the same as Dick was, why he would have scorned to tell a parcel of bragging lies—no offence, sir—sir, your sarvant;" and with this salutation, the independent Joseph Bolter took his leave.'—vol. iii. pp. 12–27.

This is not the first time that we have brought forward the subject of *College Debt* (see Q. R. vol. lxxiii.);—and, if the evil continue, it shall not be the last. We know that attempts have been occasionally made by the academical authorities to check increasing extravagance, but no wonder that they were always unsuccessful, for they passed over the seat of the disease and attacked a part comparatively sound. We remember, for instance, that a good many years ago a few of the colleges in Oxford restricted the young men to a certain sum in the kitchen and buttery: which merely increased the mischief by driving them to a greater expenditure out of college. In Cambridge, again, it is a rule for all under-graduates' bills to be paid by the tutor; but this, too, is a complete farce, for where the tutor is known to be above all shabby evasions of his duty, nothing is presented to his eyes that will not bear inspection; all else remains as a private debt between the student and the tradesman. We are sorry to say, however, that *all* tutors do not enjoy the character of perfect clearness in these matters: it is at least very generally believed that some of them do not examine their boys' bills with the proper strictness, for this base reason, that though the parents are compelled to settle for these bills quarterly with them, the tutors, they do not settle at all so speedily with the tradesmen, but keep very considerable sums of money thus due in their own hands for one, two, or three years, jobbing in the funds or the railways therewith meanwhile: in short, acting in a sort of partnership with the tradesmen, whose bills they ought to inspect with inquisitorial sternness. That nothing of this sort is suspected in the very highest colleges, we need hardly say; but as to not a few the universal impression

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impression is as we have stated it. Grant, however, that the tutors do their duty,—we maintain that the system is a farce. Such expedients as these go only to control the expenditure or ensure the payment of *necessaries;* and though we have known instances in which tutors passed over, as *necessaries,* what every man of common sense must at once pronounce *luxuries,* it is not worth our while to dwell on that feature of the foul system already alluded to; for it is not necessaries, nor articles that the laxest inspector could wink at as necessaries, but luxuries,—obvious, admitted *luxuries,*—which form the great bulk of college extravagance. And as long as there is a possibility of getting and giving almost unlimited credit, so long the evil will continue unchecked. What if a law were passed that *every* bill for articles supplied to an undergraduate in either University *must* pass though the tutor's hands, and unless presented to *him* within a given time, *shall not* be recoverable by any legal process?

At the time when Mr. Bolter invaded the Major, Mr. Edward Barrington was from home. He was then paying a visit to one of his own *set* at Cambridge, but somewhat his senior, who had already received the episcopal benedictions, and been installed as the reverend incumbent of a fat living in the golden vale of Worcester. We must intrude upon these congenial Cantabs, while enjoying themselves at the rectory *sub tegmine fagi:*—

'In the centre of a grass-plot, seated in a garden chair, with their feet resting on a rustic table before them, after the most approved notions of modern comfort and independence, are two young men, enjoying their morning cigar, as the proper wind-up of a substantial breakfast, and an appropriate occupation while discussing the plans of the day. Behind them is an old-fashioned residence of moderate dimensions, its bay windows, its antique portal and vine-covered front breathing an air of quiet, undisturbed enjoyment, and suggesting a thousand pictures of happy peaceful days passed beneath its roof. Around the lawn spreads a garden, more remarkable for its bountiful produce than for its arrangement,—flowers, fruits, and vegetables growing together in emulous luxuriance, and forming what might be appropriately termed a wilderness of sweets. Through an arched doorway on the left, you look into an orchard of apple-trees, whose boughs, clustering with golden fruit, throw a deep shade upon the green sward beneath, excepting towards the centre, where a small space has, from time immemorial, been left open as a drying-ground. On the right, scarcely a stone's-throw from the house, and placed upon a gentle eminence, from which it looks down upon the rush-roofed hamlet beyond, rises the village church—a small, antique, venerable building, with its ivy-clad tower and grey stone walls; one of those structures so touching in our English landscape, and so dear to the memory of those who in early youth have bent in prayer within their walls, and hope to rest at last within

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within their sacred precincts. From the garden to the church runs a private entrance, arched in with trellis-work, over which grows a profusion of creepers, sufficient to afford shelter from the sun and rain; the passage indicating that the mansion is the residence of the rector.

'The colloquy between the two occupants of the lawn was broken and carried on only at intervals. But smoking is a deep, contemplative employment; and its votaries are rarely found among the loquacious and superficial. Your true smoker never speaks without thinking; and when addressed, usually allows some minutes to elapse before he vouchsafes a reply. The silence which followed the last observation of the younger speaker relative to the increased price of cigars, which he remarked was a scandalous abuse and ought to be reformed, was again broken by his observing that the sun had dried up the mists, and that it was likely to be "a devilish hot day." Upon this remark, his companion turned half round in his seat, and looking the speaker very hard in the face, while he slowly ejected a long column of smoke, replied,—"very."

'Mr. Edward Barrington, after a pause of some minutes, again broke silence, by suddenly exclaiming, "I say, Marsham, what a devilish lucky fellow you were to get into such a snuggery as this!"—As this remark related to a subject more interesting to the person addressed than any other, namely himself, he replied with more than his usual vivacity,—"Ah! you may say that; but it was a very near thing though."—"Near! I thought it was always intended you should have it."—"So it was," returned Marsham; "but there's many a slip between the cup and the lip, and Littleford-cum-Mellowdale was deuced near slipping out of my hands, I can tell you."—"Indeed!" ejaculated his companion, "how was that? I thought Sir Willoughby had made over the presentation to your governor years ago."—"No, not quite that,—only promised;—and that makes a difference."—"But the baronet is a man of his word. I have always heard him spoken of as a real trump."—"Oh! yes, as far as he was concerned, there was no fault to find. He meant what he said; but, you see, he spoke without his host;—there was his sister, the Honourable Mrs. Colepepper, in the case."—"But what has she to say to it?"—"A plaguy deal. She knew nothing of the baronet's promise; and as she has always a set of pet curates about her house in London, she had promised Littleford-cum-Mellowdale to one of her own special favourites. As ill-luck would have it, she happened to be down in the country just when old Guzzlethorpe died, and the next morning, at breakfast, told the baronet she must have the presentation, and that she had written to the gentleman for whom she intended it, to come down immediately. Sir Willoughby told her how he was situated in regard to my governor. But nothing would do,—have it she would; and Sir Willoughby must have knocked under, for she is a widow with a large fortune, and neither chick nor child, when, luckily for me, old Dalberry, the member for the county, died just in the nick of time; and as my governor's assistance was wanted to put her own cousin, Sir Diggory, in his place, why, of course,

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course, she was obliged to allow Sir Willoughby to keep his promise; and here am I, Jack Marsham, Rector of Littleford-cum-Mellowdale, and right glad to see you here, too, old fellow. But we must be moving soon. I promised Beckford to carry you over this morning to Morscroft to troll for a pike; and after that, we are all three going to Marrable's to dine. We shall have a famous night of it,—it will be a right merry bachelor's party, and he keeps a capital cellar. He will give us a bed, so you need not be alarmed as to getting home safe. But here comes Martin to say the mare is put to." '—vol. iii. pp. 34-38.

We have copied this scene with great reluctance. We know the evils which it suggests are infinitely less common now than they were even within our own memory; but examples are still to be found—and no power but that of public opinion can wholly abolish them. The Church herself has not, and can never have, any effective means of controlling the exercise of private patronage.

Mr. Edward's visit to this exemplary rector is curtailed by the arrival of a pithy letter from the Major, demanding explanations touching Mr. Bolter's 'little bill:' but his progress homewards is arrested by a casual meeting with another of the same university clique. While our friend is waiting at a country inn to be picked up by the mail coach, a travelling chariot and four dashes up. Edward observes that the luxurious vehicle contains but a single occupant, and indulges in some envious speculations. Having changed horses,

'the postilions had mounted, and were in the act of starting, when the traveller, who had stretched his head out of the window to give some directions to his servant, suddenly shouted out Barrington's name, and at the same moment that young gentleman recognised the voice and the features of his old college acquaintance Shirley. The recognition seemed to afford equal pleasure to both parties. Explanations followed. Shirley was going, for a single fortnight, to London, on business, which would, however, admit of a reasonable mixture of pleasure. Pleased at this unexpected rencontre, and having no one with him in the carriage, it struck him that Barrington would prove a very passable companion. Young men, elated with wealth, never consider the real interests of others. How should they, when they scarcely ever regard their own? He wanted a companion for the moment;—in Edward Barrington he found one;—that was enough. He proposed that Barrington should accompany him to London, and remain there with him during his short stay. Edward's heart jumped at the proposal; but he recollected his father's letter, and mentioned how anxiously he was expected by him at home. Shirley laughed outright at such a reason for not doing what would give so much pleasure to both of them. "Your father," said he, "recollects he has been young himself,—and a soldier too,—pshaw! he would not be so unreasonable. At all events, you can accompany me the next stage,—the mail will not turn off till we get to S——, and if you have not made up your mind by that time to

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to go on with me to London, why, I can drop you there, and no harm done. What luggage have you got? Oh! that portmanteau there—mail-size, I see.—we can take that very well. Here, Crawley, get down and put Mr. Barrington's portmanteau into the boot." '—vol. iii. pp. 57—59.

Common as is, in these days, the character of Shirley, we do not recollect having seen it in type before. This variety of the *young* voluptuary is drawn by our author with admirable spirit:—

'Shirley was one of that modern school of young men of fortune, who in a worldly sense, understand their own interests perfectly well. He was quite aware of the great advantages of wealth, and resolved, while he put no stint to his pleasures, to look well after the resources from which they were supplied. By this means he kept his fortune, as he expressed it, for his own use.

'Being yet unmarried, his establishment in the country was kept on a very moderate footing; and his large income, being methodically managed, gave him a considerable surplus, a portion of which he retained for extraordinary expenses, and set aside the rest for a fund destined to bear the burden of his future parliamentary contests and the enlargement of his estate. It is not what a man spends upon himself (he was accustomed to say) which can embarrass a splendid fortune, but what he suffers others to spend for him. Upon this principle he was not only liberal, but even profuse in his own expenses. By this policy he secured the gratification of his own tastes, while he acquired the reputation of a liberal, open-hearted fellow, who spent his money freely, although he had never parted with a shilling to a human being except for his own purposes.

'In the two years that had elapsed since he had quitted the university, he appeared to have lived ten. His manners indicated all the assurance and self-possession of a thorough man of the world; and his conversation showed he was perfectly well acquainted with the *quid pro quo* sort of system which characterizes the day. Possessing little of what is called talent, he was gifted with a large share of that shrewdness and discernment which enabled him to see his own interest, as well as that of others, very distinctly, and consequently to form tolerably accurate notions of men's motives and professions. By virtue of this quality, he found it perfectly reasonable that a young man with fifteen thousand a year, with large expectations besides, should be very well received wherever he presented himself, and attract a very considerable portion of other people's regard. He was quite aware that regard was measured out in exact proportion to his fortune; and with this he was far from being dissatisfied. In return, he repaid the world in its own coin; and, satisfied with enjoying and preserving the real advantages of his situation, he could easily dispense with the fastidiousness and assumed superiority in which many of his class chose to indulge, but for which he observed they were invariably made to pay in some shape or other. There was, besides, a very delectable pleasure in seeing

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through and disconcerting the little wiles that were prepared for him, without betraying any consciousness of their existence, and consequently giving any ground for reproach or ill-humour.'—vol. iii. pp. 68—80.

The friends are soon in town and established in a gorgeous hotel near St. James's Street; and here Mr. Shirley is visited, among others, by an eminent silversmith of that vicinity.

'"Good morning to you, Mr. Wilcox; take a chair,—you have brought your bill, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, I have, as you desired it,—but in no sort of hurry. We can let it stand over for the present, if you please, sir," said the very civil-looking tradesman, presenting the document. Shirley received the bill, and went very deliberately through all the items, marking several with his pencil,—a proceeding which seemed anything but gratifying to Mr. Wilcox. He then added up the sum, and pronounced the addition to be correct. "327*l.* 13*s.*," said Shirley. "Precisely so, sir, but the thirteen shillings we shall take off." "And a good deal more too, Mr. Wilcox, before we have done," added the cool-looking Shirley. "First of all," continued he, "we agreed that the epergne should be 37*l.*—in the bill it is 42*l.*" "Why, yes, sir," said Wilcox, taken considerably aback, and surveying his hat as he turned it round and round in his hands as if it had been the epergne itself, "we did agree for thirty-seven, to be sure,—there's no denying that,—but you see, sir, I spoke without reckoning at the time; and I assure you, sir, it cost me nearly what I have charged." "Dare say it did," returned Shirley,—"but, you see, the point is not what it cost, but what we agreed for." "Well, sir, if you insist upon it, of course it must be thirty-seven." "To be sure it must," said Shirley. "Then you have charged eight and sixpence an ounce upon all the forks and spoons, instead of eight shillings." "Why, yes,—there again I should have been a loser,—I could not do it for the money, sir,—consider the elaborate work, sir," urged Wilcox. "*You* should have considered that," rejoined Shirley. "My part was to consider what I chose to give,—yours, what you could afford to take. Sixpence an ounce on three hundred and forty ounces, gives 8*l.* 10*s.* to be deducted from 144*l.* 10*s.*" "Very well, sir," said Wilcox, "I suppose I must submit." "Submit!" repeated Shirley, "what do you talk about submitting for? If I had paid the bill as it is, I might have spoken with some reason about submitting, as I should, in that case, have submitted to an evident imposition. Every man is bound to keep to his agreements, and I suppose that implies no extraordinary degree of submission." "I am very sorry, sir," said Wilcox,—"I am sure I meant no offence, sir." "Oh! don't mistake me," replied Shirley, "I am not offended,—never am,—I only wished you to see that I understand what I am about. Five pounds for the epergne, and 8*l.* 10*s.* for the spoons and forks, make 13*l.* 10*s.* to be deducted from the bill, which leaves just 314*l.* 3*s.*, instead of 327*l.* 13*s.* I believe that is correct, Mr. Wilcox?" "Why, yes, sir, that is, I believe, the precise amount, if you insist upon the reductions." "In other words, keeping to our agreement," observed Shirley,—"I like calling things by their right

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right names." "Well, sir, as you please," said Mr. Wilcox, "and if you will give me a cheque for the amount, I shall feel much obliged."

'"Stop a little, my good sir,—we have not got quite so far as that," observed Shirley,—"there is another little matter to be settled first; I mean the amount of discount." "Discount!" repeated Wilcox, in dismay,—"discount upon a bill cut down as that has been! You are not serious in that, sir,—I can't afford it, sir,—indeed, I can't." "As you please, Mr. Wilcox; only if there is no discount, I shall not pay the bill for these two years." "Not pay for these two years!" repeated Wilcox. "No, sir,—without discount I shall take the same credit as your other customers, and I know very well what that is," answered Shirley. "It is all the same to me whether I pay now with a discount, or whether I retain the interest of the money for the next two years; but you may rely upon it, I am not going to pay ready money without a discount, when you are too happy to get your money from other people at the end of three or four years;—but the matter rests with yourself, you may take the money or not, as you like." The man of trade, experienced in such matters, saw at once that he had nothing more to gain from his obdurate customer, and said that as he was in want of money to meet a bill, he would allow five per cent. "Ten, you mean," said Shirley. "Ten!" echoed Mr. Wilcox, "ten per cent.!" "Yes," answered Shirley, "I know perfectly well it is a common thing." "Yes, sir," said Wilcox, "when a tradesman charges his own prices,—but not upon work done upon estimate. I couldn't afford it, sir,—indeed, I couldn't. If it had not been for the agreement, I should have charged ten per cent. more than I have done." "Well," said Shirley, "there may be some reason in that, so we will take the discount at only five per cent.,—that will be on 314*l.* 3*s.* just 15*l.* 14*s.*, or, to leave things in round numbers, we will say 14*l.* 3*s.*, so that I have to give you a cheque for 300*l.*"

'Mr. Wilcox bowed his acquiescence, and Shirley, requesting Edward to hand him his banker's cheque-book, which lay near him on the table, wrote out a draft for the sum mentioned, which he delivered to the tradesman. The latter, having given a receipt, which Shirley took care to see was on a stamp of the proper amount, took his leave, having previously expressed his acknowledgments for his customer's punctuality, and his hopes that he might soon be favoured with his orders.

'He was succeeded by Burton, whose bill for some articles of furniture sent down into the country amounted to 251*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* By a process similar to that just described, this sum was reduced to 220*l.*, and discharged, like the preceding one, by a cheque on the bank.

'"There, Ned," said Shirley, when they were left alone, "I have given you a practical lesson which is worth all the preaching in the world. Out of 579*l.* I have saved exactly 61*l.*,—and this, merely at the expense of a few words, and just twenty-five minutes. I doubt if I could have employed my time much more profitably."'—vol. iii. pp. 84-89.

We shall not dwell on the scenes of gambling and every congenial vice into which sundry high-born associates now introduce

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the weak and worthless son of Major Barrington. These things are in the main such as they had been depicted long before our author wrote. We must, however, pause for a moment on a personage new, as we believe, to fiction—though not to fact—'the little milliner'—the great *modiste*, and also bill-broker and money-lender, and moreover fashionable boarding-house keeper. The heroine of a recent *cause* before the Court of Bankruptcy in London will at once be recognised as having suggested this charming Mrs. Bell, *alias* Madame Belzoni.

Edward accompanies a certain Lord Francis Devereux to Madame's house, and is introduced to the lady as a friend 'desirous of the honour of her acquaintance, and of finding a home, during the time he remained in town, in her tasteful and commodious residence.' Her terms for board and lodging are named, and accepted without an objection; and, after a few gallant speeches from Lord Francis, and some complimentary nothings on the part of the lady, they enter on the more serious object of Edward's visit, that of raising a supply of cash to meet his present necessities. The sum he wished to obtain was a thousand pounds, as a security for which he offered the reversion of eleven thousand in the three per cents., depending on the life of his father. The obliging lady proposes to procure the money for him at 25 per cent., which she afterwards lowers to 20; and orders her carriage, to have recourse, as she says, to a friend for that purpose.

We recommend Madame to the good offices of Mr. Planché and Mrs. Glover: but, perhaps the modern stage would hardly venture on the reverend chaplain who now attends the lady-abbess in her drive to Lombard Street:—

'Being unmarried, and consequently not a householder, he had become an inmate of Madame Belzoni's establishment. In his selection of this domicile he had been led partly by the rank and condition of the persons who frequented it, and partly by the attraction of the excellent living for which the house was celebrated. To be sure, the terms were not apparently calculated for the finances of the assistant curate of a fashionable chapel, who by express agreement was obliged to surrender the whole of the stipend he received towards the expenses of lighting and repairing the building,—the opportunity of displaying his talents as a popular preacher being deemed a sufficient remuneration for his services. But the speculation which the Reverend Theophilus Sibley had entered upon did not allow of too narrow a calculation in his economy. His whole fortune consisted, besides his degree of Baccalaureus Artium, of a few hundred pounds, upon which he calculated he should be able to maintain his position until he had secured its permanence by an eligible matrimonial connection. His appearance in the pulpit was decidedly attractive. His hair, elaborately parted at the top, was of a glossy jet, which

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which contrasted admirably with his fair and polished forehead. The face, if of too pale a cast for the warrior, was well suited for the student and the preacher;—at least, such a student as ladies love to paint. In his efforts to enunciate distinctly for the benefit of his hearers, he unavoidably displayed a set of teeth which, for their regularity and brilliant whiteness, were probably unequalled by any in his congregation; while the delicate hand, extended upon the red velvet cushion, which lent it every aid of contrast, might possibly boast the same distinction. The black frock-coat, the production of a first-rate tailor, was made to give to the person an amplitude in which it was rather deficient;—the light grey gloves were of the best French kid;—the shirt of the finest cambric in front, contrasted with the rich black silk waistcoat; and the tie of the neckcloth would have challenged admiration in those years gone by, when that difficult achievement was the great perplexity of exquisites.

'But, effective as his personal appearance undoubtedly was, the Reverend Theophilus did not deem it wise to rest upon it entirely. In these days of requirement he felt that more was necessary. The difficulty lay in selecting one of the weak points by which the public is approachable. Two parties presented themselves to his choice, the Puseyites and the Evangelicals. The first of these bodies he had penetration enough to see was opposed to the spirit of the age, and stood no chance, therefore, of acquiring permanent success among the laity. The latter, on the contrary, was based on the religious feelings and partialities of a large and increasing section of the public. Doctrines which, not very long ago, were regarded with something more than dislike and contempt by the genteel classes, had of late years been received into their especial favour. The dogmas of Calvin, formerly confined to the gloom of the conventicle, had been transplanted into the regions of fashion and elegance; and the formidable systems of divinity which had so long slumbered in the ponderous *tomes* of the seventeenth century, had been condensed into a few charming pages bound up in gold-lettered volumes, which lay, mingled with the works of Moore and Byron, on the table of the *boudoir*. This religious revolution had not been confined to the laity. Its progress among the clergy had been equally remarkable. True, the men of the receding generation, the followers of Pitt and Burke, the church-and-king men, imbedded in their rectories and prejudices, had remained steadfast to port-wine and Arminianism; but, on the other hand, nearly all the young men of talent,—double first-class men from Oxford, and wranglers from Cambridge,—had either given in their adhesion to the Evangelicals, or had advanced half way to join them; and thus the wand of the illiterate puritanical preacher, which had given him eminence and authority among his followers, was plucked from his hand, and transferred to the men of colleges and degrees, by whom, if it has not been wielded with so intense a power upon individuals, it has, at least, been exercised in a more exalted sphere.

'Independently of these popular advantages on the side of the Evangelical

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lical party, the peculiar spirit of Puseyism had no attractions for the Reverend Theophilus. Like Catholicism, it demanded the sacrifice of the individual to the splendour and power of the body. Now he, on the contrary, cared more for a certain individual than for all the bodies in the universe. He had not the remotest feeling of an *esprit-de-corps*. His professional aspirations were all subordinate to his study of the individual *bien-être*. The Puseyite spirit, too, tended to the austere and monastic; whereas his projects were entirely connubial. Here the other party offered unquestionable advantages. Their ministers lived upon terms of greater intimacy and familiarity with their flocks; and in the extensive sphere of usefulness thus opened to them, found many opportunities of forming advantageous matrimonial connections. This last consideration decided the question; and at the outset of his career, the Reverend Theophilus Sibley had professed himself a member of the Evangelical party.

'A few years back, it would have been scarcely practicable for him, with the profession of these principles, to join such an establishment as Madame Belzoni's. In those days, any person, whether lay or clerical, would, if known to be tainted with what was then called methodism or seriousness, have been deemed a very proper object for the wit and ridicule of the company. But the improvement of the age has removed this illiberality, in common with many others. People have become more philosophical, as well as more social. No one now dreams of ridiculing another for his religious, any more than for his political opinions; and the frequenters of Exeter Hall and the Opera consort together with a liberality as laudable as it is gratifying. Indeed, since Mr. Sibley had joined her establishment, Madame Belzoni had herself given many indications of a religious turn. She had become very regular in her attendance at chapel, which was greatly recommended to her by the extreme respectability of the congregation. She had never seen a better dressed collection of people. They were all so exceedingly genteel, so very proper in their deportment, and exhibited such an admirable combination of religion and fashion, that it was really quite edifying to look upon them. The ministers, too, were remarkably gentlemanly men. Everything they said was so mild, and at the same time so impressive, and showed so much consideration for their hearers. No noise, no ranting,—the most delicate or nervous person might venture without danger. Then, such consoling views as they took of the incurable frailty of our nature, and the sweet assurances derived from the soul-quieting doctrines of election and grace! It was really a privilege to attend them. At one time she had ignorantly imagined that religion necessarily made people unhappy and ill-tempered, and, what was worse, unamiable and ill-mannered; but she had been most agreeably undeceived. Some of her religious friends were the politest people she knew. As for herself, she never felt so happy before; and, from her own experience of religion, she could recommend it to all her friends. After this exposition of Madame Belzoni's sentiments, it is not to be wondered at that the reverend gentleman received from the other inmates

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mates of the establishment all the attention and respect due to his position. Indeed, so well had he recommended himself to the good graces of the lady, that he was in a fair way of superseding his military rivals.'—vol. iii. pp. 174-183.

Edward Barrington's London career does not last long. He raises, through Madame Belzoni, between four and five thousand pounds, which soon disappear among his dissolute associates, until one evening at a certain splendid club-house, where he had been a heavy loser, a few words of altercation arose between him and Lord Francis Devereux, which ended in Edward losing all self-control, and striking the noble gambler. A duel ensues, in which Edward is seriously wounded, and Lord Francis, afraid of a fatal termination, retires to the Continent.

Our readers will begin to think that we, like the 'Barrister,' have forgotten the main business of our brief, and lost ourselves in the dissipation of the metropolis; nor can we plead innocent. We will hasten, however, to resume the main thread, and wind up, without further deviation, the history of 'The Trustee.'

By the death of one of the trustees of Major Barrington's marriage settlement, *Frankberry*, the lawyer and agent and confidential man of business of all the neighbourhood, becomes the sole trustee; and through the Major's implicit confidence in him, and ignorance of legal matters, he is suffered to continue so. An accidental discovery made by Frankberry, that the Major had been defrauded by a near relation of his wife of a legacy which might amount to 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*, increased the confidence of the employer in his agent. To recover the whole would involve him in a Chancery suit: he compromises therefore the disputed legacy at a very considerable loss, and through Frankberry invests the money in what is called an equitable mortgage. Still with the same unreserved confidence in his agent, the business is transacted by the latter, without any personal interview or even correspondence between the principals. In the course of a few years Frankberry is ruined by unfortunate speculations, defrauds all the neighbourhood to an enormous amount, and escapes to America. It is then discovered that he had sold out, on his own account, all Major Barrington's stock, and that the deeds which he had placed in the Major's hands, as the security for the equitable mortgage, are forgeries. By his own want of caution, and his son's extravagance, the unfortunate officer is thus reduced from an easy competence to actual poverty.

We cannot close this sketch without calling attention to the character of Frankberry, not because he plays a prominent part in the tale, and even gives it a name, but because he is drawn

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drawn with such life and spirit, and because he is the representative of a class unfortunately but too common in small towns and rural districts not capable of supporting a bank.

'His exterior was decidedly in his favour. There was an expression of openness and candour in his countenance, supported by a cheerfulness of manner, which, though perfectly easy, had nothing in it offensively familiar. In stature, he was rather above the usual height, and both his face and person, the latter of which was of goodly dimensions, bespoke an intimate acquaintance with the good things of this world. Mr. Maurice Frankberry was clearly a flourishing man. Not a sign of care or anxiety was perceptible about him. These, he was accustomed to say, were properly the portions of his clients; and if he took them upon his shoulders, as well as the business, he should never be able to get through with the latter. But, though fond of enjoyment, there was no lack of energy and industry in his composition. The quick, bright eye, which sparkled at the sight of a well-covered table, turned with ready intelligence upon the speaker at the first allusion to business, though without diminishing aught of his cheerfulness. In consultation with his clients he never assumed the ominous look and manner which his tribe usually employ to enforce upon their victims the necessity of surrendering themselves wholly to their guidance. On the contrary, Frankberry took always a favourable view of the case, hoped all would be arranged without the necessity of going to law, and usually ended with sporting some of the common pleasantries against the members of his own craft. On several occasions he had managed to arrange amicably between parties disputes which other solicitors would have carried into court. By this he lost nothing. It contributed to spread his reputation for honesty as well as ability, and brought him many valuable agencies, which were far more profitable than lawsuits, and unattended with the trouble and outlay of money which the latter required. No man, in short, was in more request, or more trusted, than Frankberry. Those who wanted money effected mortgages through his agency, while the fortunate few who had it to spare employed him to make their investments. Not a will or marriage settlement for miles round the country was prepared by any hands but his. Even in cases where the deeds were drawn by counsel, the instructions for them were prepared by him, and all the papers passed through his hands. Wherever trustees were required, he was requested to act as one; and as his colleagues were usually gentlemen unaccustomed to business, the management of everything devolved, as a matter of course, upon him.'—vol. iii. p. 205.

This picture sets the very man before us. We ourselves have known, in the course of our life, some ten or twelve worthies in different counties, who might have sat for most features in the portrait; but we have been assured that the immediate original in this case was a lawyer of large practice in Cheshire, who was shipped for the other hemisphere but a few years ago.

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In one excellent scene, already alluded to, Major Barrington and Frankberry discuss over their wine the question of a legacy of which the Major had been defrauded by a near relation of his wife, and which might amount to 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* The alternative is placed before him whether he shall enter into a Chancery suit for the recovery of the whole, in which case eventual success is certain, or accept a compromise by which he will lose perhaps 3000*l.*:—

'"Three thousand pounds!" repeated Barrington; "and for this I must remain in hot water for the next six years, and encumber myself with debt in order to defray the expenses of the suit!"

'"Why, yes, you can hardly lay your account for less than six years. The defendants would, of course, put in an insufficient answer; and it would probably be two years before we got to a hearing. From the Court we should be sent to take accounts in the Master's office. Two years would be consumed in getting his report; and when we did get it, the defendants would tender a list of exceptions; and when these were disposed of, if ever they were, the cause would be set down to come on for further directions. Yes, it would take you at least six years before you were free of the court; and this supposes no abatement from deaths, &c., which would entail the expense of bills of revivor and other processes necessary to reanimate suits which have been suffered to abate or been allowed to languish by the death, disgust, or poverty of suitors."

'"But 'sdeath! Frankberry, how can the court or any one else expect any reasonable man to encounter all the delay, expense, annoyance and anxiety of such a process as this, unless his whole fortune or the greater portion of it is at stake?"

'"Humph!" quoth the lawyer, "some people do not feel it as much as others. To a moderate, well-meaning man like yourself, who would rather enjoy your own quiet than mar that of others, it is insupportable enough; but, fortunately for our tribe, all the world is not so reasonable. Many people, though they don't choose to own it, find a suit anything but disagreeable. It is the best vent that can possibly be found for the ill-humours and malignant feelings which torture some people to a degree of which you quiet men can form no idea. It is, as the Bridgewater essayists would say, quite a provision of nature. What do you suppose would become of those who are stuffed full of obstinacy and litigiousness if it were not for such admirable institutions as our Courts of Chancery?"

'"But seriously," said the Major, "to the quiet, reasonable portion of the community, in which you class me, it amounts to an absolute denial of justice. The wonder is how such a system can have endured so long!"

'"Why! who should put it down?" cried Frankberry. "The quiet men you speak of are the last persons to attempt it, just because they are quiet. They are a good deal annoyed, perhaps, when they feel the evil personally, and almost aroused to something like exertion; but when they come to calculate the persevering, unceasing efforts necessary to produce

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produce any effectual reform, they shrink from the task. Besides, who is to support them? You cannot create a general feeling on the subject—the masses have no property, and therefore nothing to say to the Court of Chancery. Few people, too, that is, of the quiet class, have more than one Chancery suit in their lives—one is generally enough for them—and they trust to their own prudence and discretion in keeping out of the scrape in future: they find that easier than to effect a reform. Hence the reason of so many compromises. Where one suit finds its way into the court, twenty are compromised from the sheer conviction of the impossibility of obtaining justice, except on terms which render it not worth having." '—vol. ii. pp. 297-299.

The devil can speak truth. The conclusion arrived at by both lawyer and client is, that if the latter can get 4000*l.* without litigation, he had better submit to the loss of nearly as much more, to which he is not less clearly entitled, than involve himself in a Chancery suit. This is a startling statement. But is it false? Is it in any degree exaggerated? Can any competent observer venture to demur when we assert that there is scarcely one single proceeding in the course of a Chancery suit which is not pregnant with opportunities to a dishonest or oppressive litigant for accumulating on his adversary endless expense and delay? We have seen a solicitor's bill in a suit pertinaciously contested for some years, which would fill a moderate-sized octavo volume. The voluminousness of pleadings, of examinations, of affidavits and exhibits, the interminable references of the Court to the Master and the Master to the Court, and the innumerable technical difficulties which embarrass and retard every stage of the procedure, amount practically to such a denial of justice, that we doubt whether the country will much longer submit to it. The complex cases arising in our extremely artificial society cannot be fairly adjudicated without much discussion, and the assistance of advocates and judges combining great learning with the power of sifting evidence and discovering truth under the specious appearances with which it is often overlaid. All this necessarily supposes a considerable expenditure both of time and money. Judges and advocates, whose acquirements have cost them much labour and expense, have a right to a liberal remuneration; and on none can the burden of paying them fall so justly as on those for whose particular benefit they are employed. The delay and expense of legal proceedings must therefore always be considerable; sufficient, in fact, to deter men from plunging into litigation to gratify a violent or revengeful disposition. But any excess beyond this is a monstrous evil. The moment it reaches the point (and we assert that it now has) when no prudent man of moderate means will venture to carry a case into the Court of Chancery, unless a very large portion of his substance

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substance be at stake, and he is compelled to protect himself from absolute spoliation and ruin, it becomes the imperative duty of the legislature to interfere with a most resolute and decisive measure of reform.

We give Lord Lyndhurst all credit for increasing the number of the Equity Judges; but can it now be disputed that the remedy has been fully tried, and found inadequate? We heard, indeed, last year, that when the two new Vice-Chancellors rose for the vacation, they had gone through their cause-papers, and that very few cases remained unheard before their senior, the excellent Vice-Chancellor of England. This sounded well, and looked like a wonderful improvement; but we must remember that the cause-paper contains only the cases fit for hearing, *i. e.*, those which have all their pleadings finished. The cause-paper may be cleared, and yet the Masters' offices may be full of cases dragging their slow length along at the rate of an hour a fortnight. A case when heard and referred to the Master is taken off the list, and when it has passed the Master's office is put down on the list again for a fresh hearing; and so a great many cases go upon the list five or six, or even ten times. If the rumour of last year was correct, this will perhaps account for the improvement having been one in appearance only. This year, however, tells a very different tale. We copy from the 'Morning Post' of August 7th, 1846:—

'Yesterday the Vice-Chancellor Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, after having heard and disposed of a number of interlocutory applications in his private room at Lincoln's-inn, rose for the vacation; the Lord Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor of England, and Vice-Chancellor Wigram having also closed their sittings. The Master of the Rolls will sit again this day, and it is understood will remain in town during the vacation to hear applications for injunctions and other cases of pressing emergency. From the books of causes entered for hearing there appears to be a large arrear remaining undisposed of. The following are the numbers up to the present time:—

'*Lord Chancellor.*—Judgments 15; re-hearings and appeals 62; exclusive of 7 causes heard and waiting for judgment.

'*Vice-Chancellor of England.*—Causes waiting for judgment 5; pleas and demurrers 4; causes 179, including 4 heard and marked as waiting for judgment.

'*Master of the Rolls.*—Causes standing for judgment 6; causes not heard or undisposed of 96.

'*Vice-Chancellor Wigram.*—Causes for judgment 4; causes for hearing 76.

'*Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce.*—Causes standing for judgment 3; pleas and demurrers and objections for want of parties 2; causes not heard 62.

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'There is also an arrear of 342 appeals and causes for re-hearing, which are either abated for want of parties, or ordered to stand over generally, 40 of which number are appeals, and the remaining 302 causes for hearing.'

No words can aggravate this statement. It proves, as plainly as figures can prove, that the addition of two new judges, though a necessary and useful measure, has not produced that improvement which was promised, and which doubtless it would have produced if it had not been neutralized by powerful impediments that still remain to be removed. Nor do we believe that any experienced equity lawyer in England will now venture to dissent from us when we take the liberty of saying that the only efficacious mode of affording relief to suitors and expediting causes through the Court of Chancery is, 1st. To simplify the pleadings and lessen the number of cumbrous and useless formalities. 2nd. To remodel the Masters' offices entirely, by abolishing the present ridiculous mode of doing business, and having each case in its turn gone into thoroughly and consecutively until it is fit to be sent to the Court for hearing. And 3rdly. To transfer to the Master the examination of witnesses, which should be conducted *vivâ-voce* in the presence of all parties, except in cases where they would be excluded by the rules of common law. Without some provisions of this nature, it is to little purpose to appoint additional judges, or clear the cause-list of cases while the Masters' offices are choked up with them, and where, from accumulation of business and the absurd mode of doing it, they may remain for months or years, until they come again before the court 'on further directions,' and when heard are almost sure to be sent back to the Master again and again. The necessity for some great change in these matters was never so urgent as it is now; and it so happens that the country may at this moment command, for such a noble task, the combined energy of four retired Lord Chancellors, hardly surpassed in knowledge or acumen by any of their predecessors.

We should perhaps beg pardon for introducing such grave topics as these into a reviewal of a book of 'Tales,'—but the Tales, we repeat, are as unlike most of those now published in purpose as in merit; and we are sure that the majority of our readers will at all events thank us for having made them acquainted with the vigorous pages of the 'Barrister.'

ART.

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ART. III.—*Experimental Researches in Electricity.* By Michael Faraday, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c. From the Philosophical Transactions, Part I., for 1846.

Nineteenth Series—*On the Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force.*

Twentieth and Twenty-first Series—*On New Magnetic Actions, and on the Magnetic Condition of all Matter.*

WE willingly invite the attention of our readers to the papers named at the head of this article,—the most recent of a long series by the same author, which have largely contributed to support the ancient fame of the Philosophical Transactions. Connected and consecutive in their objects of research, these memoirs have few parallels in the history of science as regards the magnitude and interest of the result obtained. They illustrate alike the genius of the man, and the spirit and methods of experimental research at the present epoch. They deal with elements the most universal, yet the most mysterious, upon which the human intellect can employ itself in the way of experiment; with agents which, though operative in the greatest as in the most minute phenomena of the physical world, have only of late been distinctly recognized and submitted to such inquiry. And they are the more remarkable in result, as not merely adding new facts and phenomena to our knowledge, but yet more, as fixing new relations and affinities among these great natural elements; in some cases establishing actual identity; in others, pointing at future discoveries, and marking the way thereto by anticipations only less remarkable than the truths to which they may hereafter conduct.

In noting these characters of the memoirs before us, and of those preceding them, we must not be understood to exclude or undervalue other philosophers who have laboured successfully in the same great field of inquiry; and, as we shall see afterwards, have pushed experiment even among some of the very phenomena with which we are now concerned. Commencing with Œrsted, who may be said to have opened a new road into these fertile domains of science, we find the names of Ampère, Davy, Wollaston, Arago, Becquerel, Wheatstone, and many others, all deservedly eminent as labourers therein. If a question of superiority were to arise among these names, as respects the particular subject of research, that of Ampère might perhaps have best claim to it, in the importance and extensive application of the results obtained.

But we believe there can be no hesitation in assigning to Faraday the highest place as a labourer and discoverer in this department

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department of science, including electricity and magnetism in their various forms and modes of action, in the mutual connexions of these, and in their relations to the other great elements and agents of the physical world. No man has attained so much, or given such entire completeness of experimental proof to the truths attained. His researches, if equalled by some, are surpassed by none others that we know, as specimens of pure inductive inquiry. Conceived in the true spirit of philosophy, the objects are ever distinctly indicated, and pursued, step by step, with wonderful fertility and variety of experimental resource. All is so close, clear, and consecutive—the result of each experiment suggesting new questions and new methods of solving them—as to convey frequently the aspect of facility and simplicity where the objects are in reality the most abstruse and difficult to handle. *Questo facile, quanto è difficile!* is the expression of an Italian writer, applying well to the instance before us. It is one of the faculties of genius, as contrasted with dulness or imperfect knowledge, to simplify all that it discloses or creates.

The labours of Dr. Faraday, as is well known, have not been limited to this branch of science, though his fame is more especially associated with it. His published memoirs on other subjects, and his public lectures, are evidence of the extent of his researches. To his singular merits as a lecturer, the thousands who every year listen to him bear a living testimony. But we would confine ourselves, in speaking of him, to the view under which he will be recognized by posterity—as an ardent lover of philosophic truth, wholly free from the jealousies which too often deface and distort the search after it—as an acute and exact reasoner, yet with a buoyancy of imagination giving a certain poetical vigour to his conceptions—eminently ingenious in devising experiments to fulfil his ideas, and singularly skilful in executing them—as a writer on subjects of science, clear, candid, and judicious, and occasionally rising into eloquence from enthusiasm in the grandeur of his subject. Such, we are persuaded, will be the judgment pronounced by those who come hereafter, and in full accordance with contemporary opinion of his merits.

We have spoken of the researches before us as well illustrating the spirit and methods of science at the present period. This might be readily admitted as a general expression; but we wish to give it a more particular application to two points, distinct from each other, and on first aspect seemingly incongruous; yet capable of concurrence, and in their union evolving the highest results which science can afford. To these we are solicitous to draw the attention of our readers.

The first of them is, the tendency and effect of present research to

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to pursue, by direct experiment, those more subtle elements and occult relations of the material world which heretofore have been chiefly the province of speculation and uncertain theory — the aspirations rather than the realities of science. The earlier experimentalists on light, heat, electricity, and the magnetic powers, penetrated partially indeed into these more obscure domains; and, as respects electricity more especially, even the dawning of our knowledge disclosed facts which could not but be received as the signals of future and more profound discovery. The electric stream brought down by Franklin from the thunder-cloud was in some sort a harbinger of the electric telegraph—that marvellous invention of the present day, by which human thought and intelligence are conveyed from place to place with a rapidity which human imagination cannot follow, and which human reckoning almost fails to express. In like manner, even the earliest researches as to light gave cause both to reason and fancy to look for ulterior results regarding this great and mysterious element, which, if not 'telling its fountains,' might yet disclose new properties and actions, and expound the nature of some of its mighty influences in the universe that surrounds us. And it is equally obvious that all such direction of science into the higher elements of the material world must, even from the outset, develop connexions amongst them, before unknown, or seen only through the dim light of analogy and conjecture.

While admitting, however, this constant and natural progress of physical knowledge from simpler truths and relations to those more recondite and universal, we must still contend that the sudden and remarkable extension of these methods of research within the last forty years, their better definition as principles of inquiry, and the vast results and wider generalizations which have arisen from them, constitute a distinct era in the history of science which it is probable will be more clearly recognized hereafter than it is by ourselves. In this, as in other matters of literature as well as physics, the present time is so encumbered with details, and occupies so disproportionate a space in our minds, that it becomes difficult to detach and designate the great marks set upon our generation, or to affirm what will remain behind for the judgment or applause of posterity.

It would be interesting and instructive to note in detail those particular events in each science which fulfil the conditions we have stated, and mark in some sort to each the commencement and character of the present era. A few such notices we put down as illustrative to our readers of the general view, and not designing to fill up the crowded picture of this period. *Exiguum tempus, si computes annos; si vices rerum, ævum putes.*

Taking

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Taking Chemistry, then, as our first instance, we may rightly date the commencement of this era in the great discovery of the law of definite proportions, mainly due to Dalton, extended and better defined by Wollaston, Berzelius, and succeeding chemists. The attainment of this law has changed the whole course and aspect of the science, and especially given new and enlarged basis to the doctrine of chemical affinities. It may be fitly viewed as one of the greatest inroads made by man into the recesses of nature; and the knowledge so gained has this further condition of grandeur,—that it assumes a mathematical exactitude of proof, furnishes direct anticipation of results yet to be obtained, and methods the most perfectly fitted for obtaining them. The law of Isomorphism, due to Mitscherlich, and its modifications by Berzelius and Dumas, are corollaries from this higher principle, and related to it as all great truths are to one another. The late rapid progress of organic chemistry has been derived mainly from the same source; as also the recent doctrine of compound radicals, which, if it be not itself a permanent truth, is assuredly one of the happiest of intermediate devices for attaining such. In concurrence as to time with this discovery, and scarcely less important in their influence, are Davy's researches on the chemical agencies of electricity, disclosing a vast and fertile field of inquiry; affording new and more subtle methods of analysis, as speedily proved by the decomposition of the alkalis and earths; and, above all, interesting in the development of one of those great elementary relations to which we have alluded as characteristic of the present state of science, viz., the connexion between chemical actions and electric forces. We might further speak here of the ascertainment of the true nature of chlorine by the same eminent philosopher, and of the later discovery of iodine and bromine—elements which, from their presence in minute proportion in the waters of the ocean all over the globe, exemplify a principle largely developed in modern chemistry, viz., the effect of small quantities in composition. Other discoveries might be mentioned having the same general character; such as the singular class of phenomena depending on what has been called Catalysis—the reduction, by compression and cold, of various gases to the liquid or solid form, &c.; but the instances already given are enough to substantiate our statement of a period of rapid progress and higher generalizations throughout every part of chemical science.

In Electricity, the subject in which we are more directly concerned, the great discovery of Volta, combining new principles of action and power with new instruments of research, is little separated by time from the events just noted. An interval, prolific in

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in results from this discovery, was followed by the sudden disclosure of another and equally remarkable class of phenomena, closely allied to the former, but by the happy suggestion of the discoverer, Œrsted, pointing out an untrodden path which was instantly and eagerly pursued by men of science in every part of Europe. These researches, while evolving in their progress the new subject of electro-dynamics, led further to one of those great general results of which we have spoken—the identification of the electric and magnetic forces as one element, or the reduction of all magnetic power to the action of electric currents upon or within certain forms and qualities of matter. This discovery ranks in the same high class as that just mentioned, of the connexion of electrical and chemical forces, which in Faraday's hands has been raised to the expression and proof of identity: thus reducing to one element of action (if we may be allowed such a phrase) what were before received as three—a result to which we will admit that some links of evidence are still wanting, but yet explicit and certain enough to be fitly recorded as one of the great triumphs of modern science. The further determination by Faraday of the identity of voltaic and animal electricity with that of the machine, and his researches relating to electric induction, electrolytes, and the definite measurements of electric power, all denote the same progress towards more general laws, and a closer concentration of knowledge on this subject.

In Optical science, the discoveries of Young, Fresnel, Malus, Brewster, and others scarcely less eminent, as to the diffraction and interference of light—double refraction and polarization in its several forms and incidents—the phenomena connected with the optical axes of crystals, and other properties of this great element—gave a sudden impulse and new directions to the inquiry which the genius of Newton had originated. The undulatory theory of light, fortified by these discoveries, became the means of carrying them yet further; affording anticipations of unattained results—as in the case of the conversion of the plane polarization of light into the circular—which it was the province of the most refined experiment to justify and realise. And when Arago found it possible, through certain phenomena of polarized light, to determine, by a mere fragment of Iceland crystal, whether the light of comets is their own or not, and whether that of the sun is from its solid body or a gaseous envelope around it, it was evident that we were entering into the midst of principles and relations of the highest order. About the same period the several phenomena of the solar spectrum, ascertained by the elder Herschel, Wollaston, and Frauenhofer, laid a foundation for those more extended and delicate researches which have rendered the

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investigation of the solar beam, in its whole complex constitution but particularly in its chemical relations and application to photography and thermography, one of the most interesting problems in physical science, the complete solution of which is yet reserved as a triumph for future inquiry.

In Astronomy, after Laplace had already completed the general theory of the solar system, by reducing all the known planetary perturbations within the Newtonian law, the science received a new direction and fresh vigour through the sublime discoveries of Herschel among the nebulæ and double stars; involving elements of number, space, and time, which, to borrow the words of Pascal, 'l'imagination se lasse plutôt de concevoir que la nature de fournir.' Scarcely, indeed, did they obtain entire assent until attested and extended by his son Sir J. Herschel, and other eminent astronomers, among whom Bessel and Struve stand foremost. The discovery of periods of revolution, in elliptical orbits, among the double and multiple stars, extended at once the common law of gravitation to those remote regions of space, and enabled science securely to penetrate where the hardiest fancy has no power to follow. These revolutions (offering even eventual methods for determining the distance of such binary systems from the earth)—the proper motions of other stars, including our own sun, in the field of space—the phenomena of the periodic and variable stars—and the various forms and changes, whatever they may be, of the nebular systems—open out vast objects to future astronomers,—'things,' as Bacon says, 'which may be done in the succession of ages, though not within the hour-glass of one man's life.' While thus briefly noting them, we cannot wholly omit that signal triumph of the time in which we are writing, the discovery of a new and more distant planet in our own system; not by some happy accident in sweeping the heavens with a telescope, but as the happier result of a consummate calculation on the progressive disturbances in the motions of Uranus; requiring, *to satisfy the strict law of gravitation*, a disturbing body *acting from without*; and indicating, from the nature and amount of the disturbances, not merely the existence, but also the direction, distance, and mass of the yet unseen globe.* Though not himself the first observer, the event occurred

* We may be allowed to regret, without incurring the charge of narrow national feeling, that the equality in the first great step to this discovery, and the approximation to it in the second, of which Cambridge has to boast, did not actually achieve the result. While every admiration is due to Le Verrier's perfect methods and results (and it is impossible not to feel the beauty of such computations as that determining the exact limits between which the planet was to be sought), it would be palpably unjust to Mr. Adams not to admit and record that he *obtained and communicated still earlier results*;

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occurred in the Observatory of Encke; a name attached to the comet whose short and accelerated revolutions—by making probable the existence, in the solar system at least, of an ætherial matter occupying space—have added one more to those general deductions which belong to the period before us. All these things are evidence that Astronomy, while reaching earlier than other sciences to many of these great conclusions, has participated with them in that impulse towards still higher inquiry which we have described as marking the present era.

In Geology again, to carry our illustrations a step further, the doctrine of Hutton, so ably developed by Playfair, and the controversy which ensued between the partisans of the igneous and aqueous theories, gave a sudden stimulus to the science, though far inferior in degree and permanence to that derived from the labours, concurrent as to time, which have rendered the name of Cuvier illustrious to posterity. His discoveries in fossil remains, given to the world in the spirit of true philosophy, were the robust germ of a science which has since grown with unparalleled vigour, forming at this time one of the most wonderful attainments in the circle of human knowledge; inasmuch as it deals with conditions of change of organized life all over the earth—the extinction of old genera and species, and the creation of new—with periods of time, and changes of form in the solid crust of the globe, too great to be measured, save in that latest period when man first appears as a tenant of its surface;—yet, in the indications of order of succession, and general character of these revolutions, scarcely less perfect in evidence than those experimental sciences to which we lend our firmest belief.* Did our space allow of it, it would be easy to bring numerous instances from modern geology of this progress towards general laws; such

results; which results, applied to observation, did actually *first bring the planet before the eye of man*. Had it been recognized as a planet when thus first seen, Adams would have held the place, which Le Verrier now holds, in the history of the discovery. These things must not be forgotten, either for the present time or the future, as they are essential to truth and justice.

* Even in works professedly occupied with this topic, we find but partial recognition of the great fact which confers so much grandeur upon it, viz., the evidence offered by the successive and determinate changes in the form and constitution of organic life on the surface of the globe—each period manifestly separated by its conditions from the one antecedent to it—that the creative power and action of the Almighty does not sleep or suspend itself in the vague depths of time, but is ever watching over and acting in that world of which, in its latest recorded form, Man has become the tenant. We know no part of human science which furnishes this proof so entirely and so explicitly. And it has the greater value as meeting and refuting a doctrine which, coming to us originally as a vague, half-poetical speculation of antiquity, has latterly sought to invest itself with the form and colouring of science—we mean, the theory which derives, by a sort of evolution, from general laws once assigned to matter, all the innumerable forms of being

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such as the doctrine of Elie de Beaumont, regarding the relative age of mountain chains—the determination of changes in the relative level of sea and land over the globe—of the influence of heat on mineral masses, both as respects internal structure and the position of strata,—and of those phenomena of elevation and dislocation, to which even geometry has become in part auxiliary; enabling one of our first mathematicians to indicate, by general formulæ of expansive force acting under certain conditions, some of the actual results attained by the observations of the working geologist.

We might readily pursue our illustrations further were it necessary. In Physical Geography, for instance, the travels and various writings of Humboldt, about the period in question, greatly enlarged the scope of this inquiry; multiplying and combining the objects of research so as to give it all the energy of a new branch of science; capable of larger generalization, and connecting itself with every other department of human knowledge. We might further speak of the various discoveries regarding Heat, as it comes to us in the solar ray—as it exists in planetary space—as it is present in the interior of the earth,—and as it acts, or is acted upon by the various forms of matter, in reflexion, absorption, radiation, conduction, polarization, &c.;—researches begun by Black and Leslie; extended under high mathematical formulæ by Fourier; and by the elaborate experiments of Dulong, Melloni, and others, carried forwards to new and unexpected results. We might yet further allude to the Physiology of animal and vegetable life, where the attainments have been equally remarkable; bringing all sciences to bear upon vital phenomena—better defining the types of form and structural development—substituting cellular for vascular action in embryology and the formation of tissues—applying chemistry to objects, and through methods, heretofore untried—classifying anew the structure and functions of the nervous system,—and from every side approaching

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being and life which surround us, or have existed under prior conditions of the globe. This doctrine has found advocates both in France and England; and poetry, under the pen of M. Lamartine, has lent it a sort of aid not ill suited to its merits:—

> 'Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde
> Dans une heure fatale eut enfanté le monde
> Des germes du Chaos;
> De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
> Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
> Rentra dans son repos.'

From such composition as this we willingly turn to the elder and soberer words of Bossuet: 'Que je méprise ces Philosophes, qui, mésurant les conseils de Dieu à leurs pensées, ne le font auteur que d'un certain ordre général, d'où le reste se développe—comme il peut.'

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nearer to that mysterious line which it will probably never be given to human power to traverse.*

But we think it hardly needful to go further, in proving the position we have laid down, or in marking by other instances that sudden and enlarged impulse of discovery which in each particular science, and about the same period, carried men forwards to inquiries more searching and profound than heretofore;—establishing at the same time relations and connexions throughout every part of the natural world, far more intimate and universal than had been surmised by the highest genius or most ardent imagination of former times. Thus, while the circle of physical knowledge has been rapidly and widely extending itself, the sciences and objects it embraces have been ever acquiring greater concentration and unity; pressing inwards to certain common principles and laws, the further development of which may be regarded as one of the highest purposes, and most legitimate rewards, of future inquiry.

The second great mark set upon science at the present day, is its *increased and still increasing exactness in all methods of research;* and as a necessary effect of this, the much greater precision and truth of all the results obtained. We may safely affirm that there is no branch of experimental science in which the results of any experiment made fifty years ago would now be received without repetition,—no observation of natural objects, either by the eye or other instruments, made at that time, which has not been found to require revision. And we may equally affirm that the instances are exceedingly rare where such repetition and revision have not altered, more or less, the nature or amount of the results, often to so great an extent as to affect all the more material conclusions thence deduced. To the mathematical sciences of course this comment does not equally apply; but even here the greater exactness as to all facts and phenomena furnishes a much sounder basis for the processes employed.

What we have just stated will readily be recognised by men of science; but we are not aware that it has ever been put forward in such explicit form as the subject might well warrant. For an

* In the application of chemistry to physiology, the principle we think likely to be most fertile is one recently developed and applied by Liebig and others, that, viz., based on the fact that certain matters, even in the minutest quantity, do, in the act of combination or decomposition, bring other and far larger masses with which they come in contact into the same state, provided the atoms of the second are *capable of the same kind of change* as those of the first. The wide application of this principle to fermentation and to the action of different substances on the blood and organized tissues, will at once be seen. If fully sanctioned by further experiment, it will rank among the many general laws which are now gathering around a common centre.

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exposition of this kind, carried throughout all the physical sciences, would be exceedingly valuable as a part of the history of human knowledge; or even of the human mind itself, in those various conditions of change it has undergone in the progress of ages, and in the distribution of men over the countries of the earth. The topic, in fact, embraces the principles and application of *evidence*, as concerned in physical research;—a matter singularly curious and instructive in its history; and like every other part of the law of evidence as received and applied in the affairs of mankind, furnishing a sort of index to the intellectual state of any given age or country.

For the disparity which manifestly exists in different minds in the perception of what are the proofs of truth, exists also in nations and communities of men;—a fact variously attested to us, and in no example more distinctly than in the history of physical science, whether speculative or experimental. Much curious illustration might be given from the writings of Greek and Roman philosophers, as well as from the more familiar sources which make known to us the opinions and superstitions of their times. Some men, indeed, like Archimedes, stand apart from, and above all rule. But as a general fact, we find, even in the best periods of antiquity, a singular want of all just perception of evidence in the observation of natural phenomena, strikingly contrasted with the urgent requisition for it in our own time—how far, in the case of the Greeks, owing to their peculiar vein of scholastic philosophy, to the influence of language, or other causes, we cannot now stop to inquire.* During the intermediate ages, down to the very time of Bacon, little improvement occurred, or was to be expected under the circumstances concurring to prevent it. The subsequent progress, though slow perhaps, yet has been determinate and uninterrupted down to the period of which we are now treating. Since this time the change, as to all that concerns the exactness and strict demonstration of science, has been such in amount, and so rapid, as to justify the same brief illustration of this second characteristic mark of modern science which we have already given to the former. And to this we now proceed.

Recurring first then to Chemistry—how wonderful is the differ-

* Hippocrates, one of the most sagacious and accurate observers of antiquity, has perhaps indicated the main cause:—Δυο γαρ, επιστημη τε και δοξα· δν το μεν επιστασθαι ποιει· το δε, αγνοειν. The δόξα of the Greek schools was eminently unfavourable to exact knowledge during the period in question, as well as during still later ages in the history of the world.

An ample and interesting discussion of this topic will be found in the first volume of Dr. Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' of which we are glad to see that a new and revised edition has just appeared.

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ence between an analysis of the time of Bergman and Fourcroy, and one of the present day coming from the hands of Berzelius, Mitscherlich, or Liebig! The chemist is now bound to render back as the weight of the constituent parts, be they solid or gaseous, what he receives as the weight of the whole. In the analysis of any given compound, instead of a rude per centage of ingredients, with a large amount set down under the head of *loss*, he fixes the relative proportions with an exactness which is at once aided and attested by the great law of definite proportions, giving a mathematical character to the result. While what was once vaguely recorded as loss, is now made to yield its contents; including, as often happens, minute fractional quantities of substances, heretofore unknown, yet essential, it may be, to the nature and integrity of the compound. The actual state of analysis, as applied to organic matters, is the most recent triumph, as well as the best example of the case we are stating,—an application still in progress, evolving every day new methods and higher refinements, and leading us nearer, not indeed to the nature of vitality, but to the power and processes through which it operates in the world around us. Physiology, aided by these new chemical resources, and by the increased power and delicacy of the microscope, is not merely enlarging its boundary, as already shown, but attaining at the same time an exactitude of results—far short, doubtless, of future knowledge—yet much greater than any hitherto possessed.

Let us take Meteorology as another example—a part of our knowledge still very imperfect, from the number of elements conjointly concerned, and the complexity of all the phenomena, yet how entirely altered from its state forty years ago! With instruments far more perfect, and at innumerable stations over the face of the globe, the most minute and authentic registers are now kept of the weight, temperature, and humidity of the atmosphere—of its electrical and magnetic conditions—of the direction, velocity, and duration of winds—of the quantity of rain falling—and of the meteoric phenomena which more irregularly affect our planet, either from causes proper to itself, or from external agents in its orbital passage through space.* It is in this part of science that the system of averages is chiefly instrumental in furnishing results. The number and precision of observa-

* This point of the extraneous influence the surface of the earth may undergo during its progress through space, has scarcely, we think, obtained due notice—a matter, doubtless, in great degree speculative at present, yet rendered more probable by recent observation (we allude especially to the periodical meteoric appearances of August and November), admitting of future evidence from several sources, and if hereafter proved, making it likely that many phenomena of meteorology, as well as of climate and season, may be thus explained.

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tions become therefore of the highest consequence; and no one can duly appreciate the progress as to these points who has not compared the tables now constructed, with the vague and limited registers of weather which once formed our sole meteorological knowledge.

The same remark applies to Physical Geography at large. In the early part of the century it had scarcely become a branch of knowledge. Now, as we have before stated, it ramifies itself through all; its objects enlarged and defined; its results, whether relating to surface, climate, productions, or other physical phenomena of the globe, increasing every day in number and exactness. We have already spoken of the great influence Humboldt has had in this department of inquiry. The strong vein of his talent, as of his actual labours, lies in this direction. A happy instance of it may be found in one of his more recent memoirs on the mean height of continents, and their centre of gravity, as influenced by mountain masses and chains. His other writings, and particularly his latest work, the Cosmos, abound in similar illustrations, all expressing a state of knowledge more special, exact, and minute.

In connexion with the same general view, we may mention the pendulum observations of Sabine—the records of terrestrial magnetism, as derived from observations in every part of the globe—and the recent researches of Whewell and Lubbock on the tides, as examples of the ever-growing demand for exactness of results, obtained by more perfect instruments, and from averages of greater numerical value.

Of the rapid extension of knowledge, depending greatly on increased exactness of research, Zoology furnishes a striking example. The new classification of the animal kingdom by Cuvier gave at once fresh stimulus to discovery, and a better basis on which to repose it. Such have been the zeal and enterprise of naturalists—favoured, indeed, by facilities of travel before unknown—that within the last twenty years the number of distinct species, collected and classified, has been nearly doubled in every class. We might particularise the ratio of increase of each, but will merely state as instances, that the Mammalia, numbered in 1828 by Cuvier and Desmarest at 700, now reach nearly 1200—the Fishes, estimated somewhat earlier by Lacépède at 2000, are now increased to about 8000—while the Insects, calculated by Humboldt in 1821 at 44,000, have at this time reached the amount of more than 100,000 collected species! A profuse variety in the forms of animal life, scarcely less confounding to the imagination than are the numbers by which we measure the heavens, or record the velocity and vibrations of light.

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light. We might draw from the progress of Botany instances not less remarkable, did our limits allow of such detail.

In Geology we find the expression of a similar and equal change, principally due to palæontology, as a part of the subject. The study of fossil remains, to which we have already alluded as one of the greatest steps of modern science, has removed endless ambiguities and errors in the theory and classification of rocks. Connexion or identity, as to age and relative position, can be determined by this means for strata in remote parts of the world, even where all other marks of external resemblance are wanting. The recent recognition and classification of the Silurian system by Murchison, an important step in geology, is derived chiefly from this source; and equally so the division of the tertiary formations proposed by Lyell—provisional, it may be, but founded on a rational basis, and rendering all future observations more easy and precise. A good economical example to our purpose may be found in the present exact knowledge of the carboniferous system, precluding hereafter any ignorant and expensive search after coal where none worth working can ever be found.

And, again, in the manner of studying these fossil remains, how striking are the proofs of increasing accuracy as to facts! Half a century ago huge bones were dug out of the alluvion; the forms of reptiles, fishes, and shells hewn out of solid rocks; gigantic ferns and other tropical plants found among the coal strata, with little notice or name given to these appearances. Now the classification of the fossil world is well nigh as complete and exact as that of existing life. The fossil species, animal and vegetable, discovered and classed, amount to nearly 10,000; and the additions continually made to this number not merely tend to complete the series of these remains of former conditions of the earth, but often even fill up the *lacunæ* or gaps in the forms of animal life around us. The Memoir of Owen on British Fossil Marine Reptiles is a striking example of what has been done in a single subdivision of the subject. The results obtained by this eminent naturalist from microscopic examination of the internal structure of teeth, are further curiously illustrative of that strictness and minuteness of research which have been extended to every part of comparative anatomy, as well of fossils as of existing animal life. And yet more remarkable in this light are the discoveries of Ehrenberg among the fossil Infusoria, showing conditions and changes of animal life before unknown; and the production from the siliceous or calcareous coverings of those microscopic beings, of aggregate masses of some of the hardest rocks forming the crust of the globe.

In Astronomy again, though exact observation began earlier than

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than in other sciences, and, aided by the powers of the higher mathematics, attained wonderful results, yet have they been greatly extended and rectified by the more powerful and perfect instruments of the present time. The working astronomer has been sedulous in discovering causes of instrumental disturbance; and providing against them by artifices of precaution, which would seem almost to have reached their maximum of refinement. The great achromatic glasses of Munich (why not of London also?) by their signal excellence have given a power of penetration into space, to which we owe some of the finest discoveries. While the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, fashioned in its details with the delicacy of a microscope, has never yet been directed to the heavens without disclosing some new fact or correcting some prior observation. *Cœli munimenta perrupit.* To this great perfection of instruments are due such observations as those which have recently determined the parallax of certain fixed stars—the proper motions of others, including our own sun and his system—the periods of revolution of double stars—the existence and perturbations of the five telescopic planets between Mars and Jupiter—and, as a rare example of refined research, the perturbation of the mean motions of the Earth and Venus, from the inequality of their periodic times, discovered by the Astronomer Royal, though not exceeding a few seconds in amount.

There is no part of physical science, in fact, in which observation or experiment are concerned, where the same progress in perfection of instruments has not occurred. Space, time, force, motion and weight, however expressed in the phenomena of nature, are all determined with far greater precision; and sources of error recognised and removed which heretofore were unknown or disregarded. When even the simple spirit-level has undergone various improvements in our hands, it may well be understood that the microscope, the pendulum, the instruments for measuring terrestrial magnetism, for analyzing the subtle and complex phenomena of light and electricity, and for indicating the several conditions of the atmosphere, have been the subject of still greater change and improvement. And not merely this, but the progress of discovery itself, and the larger and more direct application of science to arts and manufactures, have placed in our hands instruments altogether new, and capable of attaining new classes of results. We may cite, as a remarkable case in point, the thermo-electric pile, which Melloni and Forbes have made a means of measuring degrees of heat hitherto inappreciable; and of determining other properties of this great element before unknown; and which, in their approximation to the phenomena of light, become of high interest to philosophy. We will

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will mention another signal instance. Though astronomy, through the transits of Jupiter's satellites, had shown the velocity of light, what but the exact resources of modern science, vesting themselves in the most ingenious combinations, could have enabled Wheatstone to assign a comparative measure of speed to the electrical current, designating thereby those enormous velocities of which the electric telegraph is at once the exponent and the practical application?

In alluding to the connexion of physical knowledge with the arts of life, we cannot pass over the Steam Engine in its various forms, as the transcendant instance of what has been attained in the perfection and practical uses of machinery. At first a comparatively rude and powerless application of a natural agent, it has now, by a consummate adaptation of parts, and the removal of all that can impair or disturb its action, become the most powerful, as well as most certain and controllable minister of man —carrying him at the speed of fifty miles an hour along his railways—stemming the wildest storms of the Atlantic—draining the deepest mines, and converting the great Lake of Haarlem to dry land—or giving continuous and orderly motion to the complex myriads of wheels which perform the work of a Manchester cotton-mill. Familiar as these things now are to our daily view, they would have served as material for the fairy tales of our forefathers. And in every point they singularly exemplify what we are now describing, viz., the great power which man has gained over the natural world and its most uncontrollable elements, by the variety of combinations and exactness of methods which are characteristic of modern science.

We have dwelt much longer than we intended on these two topics. But we think the digression will be justified to our readers by their intrinsic interest, as describing very remarkable changes in the extent and state of physical knowledge and in the intellectual history of man; and yet further, by their more particular relation to the researches before us. Linked together, as all the physical sciences are, by a chain of common truths, which is ever gathering more closely around them, yet is Electricity foremost perhaps in its intimate connexions with all—absorbing some, as we have seen—expounding others—and developing actions and principles which from their universality give certain promise of disclosing other relations yet unknown and unsuspected. What results, for instance, may we not fairly anticipate from the principle of polarity, supplied as a basis of future inquiry to the different forms of matter and action around us?—a principle first brought into clear light by what may now be termed

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termed the electric currents of the magnet—developed in every other part of electrical research—and now extended, under modifications which do not exclude the notion of unity of source, to the elements of light and heat, and to endless conditions and combinations of matter over the globe. All that belongs to chemical affinities, and to the phenomena of attraction and repulsion, will probably in the end merge in some common expression of this nature. And if future inquiry should resolve into a truth the theory of Æpinus, extended and vindicated by the higher mathematics of Mosotti, that gravitation itself is but a residual force—a balance of attractive power arising out of definite atomical actions of attraction and repulsion among the molecules of matter and the electric element, severally and mutually—then do we at once extend the same principle throughout all known space—the highest attainment, it may be, and ultimate limit of our knowledge of the natural world.*

The paths through which such high attainments may be made are in some points obvious, in others still hidden or obscure. The discoveries we are about to describe form undoubtedly one great step in advance; and that they are so regarded by Dr. Faraday himself is obvious from his statement of the views which conducted him more directly to the inquiry:—

'I have long held an opinion, almost amounting to conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin; or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. In modern times the proofs of their convertibility have been accumulated to a very considerable extent, and a commencement made of the determination of their equivalent forces. This strong persuasion extended to the powers of light; and led on a former occasion to many exertions, having for their object the discovery of the direct relations of light and electricity, and their mutual action in bodies subject jointly to their power, but the results were negative. These ineffectual exertions, and many others never published, could not remove my strong persuasion, derived from philosophical considerations; and therefore I recently resumed the inquiry by experiment in a most strict and searching manner, and have at last

* In reviewing these higher parts and passages of modern science, we are half tempted to desire some Lucretius, who might wrap in verse, immortal as his, matters which engage the imagination not less forcibly than they do the reason. Those of our readers who are happily familiar with this greatest of the Latin poets, will almost imagine the lines in which he would have invested these doctrines of polarity, definite proportions, and molecular changes (the *primordia rerum*, μιγεθη αδιαιρετα) which enter so largely into the science of the present day, while curiously approximating in many points to the reveries of ancient philosophy.

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succeeded in *magnetizing and electrifying a ray of light, and in illuminating a magnetic line of force.*'

The passage we have quoted forms an introduction to the first of these memoirs, and indicates thus far the nature of the discoveries which are its subject. The two succeeding papers record another class of very important phenomena, depending on the same element of power, but so far distinct in character that they might have been discovered altogether independently of the former. We shall take the subjects in the order adopted by our author; seeking in each case to simplify our statement of them as much as possible, both for brevity's sake, and, yet more, to render the description intelligible to those of our readers who may not be familiar with the facts and phraseology of this part of science.

The first paper is entitled 'On the Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force.' We think there is room for question as to the fitness of this title; and, though vindicated by an able note, it seems doubtful whether Dr. Faraday himself is wholly satisfied on the subject. We are led to infer from several passages in the paper, that subsequently to the date of the discovery some modification occurred in his views as to the precise nature of the actions concerned; a point to which we shall again refer when speaking of the theory of the phenomenon. We will merely say, meanwhile, that we consider the question of little moment where the results are so real and important under any mode of designating them.

We must not, however, regard the relation of light and magnetism as entirely a new subject, or for the first time submitted to experiment. More than thirty years ago, Morichini of Rome, and at a later time Mrs. Somerville, made observations which seemed to indicate an action of the violet rays of the spectrum in magnetizing needles exposed to their influence. The uncertainty or failure of these experiments in the hands of others threw doubt upon them; but the inquiry was revived in another form by Mr. Christie, whose valuable observations, recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for 1826 and 1828, show that a magnetized needle, exposed to the sun's rays, has its arcs of vibration lessened, so as to come to rest sooner than it would otherwise do. Another paper, about the same time, by Mr. Mark Watt, relates other experiments of more ambiguous kind, made with what he calls a Solar Compass; but the inquiry languished, and was fruitless of any certain results until the date of the present discovery.

The fact discovered, taking the most simple and concise expression of it, amounts to this,—that a ray of polarized light, transmitted through certain transparent substances placed in the line

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line of force or action connecting the opposite poles of an electric magnet, is so affected by this power that it becomes visible or invisible according as the current is flowing or not at the moment; this influence being more complete as the ray of light is more exactly parallel to the line of magnetic force; ceasing, if perpendicular to it. The changes thus produced are instantaneous, certain, and capable of being repeated as rapidly as the current can be suspended or renewed. We omit for the moment one important part of the phenomenon, which will be better understood when we have made more explicit what has been thus briefly stated.

First, then, with regard to the several elements concerned in this action; viz., the polarized light—the magnetic or electro-magnetic force—and the diamagnetic, as the body has been termed, through which this force passes in producing its effects.

To those of our readers who are not familiar with the phenomena of polarized light, a short explanation may be needful for the understanding of the facts before us. A ray of light, under ordinary circumstances, when reflected from any surface, is capable of being reflected again from another surface, or of passing directly through any transparent substance. But let this ray of light be submitted to a single reflection at one particular angle, varying somewhat in different substances—or to certain conditions of refraction, depending on the nature of the body through which it is transmitted—and it becomes polarized; or has undergone a change which renders it incapable of being again reflected, except at particular angles; or of being transmitted through transparent bodies, except in particular positions or directions. This phenomenon, now justly accounted one of the most important in optical science, may better be understood in the form of experiment than by any description, especially when following it through the various and beautiful deductions to which the discovery has led. It is difficult to characterize by words, or even to follow in idea, the change the light has undergone in this process, though various attempts have been made to assist in the conception of it, under each hypothesis as to the nature of light, and especially in connexion with the theory of undulation. All we are at present concerned with, however, is the simple fact, and its relation to the magnetic power.

Next, then, as to this power, or current, or line of force; for the state of our knowledge still requires these ambiguous terms with respect to the element which is the source of action in these phenomena. The line in which such action exists is that, whether straight or curved, which connects the two opposite poles of any magnetic arrangement—completing that circuit of the magnetic or electric

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electric power, the interruption or renewal of which, with the effects on bodies made to intervene, or placed in certain relation of proximity to it, are mainly the foundation of all the phenomena in this branch of science, complex though they be, and rendered more so by the imperfect nomenclature applied to them. Other definitions might be given, even more general and inclusive; but we believe this to be well adapted to the understanding of the subject, as well as to just views in electrical science at large. It must be kept in mind, however, while using the terms *magnetic* and *electric* indifferently, as expressing power derived from a common source, that this power varies in effects according to its manner of action or distribution; so that while under one condition we have the phenomena of induction and electrolization arising from electric forces, in another we have the same power so acting as to produce magnetic phenomena, including those of which we are now treating—the two classes of results being only partially convertible into one another.

The magnetic arrangement employed by Dr. Faraday in these experiments was for the most part the electro-magnet. This beautiful and powerful instrument, depending on the principle of electrical induction, is formed by coiling copper-wire, covered with silk, round a thick cylinder of soft iron, and transmitting the voltaic current—that is, electricity from a voltaic battery—through the series of coils; thereby instantaneously converting the soft iron into a magnet, the power of which bears a certain ratio to the number of coils and the intensity of the current. A magnet has been thus made capable of sustaining a ton weight; and this enormous power, created in a moment by the completion of the electric circuit through the coils, is as suddenly annihilated by its interruption—one of the most miraculous attainments of science, in its dealing with the great physical agents around us. The command thus given to the operator of changing at any moment the condition of the experiment, by suspension or renewal of the acting power, is manifestly of the highest importance. The electro-magnet chiefly used by Dr. Faraday was one of the horse-shoe form, as more convenient for the purposes of experiment. Its power was that of sustaining from 28 lbs. to 56 lbs.; any below this not affording the same clear or certain results.

The third agent, if so we may term it, concerned in this discovery is the *diamagnetic*, or substance through which the polarized light and magnetic force are made to pass, to obtain the effects in question. Many bodies, as we shall hereafter see, are capable of rendering these effects; but none, yet tried, so completely or advantageously as a kind of heavy glass, made and described by Faraday himself seventeen years ago, under the name of the silicated

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cated borate of lead. A portion of this glass formed the diamagnetic through which the discovery of the relation between light and magnetism was first made, and the same substance continued to furnish the best experimental results during the inquiry.

Having thus noted the three elements concerned, we proceed to the action itself, and its manner of demonstration, taking Dr. Faraday's own description as the best that can be given:—

'A ray of light issuing from an argand lamp was polarized in a horizontal plane by reflection from glass, and the polarized ray passed through a Nichol's eye-piece, revolving on a horizontal axis, so as to be easily examined by the latter. Between the polarizing mirror and the eye-piece two powerful electro-magnetic poles were arranged, separated from each other about two inches in the direction of the ray, and so placed that if on the same side of the polarized ray it might pass near them, or if on contrary sides it might go between them—its direction being always parallel, or nearly so, to the magnetic lines of force: any transparent substance, therefore, placed between the two poles would have, passing through it, both the polarized ray and the magnetic lines of force at the same time and in the same direction.

'A piece of the heavy glass, about two inches square and half an inch thick, having flat and polished edges, was placed as a *diamagnetic* between the poles (not yet magnetized by the electric current), so that the polarized ray should pass through its length. The glass acted as air, water, or any indifferent substance would do; and if the eye-glass were previously turned into such a position that the polarized ray was extinguished, or rather, the image produced by it rendered invisible, then the introduction of this glass made no alteration in that respect. In this state of circumstances, the force of the electro-magnet was developed, by sending an electric current through its coils, and immediately the image of the light became visible, and continued so as long as the arrangement continued magnetic. On stopping the electric current, and so causing the magnetic force to cease, the light instantly disappeared; and these phenomena could be renewed at pleasure, at any instant of time, showing a perfect dependence of cause and effect.'

To the phenomenon thus described, other important conditions, already referred to, were speedily added. The progress of experiment showed the character of the force thus impressed to be that of *rotation;* for when the ray of polarized light had thus been rendered visible, revolution of the eye-piece to a certain point, right or left, caused its extinction; while its yet further motion to one side or other reproduced the light, and with complementary tints, according as this further motion was to the right or left hand. And the law here, as determined by Dr. Faraday, is thus explicitly stated:—

'Magnetic lines, then, in passing through silicated borate of lead (the heavy glass), and a great number of other substances, cause these bodies to act upon a polarized ray of light when the lines are parallel to the

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the ray, or in proportion as they are parallel to it;—if they are perpendicular to the ray, they have no action upon it. They give the diamagnetic the power of rotating the ray; and the *law* of this action on light is, that if a magnetic line of force be *going from* a N. pole, *or coming from* a S. pole, along the path of a polarized ray coming to the observer, it will rotate that ray to the right hand; or, that if such a line of force be coming from a N. pole, or going from a S. pole, it will rotate such a ray to the left hand.'

The discovery of these great facts led Dr. Faraday to the variations of experiment best calculated to define and illustrate them. Certain of these variations regarded the manner of generating and applying the magnetic or electric force. That the diamagnetic glass, placed between the contrary poles of two cylinder electro-magnets, should produce the same action as when between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet, might have been presumed; but not equally so, that it should give the same results with the ray of polarized light, by the action of a common steel horse-shoe magnet, without any electric current being employed. Such, however, was the case as to the nature of the effects, though they were feebler in degree—thus giving new attestation, if any were required, of the identity of the magnetic and electric forces. A further proof of this was furnished by other and very interesting variations of experiment, in which the action of electric currents alone was employed, apart from any magnetic arrangement. Helices, or concentric spirals of copper-wire, of various length and thickness, were used in these experiments; the diamagnetic being introduced within the spiral of the helix—if a liquid, enclosed in glass tubes. A ray of polarized light transmitted through the diamagnetic so placed, and made to disappear by turning the eye-glass, was instantly brought into sight again on the electric current being sent through the coils of the helix—disappearing as instantaneously when the current was stopped. These effects were invariable, however frequent and rapid the changes which produced them. And the progress of the experiments elicited this further important fact, that the rotation impressed upon the ray of light was to one side or the other, according as the electric current was sent through the helix in one or other direction of its length. It is not easy to describe the phenomena of rotation without some visible aid; but the general law obtained here may be thus expressed: 'that when an electric current passes round a ray of polarized light in a plane perpendicular to the ray, it causes the ray to revolve on its axis, as long as it is under the influence of the current, in the *same direction* as that in which the current is passing.'

There is great beauty, as Dr. Faraday justly remarks, in the

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simplicity of this law; and it is no less striking from its identity with that given before expressing the action of magnetism on light. Confirmations of this elementary unity of the electric and magnetic forces thus come in from every side; rendered more remarkable here by that association with the phenomena of light which points at relations hitherto unknown, and of the deepest import to future science.

Another series of these experiments regarded the relative power of different substances, and as diamagnetics, in producing these effects. First, it was found that bodies very remote from each other in chemical, physical, and mechanical properties—solids and liquids, acids and alkalies, oils, water, alcohol, ether—possess in one degree or other the power in question, the action being of the same kind, *viz.* a rotative influence over a ray of light. Flint and crown glass have the property, but much more feebly than the heavy glass. Crystalline bodies, as a class, seem to resist the assumption of this rotating state. Though water possesses the power, pure ice apparently does not. Quartz, Iceland spar, and gypsum are without effect on the ray of light—rock-salt and fluor-spar give slight indications of it. All aqueous solutions possess the property—this uniformity of result making it probable that the water is chiefly concerned in the result. With air and other gaseous bodies, though tried in various forms, the experiments always gave negative results. In examining the many substances which have naturally a rotative force upon light, such for example as oil of turpentine, it was found that the superinduced magnetic rotation was according to the general law before stated, irrespectively of the natural rotation, except in adding to, or deducting from, its amount, as the direction may be. The illustration of this point is, perhaps, somewhat less lucid than Dr. Faraday's expositions usually are, and its understanding requires comparison of different clauses in his paper.

Another class of experiments, briefly recorded, embraces various combinations of the polarized ray with magnetic and electric forces, under circumstances of position and direction other than those which produce the phenomena already described, and with various substances, liquid and solid. As these experiments yielded only negative results, we do not think it needful to particularize them; though we would remark that such results are often as important to a train of research as those of more positive kind. Both are the records of natural facts, and mutually illustrative of the subject to which they pertain.

The latter part of this paper contains general observations on the phenomena described; and these possess all the interest which belongs to speculation on the higher elements of the material world,

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world, in their operation as causes, and in their mutual relations. The genius of our author is not less remarkable here than in the conception and conduct of the experiments which form the basis of such speculation; yet we are led to think that he has incurred some slight embarrassment from the title of his paper before alluded to; and principally as respects the proximate cause of the phenomena. The subject in truth is one where it is difficult to mould language to the theory of the abstruse actions concerned; and terms and ideas, almost metaphysical in kind, begin to blend themselves with the more exact realities of science.

The important question is obviously that which regards the manner of action of the magnetic or electric force upon polarized light—the mode in which one becomes the cause of change in the other. A ray of light is passing under certain conditions through a piece of glass—an electric current is made to flow in parallel lines through the same medium—the transmission of the light is instantly affected, so that it appears, or disappears, according as the electric current is passing or is suspended. Is this remarkable change the result of a direct action of electricity or magnetic force (we still use the terms synonymously) upon light? or is it due, principally or solely, to the intervention of the material particles of the body through which this force and the ray are simultaneously passing? This is probably the most distinct form in which the question can be propounded, though, as we shall presently see, it has been somewhat modified in solution by Dr. Faraday himself.

The earlier impressions regarding the discovery undoubtedly leant to the former opinion, *viz.*, that there occurs a direct mutual action between magnetism and light, under the contiguity, and other circumstances of relation, in which the experiment places them—and this view was in some degree inculcated by the title of the paper, in its more literal interpretation. Further consideration, however, soon suggested the need of looking to the diamagnetic also, and estimating the part which the matter composing it bears in these changes. Indifferent it could not be, because its presence was necessary in the experiment; and because one class of substances evolved the phenomena, while others were totally without any such effect. It became clear, then, that whatever the effect of the magnetic current on light, the interposition of matter of certain kinds and under certain conditions was needful to its demonstration; and various facts, previously made known, as to the relation of the molecular constitution of bodies to the transmission or polarization of light, concurred in rendering the inference more certain and distinct. If, as in the experiments of Mitscherlich, heat applied externally to certain

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crystals was capable (without the slightest change of form or departure from the solid state) of so altering their internal structure that new crystalline forms were discovered within, then we at once obtain a strong case of analogy for the influence of other agents—more powerful and penetrating it may be—upon these same internal molecules, and through them, upon the passage of light. Modern science indeed is replete with such analogies, drawn from the discovery of molecular changes, under conditions of hardness, pressure, and definite form, which seem to render them impossible; and we might reasonably have cited this in a former part of our article, as one of the great laws which it has belonged to the present period to disclose.

Upon these considerations the question recurs, whether in defining the actions concerned in the phenomena before us, including those which relate to the rotation of the ray, we are entitled to go beyond the supposition that the molecules of the diamagnetic body are in such way affected by the magnetic force as to change their relation to the passage of light—the ray of light being in this view simply the exponent and measure of molecular change? Here, where physical deduction begins to approach its almost metaphysical limit, it is right that we should refer to Dr. Faraday's views as expressed by himself:—

'Thus is established a true direct relation and dependence between light and the magnetic and electric forces; and thus a great addition made to the facts and considerations which tend to prove that all natural forces are tied together, and have one common origin. . . . . The magnetic forces do not act on the ray of light directly, and without the intervention of matter, but through the mediation of the substance, in which they and the ray have a simultaneous existence—the substances and the forces giving to and receiving from each other the power of acting on the light. This is shown by the non-action of a vacuum, or gases; and it is also shown by the special degree in which different matters possess the property. *That magnetic force acts upon the ray of light always with the same character of manner, and in the same direction, independent of the different varieties of substance, or their states of solid and liquid, or their specific rotative force, shows that the magnetic force and the light have a direct relation;* but that substances are necessary, and act in different degrees, shows that the magnetism and the light act on each other through the intervention of the matter.'

From this passag it may be inferred that Dr. Faraday adopts the view of a direct relation between light and magnetic force, but with the intervention of matter as necessary to it. If it were not hypercritical in a case so difficult of expression, we might say that there was some incongruity in the use of the term *direct*, where *mediate action* is admitted as needful to the result; and further, we would remark upon the sentence placed in italics, that

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that it does not appear to us conclusive upon the point of direct relation, inasmuch as matter brought under the immediate influence of the magnetic force, though itself of different kinds and properties, may be capable (and, as we shall see from Dr. Faraday's further researches, is very extensively capable) of assuming one common condition; related, it may be, to that on which the changes in the ray of light, and its circular polarization, essentially depend.* What has been already done sanctions the hope of future results which may decide the question—*rationes quæ non persuadent, sed cogunt*—but meanwhile it is best perhaps to limit ourselves to the expression that the mediation of matter, in certain relation to the passage of light and the magnetic force, is necessary to the effects in question.

Whatever interpretation we give to these phenomena, it is to be presumed that future, and probably not distant, discovery will show that the actions involved in them extend to common as well as polarized light. Though the facts are at present limited to the latter, yet we have no reason to regret that the discovery thus originated. The association of light, in this peculiar and definite state, with the electric or magnetic powers, connects its polarity with what Dr. Faraday has happily termed *the duality of character* of these powers—thereby directing and facilitating inquiry in that part of physical science where such aid is most essential from the obscurity of the subject.

Before closing our comments on this first paper, we would refer for a moment to a remark already made respecting the imperfect nomenclature, and what may fairly be called *the infirmity of language*, in application to these subjects. As respects the higher and more abstract elements, powers, or forces of which we have had occasion to speak; and as regards the constitution of matter itself, in its relation to them, the difficulties of thought and theory may well lead to like ambiguities of language. But even in the parts of these sciences where experiment has been most active, and its results most successful, we still labour under imperfect or incongruous terms, which occasionally, 'like a Tartar's bow, shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest.' † This is strikingly true

* To those of our readers who may wish to pursue further this question we would recommend the examination of the paragraphs numbered 2274, 2427, and 2428, in the second and third papers, as these passages, and especially the latter, tend to place the subject in more distinct form. The experiments related in 2427, in comparison of the results from heavy glass and solutions of iron, undoubtedly favour the view of some relation, which may be termed direct, between magnetism and light.

† It is curious and worthy of note to what extent even mathematical sciences are affected by ambiguities of language. Not merely have particular axioms thus become the subjects of controversy, but questions of terms and definitions have been extended even to the higher forms and principles of the science. Differences of conception, vesting themselves in different language, entered largely into the dispute upon that great

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true in electrical science, where the phraseology may be said to be derived from three or four sources, distinct when language was adapted to them, now by the progress of knowledge blended more or less closely into one. Common electricity, voltaic electricity, and magnetism, at present regarded as functions of a common force, have each furnished terms which are separately retained, and often equivocally or superfluously employed. The old question as to the existence of two electricities, even now rather evaded than formally settled, has further added to this contexture of words, so much obscuring the clearness of science. True it is that there may be as much error in making changes of nomenclature too soon, as inconvenience in delaying them; and true, also, that in this particular case, though the various forms of electricity and magnetism have a common origin, their modes of development and action are so different as to sanction some difference of phraseology for each. Still it is certain that greater unity of language, as applied to this part of science, is much to be desired; and progress should be made towards it by removing all terms merely synonymous, and adopting those, as far as possible, which may connect phenomena under common actions or principles. Dr. Faraday, at various periods, has done much for this important object; and we look to his future labours with confidence for its further prosecution.

We now proceed to the second and third of these papers, 'On New Magnetic Actions, and on the Magnetic Condition of all Matter,' a comprehensive title, yet not beyond what the researches justify. The connection of this subject with the former is well indicated by a passage near the close of the first paper, which at the same time justifies the comment we have made on the mutual relations of light, magnetism, and matter:—

'It cannot be doubted that the magnetic forces act upon and affect the internal constitution of the diamagnetic just as freely in the dark as when a ray of light is passing through it; though the phenomena presented by light seem as yet to present the only means of observing this constitution and the change. Further, any such change as this must belong to opaque bodies, such as wood, stone, and metal; for as diamagnetics there is no distinction between them and those which are transparent. * * * If the magnetic forces had made these bodies mag-

great discovery with which the names of Newton and Leibnitz are so eminently connected. The definition of algebra still involves half-a-dozen questions, upon some of which the learning of the Dean of Ely has recently exercised itself. (See Report to British Association, 1833.) The celebrated Lagrange reprehended, in the true vein of Molière (but somewhat too harshly in this case), one of these changes founded upon language, when, having asked and received explanation as to the method of the 'Descriptive Geometry' of Monge, he exclaimed, '*Ah! je ne savais pas que je savais la Géométrie descriptive!*'

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nets, we could, by light, have examined a transparent magnet, and that would have been a great help to our investigation of the forces of matter. But it does not make them magnets; and therefore the molecular condition of these bodies when in the state described must be specifically distinct from that of magnetized iron, or other such matter, and must be a *new magnetic condition;* and as the condition is a state of tension (manifested by its instant return to the normal state, when the magnetic induction is removed), so the *force* which the matter in this state possesses, and its mode of action, must be to us a *new magnetic force or mode of action* of matter.'

The views thus put forth are amply realised in these latter papers, by a series of experiments admirably devised, and so multiplied as to meet every question and contingency. These experiments disclose certain laws pervading the constitution of all matter in relation to the magnetic force—laws not wholly unapproached before, since Becquerel, Seebeck, La Baillif, and others, had discovered and described particular facts depending on them; but never before recognised as such, nor brought by systematic research to the rank they now take among those higher physical principles to which we have so often had occasion to refer.

We may best give our readers a general conception of these results, by alluding to the old distinction between magnetic and non-magnetic bodies. The former class comprised only a few metallic substances, of which iron, nickel, and cobalt were those most distinctly recognised—iron by its vast abundance and superior power, forming, in fact, either alone or in composition, the great magnetic material of the globe. The general characters of a magnetic body are sufficiently familiar to all—its attraction when presented to either pole of an actual magnet—its constant assumption, when free to move, of a position in the line or axis of magnetic force—and its quality, when under these conditions, of acting as a magnet itself, with the further faculty of becoming permanently so by certain methods of easy application. Dr. Faraday, by his present experiments, has added to the number of the magnetic metals; but of the eight or ten now recognised as such, the greater number are of very feeble power.

All other bodies in nature, as far as we yet know, are non-magnetic—that is, do not possess the peculiar properties just described. But it is to this immense class of substances of every form and kind, constituting the great mass of the globe and of organised existence upon it, that the discovery of Dr. Faraday applies; assigning to them a new magnetic quality, scarcely less definite or remarkable than that of the magnetic metals, and standing in very singular relation to it. This relation, in fact, may most simply be described as one of *opposition*. A *non-magnetic body*, whatever its other properties, suspended in a state of free

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free movement in the current or line of magnetic force, is repelled by either pole, and assumes a final position at right angles to this line, and therefore at right angles also to the position which a *magnetic body* would assume under precisely the same circumstances. This we believe to be the most concise as well as most exact description which can be given of the phenomenon. It is a result, as far as we yet know, definite and invariable; the apparent exceptions or modifications of it being all capable of explanation and reduction to the general law. On the importance of the law itself, as applying to such innumerable forms of matter, it is needless to dwell here, as we shall have occasion afterwards to recur to the subject.

The apparatus used in these experiments was still the electro-magnet, from the means it affords of at once giving or suspending a power far greater than that of the common magnet, without the slightest change in the other arrangements. The power given was that of sustaining from half a hundred to a hundred weight: the form usually employed was that of the horse-shoe magnet, with adjustments which allowed a variation of distance up to six inches between the poles, so as to afford a proportionate variation in the intensity of the magnetic force. The results were obtained also with a good common magnet, but in much feebler degree.

For the convenience of description, where two opposite directions of position in the magnetic field are concerned, Dr. Faraday adopts conditionally the terms *axial* and *equatorial*—the former indicating the direction from pole to pole along the line of magnetic force—the latter the direction perpendicular to this, and across the same line. These terms, which are likely to become permanent, we may employ without further explanation, as expressing this important distinction.

The manner of suspension between the poles differed in some degree with the substances to be experimented upon; but was generally effected by a fine thread of cocoon silk, with a sort of cradle or stirrup at its lower end to support the substance. Care is required (using the test of attraction by the pole of the magnet) that these supports contain no magnetic material, and the same precaution must be employed as to the substances experimented upon; otherwise the results are more or less impaired.

The first substance brought to trial was the bar of heavy glass used in the experiments on polarized light; and we may state these results in some detail as illustrative of the whole class of phenomena. The bar of glass being suspended between the magnetic poles, the magnetic power was given by the influx of the electric current. It instantly began to move, turning round its point of suspension into a position *across* the magnetic line of force, and after a few vibrations rested there; returning again to this equatorial

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torial position, if displaced by the hand. Either end of the bar went indifferently to either side of the axial line, the determining circumstance being simply its inclination either one way or the other at the beginning of the experiment. Or, if the point of suspension be not equi-distant from the poles, the same equatorial position results, with the further effect that the centre of gravity of the bar recedes from the pole, and remains repelled from it as long as the magnetic power is passing. There are two positions of equilibrium for the bar—one stable, where it is originally in the equatorial position, and retained there without change by the magnetic force—the other where the bar is equidistant from the poles, and in the exact axial line, but this position unstable, as the least deviation from it causes an entire change into the equatorial line. Placing the point of suspension equidistant from the poles, but removing it a little on one side or other of the axial line, then the bar points as before across the magnetic line of force, while at the same time receding still further from the axial line, and retaining this position as long as the magnetic force is passing. Instead of two magnetic poles, a single pole of an electro-magnet may be used either in vertical or horizontal position, and with effects in perfect accordance with those already described. Farther we may add, that the same effects were obtained when the bar of glass was immersed in water, alcohol, or ether.

To produce the result of pointing across the magnetic line, it is necessary that the bar of glass be of elongated form. Cubes or rounded fragments will not point, except if brought into one close line of suspension, when the effect takes place. But these spherical pieces, or fragments of any form, are repelled from either pole; or if suspended in the equatorial line, on either side of the axis, recede from it further on that side; thus presenting the effects of repulsion and recession under the simplest and most general aspect, as a key to the other phenomena.

It is indeed from these latter results that we derive the most certain proof as to the nature of the actions described. The assumption of the equatorial position by the elongated bar is in fact only a more complicated result of the state and actions of the particles composing it; each particle being repelled from the poles and magnetic axis, and tending to move outwards, or into the positions of weakest magnetic action; and their conjoint effect being that of bringing the mass into the position shown by experiment. A right conception of this point is essential to all clear understanding of the subject. The whole phenomenon, reduced to its most simple form, is that of magnetic repulsion; applied to innumerable kinds of matter, and separate from any proper polarity, inasmuch as either magnetic pole will repel, and both repel at once. This, then, may be termed a magnetic property, new

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to our knowledge; and distinguishing the great mass of terrestrial substances, by a positive instead of merely a negative character, from those particular bodies hitherto called magnetic.

The foregoing details, if we have succeeded in rendering them clear, will enable our readers to follow the shorter summary, into which we must now contract the numerous experiments and results recorded in this paper. From his observations with the heavy glass, Dr. Faraday proceeded to other kinds of glass, to phosphorus, sulphur, quartz, calcareous spar, and other crystals. Finding them all obedient to the same law, he went on to take bodies indifferently from every class, and of every kind—solid and fluid, crystalline and amorphous—in mass, or reduced to the finest powder. With the sole, but important, exceptions of the magnetic metals, and air and other gaseous bodies—the former having an opposite function, the latter indifferent to both—he found the influence and the general law to be the same for all. A catalogue is annexed of nearly sixty substances, taken from the much greater number experimented upon; among which we find water, alcohol, sugar, caoutchouc, wood, ivory, mutton, beef, blood, apple, bread, &c. We ourselves have often seen (and the sight is a strange one, even when expected) a slice of meat or apple, placed between the magnetic poles, begin to move the instant the magnetic force was made to circulate, and end by fixing itself in the equatorial position before described. Could we in similar manner suspend a man in the magnetic field, he too would doubtless point equatorially, as all the substances composing his body possess this property.

The distinction of the metals, as belonging respectively to the two classes of magnetics and diamagnetics (for the term *non-magnetic* is now less apt for use), is a very interesting one; and Dr. Faraday has largely illustrated it by experiment. It is the distinction between a specific attraction, under conditions of polar duality, and a simple repulsive influence by the same agency. The magnetic metals have been named as ten in number, iron being much the most remarkable amongst them. Sixteen other metals, carefully examined, were found to be diamagnetic, or governed by the new magnetic power. Bismuth and antimony manifest this property in high degree, and especially the former; a small bar of which, two inches long, was used in various experiments, and from its great sensibility afforded many remarkable and some rather complicated results. These, however, were all reduced under the general law, and equally so in their termination a series of experiments with copper bars, which presented in the outset some singular anomalies of motion, requiring much skill and prior knowledge for their solution. These phenomena are due to the high electro-conducting power of copper, permitting

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mitting the formation of currents in it by inductive forces; and their perfect accordance with the earlier discoveries of Faraday and other eminent philosophers on this subject, is a striking attestation of the unity and integrity of modern science.

To ensure exactness of results in experimenting on the metals, it was necessary to be assured that they contained no alloy of iron or other magnetic metal; or that if these were present, due allowance should be made for such admixture—and the same with respect to other substances operated upon. Blood and the muscular fibre, for example, though subject to the new law, would probably be more energetically so but for the iron they contain in composition, which must in a certain degree modify the action. The properties of magnetic and diamagnetic bodies being in fact opposed as to their dynamic effects, it was to be inferred that a due mixture of matters of each class would afford a substance either neutral or in some intermediate condition; and this inference was strikingly verified by experiment. The protosulphate of iron being magnetic, and water diamagnetic, a solution of the iron in the water gave either a neutral state, or an inclination to axial or equatorial action, according as the solution was made stronger or weaker in the proportion of iron. With the exception of substances obtained by such admixture, no single solid or fluid body has yet been found that is perfectly neutral as to the two conditions of magnetic influence.

In connexion with this subject Dr. Faraday gives a list of magnetics and diamagnetics, so arranged that iron and bismuth, the most powerful of each class, stand respectively at the two ends of the series; the intermediate substances graduating on each side into air and vacuum, which are neutral as to both properties. Such series can at present be only approximate, but it serves to indicate points of relation, either by resemblance or contrast, for future inquiry.

The fact that atmospheric air and all aeriform bodies possess this neutral state, forms a very interesting part of these discoveries; and we transcribe a passage from Dr. Faraday for the purpose of indicating the results more in detail, and of showing the importance he attaches to this observation:—

'That oxygen or nitrogen gas should stand in a position intermediate between the magnetic and diamagnetic classes—that it should occupy the place which *no* solid or liquid element can take—that it should show no change in its relations by rarefaction to any possible degree, or even when the space it occupies passes into a vacuum—that it should be the same magnetically with any other gas or vapour—that it should not take its place at one end, but in the very middle of the great series of bodies—and that all gases or vapours should be alike, from the rarest state of hydrogen

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hydrogen to the densest state of carbonic acid, sulphurous acid, or ether vapour—are points so striking as to persuade one at once that air must have a great and perhaps active part to play in the physical and terrestrial arrangement of magnetic forces.'

The most cursory view of the phenomena, so clearly and strikingly related, will show that Dr. Faraday does not overrate their importance as physical facts, and the remark at the close of the passage will suggest more especially the great general conclusions to which these researches may hereafter conduct. Of the three elements or parts associated together in the globe on which we dwell—the solid mass of the earth, the water of oceans and seas, and the atmosphere enveloping the whole—*each is differently characterized in its magnetic states and relations;* while electricity, under its particular form and function of magnetic power, pervades, as we have reason to believe, all three parts, whatever may be its extension and influence in space, or on worlds beyond. Relations such as we describe cannot be accidental, vague, or inoperative; and in the progress of recent research we have a justifiable assurance that they will be followed into still higher and more important results.

These more general views press us forward to the latter part of the remarkable papers of which we have sought to give an analysis to our readers. Dr. Faraday well recognising, as we have seen, the greatness of the subject, closes them by a few pages of general applications, which we strongly advise every one to peruse who feels interest in these topics of inquiry. Such applications are necessarily in part speculative; but it is speculation sanctioned by a foundation on strict experiment, and which we might happily vindicate by the expression of Huyghens, 'there are some studies so noble and sublime, that it is a glory to arrive even at probability in them.'

In one instance only do we find our author passing somewhat beyond what we think to be the justifiable limits of physical inquiry. This is, when referring to a prior speculation, published two years ago, on the nature of matter as known to us by certain powers only, without including of necessity anything beyond these—a view having kindred with that of Boscovich, and which he considers to be strengthened by the phenomena now described. We confess that we feel some reluctance in mixing this inference with others derived from these researches. All great advances in physical knowledge have been made by ascending from particulars to generals, and Dr. Faraday's own discoveries are among the happiest illustrations of this principle. They are based on strict inquiry; and if chance ever intervenes to

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to disclose new facts, it is in the way denoted by D'Alembert: 'Ces hasards ne sont que pour ceux qui jouent bien.' We view with a sort of jealous apprehension every approach to the converse method, the abandonment to which frustrated all that the genius of ancient Greece might have done for the progress of natural science. No man has better title than Dr. Faraday to push speculation beyond the frontier of experiment; but we prefer that he should continue, what he has hitherto been, an eminent example to others of genius submitting itself to the strictest laws of philosophical inquiry.

A few only of the general deductions at the close of these papers we have space to notice, and this we may best do in the words of the author, with some slight abridgments:—

'The amount of the new power in diamagnetic substances seems to be very small, when estimated by its dynamic effect; but the motion it can generate is perhaps not the most striking measure of its force; and it is probable, when its nature is more intimately known to us, other effects produced, and other indications and measures of its power, will come to our knowledge, and perhaps even new classes of phenomena will serve to indicate its operation. It cannot for a moment be supposed that, being given to natural bodies, it is either superfluous, or insufficient, or unnecessary. It doubtless has its appointed office, and that, one which relates to the whole mass of the globe; and it is probably because of this relation, that its amount is necessarily so small in the portions of matter which we handle and subject to experiment. And small as it is, how vastly greater is this force, even in dynamic results, than the mighty power of gravitation, which binds the whole universe together, when manifested by masses of matter of equal magnitude!

'When we consider the magnetic condition of the Earth as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the Sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matter which forms its crust; and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and us its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled.

'If Saturn were a magnet, as the Earth is, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the magnetic forces would be to place it where it actually is.

'It is a curious sight to see a piece of wood, or leaf, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet, or the leaf of a tree taking an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur among the myriads of forms which in all parts of the Earth's surface are surrounded by air, and subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which can only be answered by future observation.

'If the Sun have anything to do with the magnetism of the globe, then it is probable that part of this effect is due to the action of the light that

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that comes to us from it; and in that view the air seems most strikingly placed round our sphere, investing it with a transparent diamagnetic, which therefore is permeable to his rays, and at the same time moving with great velocity across them. Such conditions seem to suggest the possibility of magnetism being thence generated; but I shall do better to refrain from giving expression to these vague thoughts (though they will press in upon the mind), and first submitting them to rigid investigation by experiment, if they prove worthy, then present them hereafter to the Royal Society.'

The foregoing passages, taken from among others of similar kind, will show the nature and extent of the deductions to which these discoveries lead. We might subjoin a few such which occur to ourselves, while pondering on the several parts and bearings of these phenomena, were it not that we feel a sort of moral scruple in mixing casual suggestions, and the conjectures of the closet, with a great scheme of experimental inquiry, deliberately and laboriously pursued. It is throwing dice for discovery, where the prize is due only to zealous and persevering research. We are the rather disposed to this remark from thinking that we perceive at the present time a more than usual tendency, among those who wander round the borders of philosophy, to intrude their hasty speculations and guesses at the future, on the sober truths and realities of inductive science. It might be thought, on first view, that the magnitude and abstruse nature of the elements brought into modern inquiry would have obviated this consequence. But the fact is otherwise. In physics, as in morals, it is far easier and more seducing to deal with principles and generalities than to reduce them to practice and experiment; and the many ignorant rush boldly and heedlessly upon the ground where wise men fear to tread.

It has been well and justly said that 'he alone discovers a truth who proves it.' Dr. Faraday's course throughout has been that of discovery upon proof. We feel entire confidence that his future researches will disclose results, going even beyond the vague speculations of which we have just spoken; and we trust that we shall have the satisfaction hereafter of recording these researches, and the discoveries which form their best reward.

ART.

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ART. IV.—*The Second Annual Report of the Ragged School Union, established for the Support of Schools for the Destitute Poor. London. June* 9, 1846.

MISCHIEFS of various kinds, long-established, deep, and extensive, have overspread our land, disgracing its character and endangering its prosperity; but the nation is now partially awakened to the necessity of exertion, and we see in all quarters a succession of efforts, desultory it is true, and deficient in combination, but ardently sincere, to withstand and check these aggressive evils. 'Naturâ tamen infirmitatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.' The mischiefs advance in one proportion, the remedies in another; and here we are like men destitute and without resource, having neither engines nor water in the midst of a conflagration.

The *Ragged* Schools are a symptom alike of the prevailing disorder and the attempted resistance; their title proclaims the class for whom they are destined; and the class itself proclaims, that so long as our neglect permits it to exist, it must be encountered by a machinery suited to its peculiar characteristics. Few of our upper ranks, however, have much practical knowledge of any class greatly removed from their own—how few of the very lowest!—and hence, we believe, arise the indifference and the impediments that discourage and defeat the undertakings of those who, like the founders of these schools for the wretched, toil without fee or reward in the service of the public.

It is a curious race of human beings that these philanthropists have taken in hand. Every one who walks the streets of the metropolis must daily observe several members of the tribe—bold, and pert, and dirty as London sparrows, but pale, feeble, and sadly inferior to them in plumpness of outline. Their business, or pretended business, seems to vary with the locality. At the West End they deal in lucifer-matches, audaciously beg, or tell a touching tale of woe. Pass on to the central parts of the town—to Holborn or the Strand, and the regions adjacent to them—and you will there find the numbers very greatly increased: a few are pursuing the avocations above mentioned of their more Corinthian fellows; many are spanning the gutters with their legs, and dabbling with earnestness in the latest accumulation of nastiness; while others, in squalid and half-naked groups, squat at the entrances of the narrow, fœtid courts and alleys that lie concealed behind the deceptive frontages of our larger thoroughfares. Whitechapel and Spitalfields teem with them like an ant's-nest; but it is in Lambeth and in Westminster that we find the most flagrant traces of their swarming activity. There the foul and dismal

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dismal passages are thronged with children of both sexes, and of every age from three to thirteen. Though wan and haggard, they are singularly vivacious, and engaged in every sort of occupation but that which would be beneficial to themselves and creditable to the neighbourhood. Their appearance is wild; the matted hair, the disgusting filth that renders necessary a closer inspection, before the flesh can be discerned between the rags which hang about it; and the barbarian freedom from all superintendence and restraint, fill the mind of a novice in these things with perplexity and dismay. Visit these regions in the summer, and you are overwhelmed by the exhalations; visit them in the winter, and you are shocked by the spectacle of hundreds shivering in apparel that would be scanty in the tropics; many are all but naked; those that are clothed are grotesque; the trowsers, where they have them, seldom pass the knee; the tailed coats very frequently trail below the heels. In this guise they run about the streets, and line the banks of the river at low water, seeking coals, sticks, corks, for nothing comes amiss as treasure-trove; screams of delight burst occasionally from the crowds, and leave the passer-by, if he be in a contemplative mood, to wonder and to rejoice that moral and physical degradations have not yet broken every spring of their youthful energies.

Eccentric doubts flit through our minds; and we are tempted to ask whether these nondescripts ever had a parent, or whether there be parents to be found in the district. 'They look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, and yet are on 't.' A feeling of curiosity arises, and the next step is to investigate their natural history, their haunts, their habits, their idiosyncrasy, their points of resemblance to the rest of mankind, and the part they sustain in the great purpose of creation. The stranger dives into the recesses from which they seem to issue — and there he sees, before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, every form and character of evil that can offend the sense and deaden the morals. Let those who desire a minute description of these horrid retreats, in which thousands of our country-people cower by day and by night, consult the admirable Reports of the Sanitary Commissioners, and the Health of Towns' Association, which have told us as much as language can convey. But language is powerless to exhibit the truth: personal experience alone can give the reality; and then many a weary and pestilential search, and many a sick headache, will prove to the disgusted inquirer that a large proportion of those who dwell in the capital of the British empire are crammed into regions of filth and darkness, the ancient but not solitary reign of the newts and toads.

Here

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Here are the receptacles of the species we investigate; here they are spawned, and here they perish! Can their state be a matter of wonder? We have penetrated alleys terminating in a *cul-de-sac*, long and narrow like a tobacco-pipe, where air and sunshine were never known. On one side rose walls several feet in height, blackened with damp and slime; on the other side stood the dwellings, still more revolting, while the breadth of the wet and bestrewed passage would by no means allow us the full expansion of our arms. We have waited at the entrance of another of similar character and dimensions, but forbidden, by the force and pungency of the odours, to examine its recesses. The novelty of a visit from persons clad like gentlemen gave the hope that we were officials; and several women, haggard, rough, and exasperated, surrounded us at once, imploring us to order the removal of the filth which had poisoned their tenements, and to grant them a supply of water, from which they had been debarred during many days. Pass to another district; you may think it less confined—but there you will see flowing before each hovel, and within a few feet of it, a broad, black, uncovered drain, exhaling at every point the most unwholesome vapours. If there be not a drain, there is a stagnant pool: touch either with your stick; and the mephitic mass will yield up its poisonous gas like the coruscations of soda-water.

The children sit along these depositories of death, or roam through the retired courts in which the abomination of years has been suffered to accumulate. Here reigns a melancholy silence, seldom broken but by an irritated scold or a pugnacious drunkard. The pale discoloured faces of the inhabitants, their shrivelled forms, their abandoned exterior, recall the living skeletons of the Pontine Marshes, and sufficiently attest the presence of a secret agency, hostile to every physical and moral improvement of the human race.

The interior of the dwellings is in strict keeping: the smaller space of the apartments increasing, of course, the evils that prevail without—damp, darkness, dirt, and foul air. Many are wholly destitute of furniture; many contain nothing except a table and a chair; some few have a common bed for *all ages and both sexes;* but a large proportion of the denizens of those regions lie on a heap of rags more nasty than the floor itself. Happy is the family that can boast of a single room to itself, and in that room a dry corner.

But these creatures have pursuits of their own, certain occupations whereby they obtain a scanty subsistence; for, though there are, perhaps, many persons who may not admit the necessity, they themselves have a conviction that they must live.

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The children, that survive the noxious influences and awful neglect, are thrown, as soon as they can crawl, to scramble in the gutter, and leave their parents to amusement or business: as they advance in years they discover that they must, in general, find their own food or go without it. The 'duris urgens in rebus egestas' stimulates these independent urchins; and, at an age when the children of the wealthy would still be in leading-strings, they are off, singly or in parties, to beg, borrow, steal, and exercise all the cunning that want and a love of evil can stir up in a reckless race. They are driven to these courses, in many instances, by their parents; in more by their stepmothers; in most by necessity and general example. The passion for shows and the lowest drama is nearly universal; 'Panem et Circenses'—food and the penny theatres—these are their paradise, and their chief temptation to crime. They receive no education, religious or secular; they are subjected to no restraint of any sort; never do they hear the word of advice, or the accent of kindness; the notions that exist in the minds of ordinary persons have no place in theirs; having nothing exclusively of their own, they seem to think such, in fact, the true position of society; and, helping themselves without scruple to the goods of others, they can never recognise, when convicted before a magistrate, the justice of a sentence which punishes them for having done little more than was indispensable to their existence.

Well, then, we discover that they are beings like ourselves; that they have long subsisted within a walk of our own dwellings; that they have increased, and are increasing in numbers with the extension of this overgrown metropolis; and that they recede, if to recede be possible, in physical and moral condition, as the capital itself advances towards the pinnacle of magnificence and refinement. Will no one roll away the reproach? We have an established church, abundant in able and pious men, and she boasts herself to be the church of the people. We have a great body of wealthy and intelligent dissenters, who declaim, by day and by night, on the efficacious virtues of the voluntary principle. We have a generous aristocracy and plethoric capitalists, and a government pledged to social improvements. Who will come forward? Why not all?

The *Ragged Schools* owe their origin to some excellent persons in humble life who went forth into the streets and alleys, not many years ago, and invited these miserable outcasts to listen to the language of sympathy and care. We are not able to say when exactly the first beginning was made, nor to apportion the merit of the earlier efforts; but praise and fame are the last things

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things such men thought or think of. Much, no doubt, must be ascribed to the zealous humanity of the City-missionaries. It is certain that those who undertook the task were of various denominations—church people and dissenters—animated, all of them, by a common sentiment of compassion and piety, which they proved by the ready and liberal contributions for this good purpose from their precarious and scanty earnings. Rooms were hired in the worst localities, and at the cheapest rate; lights provided; and, Sunday after Sunday, as the evening closed in, a band of voluntary teachers, both male and female, continued to struggle, in patience and faith, against the repulsive difficulties of their obscure occupation. It would be curious to see a minute record in print of the events that attended the opening of any one school; of the noise, confusion, and violence, that have, as we believe, signalized the commencement of nearly all of them. We have just seen a gentleman who came, in breathless dismay, to announce the misconduct of the boys in a school recently opened; 'The neighbours,' said he, 'are alarmed—the landlord will close the doors—the teachers will flee.' 'Well,' we replied, 'you have only added another instance to the many we had already heard of; you cannot have a *ragged school* without its preliminaries; but persevere as others have done, and you will soon overcome the tumult; those who came for a *lark* will be wearied out and stay away; those who have the least hankering after better things, will remain and obey you.' Such is the general course of events in all the most degraded localities; we have heard the various teachers narrate most graphically the drumming at the doors, the rattling at the windows, by those who demanded admittance; the uproar of their entry; the immediate extinction of the lamps; the dirt and the stones that flew in all directions, rendering this service of love in no slight degree a service of danger. Oftentimes these lads got possession of the apartments; and, refusing either to learn or to retire, continued lords paramount until the arrival of the police. But patience and principle have conquered them all; and now we may see, on each evening of the week, hundreds of these young maniacs engaged in diligent study, clothed, and in their right mind.

Ladies and gentlemen who walk in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, can form no adequate idea of the pain and the toil which the founders and conductors of these schools have joyfully sustained in their simple and fervent piety. Surrendering nearly the whole of the sabbath, their only day of rest, and often, after many hours of toil, giving, besides, an evening in the week, they have plunged into

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the foulest localities, fetid apartments, and harassing duties. We have heard of school-rooms so closely packed, that three lads have sat in the fire-place, one on each hob, and the third in the grate with his head up the chimney; and frequent are the occasions on which the female teachers have returned to their homes covered with the vermin of their tattered pupils. All this they have done, and still do, in the genuine spirit of Christian charity, without the hope of recompense, of money, or of fame—it staggers, at first, our belief, but nevertheless it is true: and many a Sunday-school teacher, thus poor and zealous, will rise up in judgment with lazy ecclesiastics, boisterous sectarians, and self-seeking statesmen.

It must be manifest that in schools of this sort difficulties of a peculiar nature stand in the way of anything like a regular discipline. The unsettled and lawless habits of the parents or other elder people about these young creatures; the physical and moral filthiness of their lives; the freedom from restraint—nay, the absolute licentiousness they enjoy, even as infants; their utter ignorance of everything but practical mischief; and their complete destitution, take them altogether out of the category of poor but peaceful children. They no more resemble the youngsters that sit demure and docile in our parochial and dissenting schools, than the cows of Buenos Ayres resemble those of Devonshire. Sir F. Head has related that the imported cargo of English milkmaids, handy and alert in the gentle experience of their own affable creatures, approached with confidence the unknown cattle: up went their horns; and down went the pails of these affrighted women,—who milked their kine at last, it is true; but only by a process adapted to the occasion.

Here, then, is justification sufficient for the establishment of such schools, based on the knowledge the parties then had of the temper and condition of the lowest class. We have since acquired more detailed information, which we shall presently communicate: but we defend on these grounds both the schools and the name by which they are designated. The very title denotes their purpose; they are open to receive all those who are excluded from superior schools by the rules and regulations indispensable to their discipline. The decent apparel, the washed face, the orderly behaviour, the attendance by day, the penny a week, amount to an interdict on their admission, were they even so disposed, to the National and British Schools; and, over and above the regulations, the dignity of the parents of the 'respectable' pupils—such is the term—would prompt them to withdraw their children from schools where an intermixture like this was allowed. We entertain no fanatical passion for the name, though

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though we could quote many instances in which some of the most degraded of the race have been invited by the belief that the place and the service were not too grand for their misery. The name, too, reminds us all of the single purpose of these schools; of the peculiar sphere in which we are to labour; that our business is not in transparent lakes and flowing rivers, but in the gutter and in the mire. Finally, the permanence of the title does not condemn the pupils to the permanence of their condition; the children, if improved, are drafted off to better places of education; but the Ragged School remains for those who are still ragged.

There is much difficulty in even approximating to a statement of the numbers which compose this class: in the first place, we cannot accurately define it; in the second, the whole fraternity are prone to suspicion, and place themselves, on the very earliest inquiry, in the attitude of the sons of Ishmael. We know all this well—nor have we forgotten the pithy saying of Mr. Canning, that 'nothing is so fallacious as figures, except facts,'—nevertheless we have ventured to collect some statistical details from the records of the metropolitan police. A small proportion, however, must be deducted from the aggregate, as belonging to a class whose misery is not quite so deep as what we have been depicting.

In the year 1845 there were taken into custody by the metropolitan police 14,887 persons of both sexes under 20 years of age. Of these there were summarily disposed of by the magistrates—

38	males,	15	females,	under 10 years of age;
1,187	,,	123	,,	at 10 and under 15;
3,519	,,	1,191	,,	at 15 and under 20.

There were committed for trial:—

12	males,	4	females,	under 10 years of age;
370	,,	44	,,	at 10 and under 15;
1,139	,,	257	,,	at 15 and under 20.

Here is a list of *agenda* ample enough to keep both magistrates and police from growing pursy and fat! but it is not a full statement of the annual mischief: much escapes the vigilance of the law; much falls somewhat within the limits of crime; much, however pernicious, cannot be ranked with offences against the Queen's peace. Now let us just look at the offences of some among those whom the magistrates disposed of without delay—

Assaults	1	under 10	years of age;
,,	58	at 10 and under	15
,,	714	15 and under	20.

Misdemeanours:—

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Misdemeanours :—

With intent to steal . .	3	under 10	years of age;
,,	62	at 10	and under 15
,,	128	15	and under 20.
Unlawful possession of goods,	22	under 10	
,,	446	at 10	and under 15
,,	591	15	and under 20.
Wilful damage	2	under 10	
,,	142	at 10	and under 15
,,	500	15	and under 20.
Disorderly characters . .	111	10	and under 15
,,	505	15	and under 20.
Drunkenness and drunken persons	473	15	and under 20.
Reputed thieves . . .	2	under 10	
,,	38	15	
,,	140	at 15	and under 20.
Vagrants	22	under 10	
,,	242	at 10	and under 15
,,	548	15	and under 20.

Such is the moral training, and such are the associations, offered to the juvenile poor of this vast metropolis! Yet this is not the sum of their perils; snares of every kind beset them on all sides; and temptations, that have been found too strong for affluent and instructed persons, allure these untaught and needy urchins to the perpetration of every crime. The trades-people and inhabitants of London could effect far more than the police, in the prevention of offences, by greater care of their property, and vigilance in their houses; it is, in fact, well known that a calculation of the reckless exposure of goods for sale, and of the gullibility or carelessness of domestic servants, is the ground on which many a London thief decides his profession for himself, in preference to honest labour, and invites others to join him in the 'holy alliance.' This culpable negligence and its results are clearly exhibited in the police-returns for 1845: we read therein, that, out of 11,676 felonies,

'547 were cases of stealing tools, wood, glass, &c., from unfinished houses; 229, of stealing from carts or carriages; 337, of stealing linen exposed to dry; 587, of stealing poultry, &c., in outhouses; 1,588, of stealing goods exposed for sale; 1,880, stealing from houses where doors were left open'—

Nearly one-half of the whole number; and which might, so the constables assert, have been, to a great extent, prevented by suitable care. Let it be remembered that the means of disposing of

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of such plunder are abundant and easy, open day and night to thieves, both old and young. It may as well be hinted to our readers that 'dealer in marine stores' is a common synonym for 'receiver of stolen goods.'

And what counterpoise does society offer to such temptations? We have seen that everything physical is arrayed on the side of mischief; surely, then, it will be opposed by every moral provision:—'If dreams yet flatter, once again attend.'

Out of the total of 59,123 persons taken into custody,
15,263 could neither write nor read;
39,659 could read only and write imperfectly.

We cite this return, not in a superstitious belief that man can be regenerated by mere literary acquirements, but as an indication of the sinful neglect of care and duty which, in abandoning these infants to corruption, has consigned their manhood to crime and punishment.

The number of 'Ragged Schools' in existence, and of the parties who attend them, with their sad peculiarities of condition, may be more easily stated.

The last Report shows a return of 26 schools, with an average attendance of about 2600 children, and 250 teachers. Since that period 4 more have been added, making an amount of 30 schools (still much below what is required), with an average attendance of at least 3000 children. Some are opened on Sunday evenings only, and in that case are managed entirely by voluntary teachers;* some are open two evenings in the week—others five—and, in these last cases, the education is conducted by a paid master; not more than two or three are open during the day. In the schools which are open on the Sunday only, nothing is taught but religion; in those which receive pupils on week-days, though the whole begins and closes with religious exercise, there are superadded reading, writing, and arithmetic. We may describe one lately established, as a sample of the extension and improvement which may be generally anticipated by and bye:—its system is that recommended by the British and Foreign Society; the studies begin with Scripture lessons, are carried through all the manipulations of the Primer, slate-pencil, and Cocker, aided by a variety of attractive illustrations; and end with a hymn. This is the course for the four first days of the week; on the fifth (and here is the new feature), the children, having commenced as usual, are disposed in industrial classes—

* The school in Jurston-street, Lambeth, is one of these, and is a very beautiful specimen of zeal, piety, and earnest diligence on the part of the conductors: it has enjoyed great success.

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the girls to every kind of needlework, the boys to the crafts of tailoring and shoemaking. Admission to the industrial class is treated as a reward, none being allowed to join it who do not present a ticket as an evidence of their regular attendance during the former days of the week. The numbers present on the last evening of which we have a return, were 63 girls and 42 boys, all of them brought from the most miserable localities; they were diligent, and well pleased with the notion of mending their own clothes; and a bargain was soon struck between the two classes of the lads—that the tailors should mend coats for the shoemakers, and the shoemakers return the compliment to the tailors. Though the numbers which have been received into the school amount to 283, the average attendance, such is their spirit of rambling, goes no higher than 53 boys and 71 girls; the school being open from half-past six to nine. The expenses of the establishment are very moderate: the entire cost, inclusive of wages to the master-shoemaker, master-tailor, and mistress-needlewoman, being only about 3*d.* a-week for each child on the average attendance of 124, and not much more than 1*d.* a-week on the full complement of those admitted.

It is worth our while to devote a few moments to the details that exhibit the social condition of a large part of these children. We have been unable, through want of time, to obtain minute returns from every school; the statements, however, with which we are furnished, may, we believe, be relied on as supplying a just notion of the whole mass. We have examined fifteen schools, and have arrived at an amount of 2345 children and young persons between the ages of five and seventeen, with some few even older, who are occasional hearers. The number of average attendants will be less by at least one-third, or about 1600. Now of these we find that 162 confess that they have been in prison; 116 have run away from their homes; 170 sleep in lodging-houses (the chief sinks of iniquity in the metropolis); 253 live by begging; 216 have no shoes or stockings; 280 have no hat, cap, or bonnet; 101 have no body-linen; 249 never sleep in beds; 68 are the children of convicts; 125 have stepmothers; and 306 have lost one or both parents, a large proportion having lost both.

Here is subject-matter enough for the sentimental, for spare tears and wandering sympathies! Those who, amidst the enjoyments of existence, seek the luxury of woe in a poem or a romance, may learn that the realities of life are more touching than fiction; and the practical alleviation of sorrow quite as delightful as the happy conclusion of a novel. We must, too, have political economy on our side, for, whatever it may determine

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termine respecting the ragged and the mendicant, it can give but one judgment touching those who are the children of convicts, and those who have no parents, or whose parents have forced them to the perpetration of crime. There is a beautiful text, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' (Psalm xxvii.) Society has been ordained by God for the benefit of his creatures; and it should, therefore, enter into the spirit of his laws with a heart of devout and affectionate imitation.

The results of all these various efforts cannot be better described than in the words of Tacitus, 'læta, tristia, ambigua, manifesta.' If we measure them by the line that marks the peace and amelioration of society, they will appear, in the amount of evil that remains, to have fallen short of their purpose; if we consider them in reference to the curious and manifold impediments in the way of success—to the proofs we have obtained of individual improvement—and to the experience thence derived of the feelings and habits of this class—the note of despair may be exchanged for one of rejoicing. Doubtless, whatever has been the effect upon the pupils, the teachers have much ground for exultation; they have attained for themselves, by immoveable endurance and pious hope, as much consolation as they have bestowed, rivalling martyrs and ascetics in all the energies of charity and patience.

It is indeed matter of astonishment to all those who are conversant with this class of our population, that so much success has attended these humble missionaries. They seek to reclaim a wild and lawless race, unaccustomed from their earliest years to the slightest moral influence, or even restraint, and bring them back to notions of civilization and domestic life. Their first difficulty lies in the roving habits of many of these infants of nature, who oftentimes quit their residences, if residences they have, and migrate in flocks to other districts of the great city. Those, again, who, while in town, are more stationary in their nightly resorts, indulge, nevertheless, in long absences from London, and roam for weeks together over the neighbouring counties. The fine months of summer are fatal to learning; the chills and rains of winter drive them to the schools for warmth and shelter. But such broken studies and imperfect discipline leave, on such vagrants, few traces of progress in which the teacher can find his consolation. Authority he cannot exercise; the children may be coaxed, but they cannot be coerced; fines it is absurd to think of; beating would not be efficacious, nor indeed safe; expulsion is no punishment. They must come when they like, or they will not come at all, for we offer neither food, nor clothing, nor immediate temporal

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temporal advantage of any kind; their hopes and their fears are alike unawakened, and wanton tastes find nothing to counteract them. A procession or a new show throws confusion into every 'gymnasium,' and shears the master in the twinkling of an eye of half his listeners. It was our lot, a few weeks ago, to visit one of these Ragged-schools at 8 o'clock in the evening: we found it comparatively deserted; but the mystery was soon solved by the announcement that, it being Lord Mayor's Day, many had determined to avail themselves of so glorious an opportunity for pleasure or for profit.

The habits, too, of their daily life, the associations they necessarily form, are all alike in the way of the teacher: the lessons of the evening are reversed by the practice of the following day—passed, too probably, amidst the lowest scenes of vice and revelry. If kept at home, they are witnesses of all that is most vile in language and conduct; if sent abroad, it is to beg on prepared falsehoods—or cheat methodically in their small trades—or steal for immediate consumption or for sale at the receiving-shop. Hence the difficulty of infusing into these wanderers a sense of shame, and delicate notions of 'meum and tuum!' Having nothing of their own, they are under no terrors of the law of retaliation; being destitute of common necessaries, they cannot recognize the exclusive possession of superfluities; and so, less with a desire to infringe another man's rights than to assert what they consider to be their own, they help themselves to everything that comes in their way. They make little or no secret of their successful operations, cloaking them only with euphonous terms: they 'find' everything—they 'take' nothing; no matter the bulk or quality of the article, it was 'found,'—sometimes nearly a side of bacon, just at the convenient time and place; and many are the loud and bitter complaints that the 'dealer in marine stores' is utterly dishonest, and has given for the thing but half the price that could be got in the market.

Nor does punishment humble them more effectually than crime; they see in it less of the justice of the law, than of the skill of the policeman; they have been found out, and sentenced accordingly; that is the plain statement of the case, and they seldom conceal it. Oftentimes have we heard an able and amiable barrister—one who takes a deep interest in these schools—relate that, in passing through the bye-streets and alleys, he has been saluted by some wild urchin with 'How do ye do, Mr. P——?' 'Very well, I thank you; but how do you know me?' 'Know you! why, but the other day you got me off at the Old Bailey!' Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the boys, on quitting the prisons, will march straight to the schools, and resume their accustomed

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accustomed places, with an apology to the teacher—'Sorry I could not come before; had ten days of Bridewell.' We must add a little anecdote recorded by one of the City missionaries. This kind and worthy man had endeared himself to the whole of his district, and specially to the younger population. One evening, having put on a new coat, he went, about dusk, through a remote street, and was instantly marked as a quarry by one of these rapacious vagabonds. The urchin did not know him in his new attire, and, therefore, without hesitation relieved his pockets of their contents. The missionary did not discover his loss, nor the boy his victim, until, in his flight, he had reached the end of the street. He then looked round, and recognised, in the distance, his old friend and teacher; he ran back to him breathless—'Halloa,' said he, 'is it you, Mr. ——? I did not know you in your new coat; here 's your handkerchief for you!' Why, surely here are the practices and morals of violent and ignorant times; of the ancient Greeks and the modern Dyaks! Robbery is a profession whereby they obtain all their subsistence, and not a little reputation—vice reigns predominant over all that portion of the social system, qualified only, as in this case, by the occasional sympathies of rude and barbarian virtue.

But the labour has not been altogether unproductive, and the seed has yielded an increase. We have, we think, a right to an estimate, in the calculation of service, not only of the good which has been done, but of the evil that has been prevented. Orderly and decent habits are of slow growth, and specially in those circumstances where the practice is inevitably separated from the theory. A washed face, no doubt, is a simple preliminary, but yet one that may not at first be exacted of a child revelling habitually in filth, and living in a district where water is scarce. Perseverance, however, has prevailed; many are cleanly; more are tamed; not a few are brought to the desire of better things. The affection they entertain for their teachers is very striking, based, in great measure, on the unhappy fact that, except from these devoted missionaries, they have never enjoyed the language of kindness. It is peculiar, and expressed after the fashion of their rough nature. A short time ago, the night having set in, we were passing through a dark street to the inspection of a school, when a gentleman in the company was addressed with 'How are you, there?' He looked at the lad, who turned from him with evident displeasure, saying, 'Oh, I thought you were Teacher; if you had been, I 'd have shaken hands with you.' This may be a small fact in itself, but it is a mighty one to show the power of sympathy over these Arabs of the metropolis.

Nor is the effect transient. Several have been placed in situations,

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ations, humble, it is true, but vastly superior to the condition whence they sprang. We have traced, without surprise, sundry instances of disappointment; but we could, on the other hand, detail many examples, and specially among the females, of real and lasting amelioration; and the teachers are rewarded by frequent expressions of approval from those who have admitted on trial these poor children to their service. We may rejoice, too, that the pattern, exhibited in London, has been imitated, where it is so greatly needed, in Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool. The history of the efforts at Aberdeen, and the successful results that attended the industrial school in that place, will repay any reader of the statement in a late Number of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal;' and we hope it will not be long before we hear of the good example being followed in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

It must, we presume, be now manifest to every one that ordinary men and ordinary systems are utterly unserviceable for this part of our species—they are the wild colts of the Pampas, not the sober nags of the paddock; the lasso, not the sieve, must be the instrument of their capture. But it is no less manifest that they may be brought within the pale of civilised society, become subject to its laws, and be sharers of its duties. If the 'Ragged School Union' shall have done no more than develope the existence of this forsaken class, and show the practicability of its restoration to moral life, it will have deserved the gratitude and the co-operation of every thinking citizen.

A scheme is now on foot for the establishment of an industrial day-school (a model, we trust, to many others), to be planted in the worst locality in the metropolis, and appropriated to the reception of the most vagabond and destitute boys, who will be trained, not only in the elements of ordinary instruction, but to the knowledge and practice of some trade or calling. Such a course, desirable in every system of education of the people, which, after all, is to qualify them to do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, is essentially necessary in the treatment of these lads. Living in the midst of idleness and vice, few of them have an appetite for honest employment, or any acquaintance with it; many disregard the education that is offered to them, because it seems to hold forth no favourable promise; and the few, well disposed to work, are rejected by employers, who shrink from the mark on their foreheads, stamped by evil associations and parental ignorance and crime. But let a prospect be opened of 'useful learning'—of something that may eventually be turned to account in the great pursuit of subsistence; and hundreds, we venture to assert, will joyfully and earnestly accept the boon. None but the most destitute must be admitted;

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mitted; none but those whose wretched circumstances seem to place them beyond the possibilities of virtue. The school must stand in the very midst of the district, not planted in some remote corner of the county; it must be so placed as to hold forth a constant example, and act beneficially, even on the parents themselves, by the daily exhibition of improved and improving children.

We are often met with the interrogatory—'What will you do with these children when you have educated them?' A reply may partly be found in the statements already given; but question for question—'What will you do with them, if you neglect to educate them?' They are not soap-bubbles, or peach-blossoms,—things that can be puffed away by the breath of a suckling: they are the seeds of future generations; and the wheat or tares will predominate, as Christian principle or ignorant selfishness shall, hereafter, govern our conduct. We must cease, if we would be safe, to trust in measures of coercion and chastisement for our juvenile vagrants; they are not too many to be educated as infants; they are far too many to be punished as adults. We must entertain higher thoughts for them and for England—and, with a just appreciation of their rights, and our own duties, not only help them, by God's blessing, from these depths of degradation; but raise them to a level on which they may run the course that is set before them, as citizens of the British Empire, and heirs of a glorious immortality.

ART. V.—*La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart negli anni* 1743-6, *descritta Latinamente nel* 1751 *dal Gesuita Giulio Cordara, e ora fatta Italiana da Antonio Gussalli.* Milano, 1845.

THAT civil war is the saddest of national misfortunes, and unrighteous rebellion the highest crime that man can commit against man, are propositions which few will dispute, when stated apart from political feeling. Yet not only is a totally different judgment formed upon these points amid the din and excitement of troubled times, but in almost every case popular legend and tradition are prone to clothe these scourges with attractive colours, which even the iron pen of history is loath to deface. Nor is this surprising, since scarcely any cause, however unworthy or desperate, has been entirely without the support of highminded and heroic characters, who, in hazarding all that was dear to themselves, and precious to their country, have acted solely

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solely and constantly for conscience' sake. Thus have the religious wars in France, the rivalry of the Roses in England, even the skirmishes of the Covenanters in Scotland, developed characters and incidents honourable to human nature, and prolific in themes for the biographer and the poet. The various risings during last century, for the restoration of the house of Stuart to the British throne, are instances still more in point, for there principle was in direct antagonism with expediency. Setting aside the plea founded on divine and indefeasible right, and granting that the unconstitutional conduct of James II. had virtually released his subjects from their duty, still the hereditary claims of his son were beyond all doubt, and the miserable calumny which questioned his birth was too monstrous an assertion to tell in favour of a party which had none other to urge. It were vain now to speculate on the results to our country, had the Prince of Wales been placed under the training of judicious Protestant instructors, and called to the succession when the avowedly make-shift reign of William had reached its natural termination. But undoubtedly the individual character of those sovereigns who 'reigned in his stead' was not such as to gain the confidence of foreign powers, or to conciliate the many at home, who, grudging them even a lip-service, reserved the allegiance of their hearts, and the obedience of their hands, for him whom they held to be their rightful lord.

Thus far was the Jacobite cause based upon sentiments worthy of sympathy, nor was it without other propitious influences. Its country leaders (for at court there was little to choose between a corrupt government and a self-seeking opposition) included many heads of the most ancient houses, especially in those districts where family influence retained an almost feudal sway; men more ready to hazard their all in behalf of a houseless exile than to calculate the advantages of facile conformity, or the gains of revolutionary vicissitude. It had the warm support of the ladies, ever prompt to sympathise with the unfortunate. The mass of its followers were persons in whom the olden ties of loyalty and clanship conscientiously resisted the innovations of political wisdom. That the qualities essential to a more than temporary success were wanting, that the ultimate failure was total, and that the eventual results of the Hanoverian sway conciliated all disaffection, and raised our country to an unparalleled prosperity, are circumstances in no way detracting from the romantic interest that hangs round the Jacobite struggles.

A theme which brought to our very doors incidents fitted for the days of chivalry, and which connected our fathers with adventures worthy of the paladins, has naturally inspired many a popular

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lar melody, and become a favourite in our national literature: and although a standard history of the rebellions of last century remains to be written, the materials for it, recently re-arranged in the interesting volumes of Mr. J. E. Jesse and Mrs. Thomson, may now be regarded as nearly complete. Some gleanings may, however, still be found, especially on the Continent; and to this point our present paper is given. The revolution of 1792 has indeed swept from France most traces of the mock pageantry of St. Germains, as well as of the stately court of Versailles; but in Italy the traveller is often startled by some memorial of vagabond royalty, in connection with the Stuart name. At Florence, whilst pacing 'Santa Croce's holy precincts,' he may gaze on the memorial raised to Alfieri's wayward genius by her who found in his affection a solace for the neglect of her degraded husband, Charles Edward; in an adjoining chapel he may visit the spot of her own repose; at the Palazzo Guadagni (now San Clemente), the home of her ill-starred union, he will find furniture bearing medallion portraits of the spouses, the arms of England in the hall, and $\frac{\text{C. R.}}{\text{III.}}$ upon the chimney weathercocks, as if in mockery of a royalty the sport of every wind. Travelling onward, he may note lapidary inscriptions commemorative of the exiles and their temporary sojourn, in the ducal palace of Urbino; in the Cattani villa, near Pesaro; at Viterbo, whither the son of James II. repaired to meet his bride, and at Montefiascone, where the marriage ceremony was performed; at Alba Longa, where Charles Edward dragged out his last dishonoured years; at Frascati, where he was buried—where his brother, the good Cardinal-Bishop, long and admirably maintained the respect due to his birth and his mitre—and where a gray-haired retainer of the decayed house still loves to gossip of his former masters. Lastly, at Rome he will find himself surrounded by Stuart memorials, and may yet pick up some Stuart relics. The Muti (now Savorelli) palace was the home of the little court from their first arrival in the metropolis of their Church until the death of Charles Edward; the Cardinal resided chiefly at the Cancellaria; Santa Maria in Trastevere, his titular parish, bears his arms; his mother's heart is enshrined in the church of the Santissimi Apostoli; whilst her tasteless tomb encumbers St. Peter's, in the crypt whereof are the ashes of her husband and her two sons, whose monument, erected by the heir of George III., suitably closes a career habitually marked by contrasts and contradictions.

In the Communal Archives of Urbino there is preserved a record of the residence of '*James the Third, King of Great Britain*,' in that city, which throws some new lights upon a part of his history as yet

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yet little illustrated.* It was the fate of the Stuarts to experience and to manifest to the world the faithlessness of the Bourbons, who, with a selfish policy that has been amply avenged on their posterity, affected an interest in the English exiles only at the moment, and to the degree, consistent with their own temporary objects, and who never cherished them but to squeeze the fruit and toss away the rind. The treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis XIV. recognised the Hanoverian succession, was but the first of a series of untoward events for the Jacobite cause, and it was rapidly followed by the death of that monarch, and by the entire failure of the titular King's descent upon Scotland. The Regent Orleans was not the man to befriend a falling cause; James, on his return to the Continent, found no asylum open to him but the papal city of Avignon; and though, for a prince whose family had made such sacrifices for the Romish faith, and whose residence under almost any temporal sovereign might have compromised his host, the Papal states were the natural asylum,—even in that town the jealousies of England denied him a tranquil abode. As the Stuarts were at once the martyrs for Popery, and the means whereby heretical England might be reclaimed, it became equally the paternal care and the policy of successive pontiffs to afford them an honourable retreat, and to promote their eventual restoration; but Clement XI., by birth an Albani of Urbino, was moreover a man of kind and generous dispositions, in whom illustrious misfortune was sure of a friend. He therefore readily offered his aid in extricating James from his embarrassing position; and regarding it as matter of public scandal, that one with such claims should wander as a vagrant, spurned from door to door, he settled upon the royal exile a pension of 12,000 scudi (2610*l.*), and invited him to select for his abode some town in the Italian dominions of the Church, at the same time suggesting Urbino. The reasons for this preference may have been the private influence which his Holiness could there render subservient to the convenience of his guest, and also the superior accommodation of the stately palace, wherein the long line of its illustrious Dukes had, until within a century, kept a court celebrated throughout Italy as an asylum of the muses and the graces, a haven of letters and arts.

When James had decided upon accepting Urbino as a residence, the Pope consulted his comfort by appointing to its government Monsignor Alemanno Salviati, a prelate already well known to the Prince at Avignon, and by sending one of his own nephews to attend him on his arrival, with a suitable guard of

* Diario di Giovanni Fortuniano Gueroli Pucci, sulla venuta permanenza e discesso da Urbino, del Rè della Gran Bretagna Giacomo III. Stuardo.

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honour. After visiting Rome to attend the functions of St. Peter's day, and to pay his compliments to the Pontiff, who presented him with 20,000 scudi (4350*l.*), he arrived at Urbino on the 11th of July, 1717, accompanied by the Dukes of Ormond, Mar, and Perth, and by a large suite, chiefly of Scottish gentlemen.* Recent improvements have rendered its rugged site comparatively accessible, but even then his Swiss carriage was dragged up to the palace by only three horses. Next morning he gave audience to the principal resident nobility, with the Gonfaloniere or chief magistrate at their head, who kissed the lapel of his waistcoat, after which he attended high mass in the cathedral. From the details of similar ceremonials, the empty pageants of a nominal royalty, we gather a few curious particulars of this shadowy court. The most important and imposing of such occasions were those for devotional purposes, including a daily procession to mass, followed by the Romanists of his own suite, and the chief inhabitants of the town. On fête-days, and at his usual afternoon promenade, that indispensable observance of Italian life, he drove in a coach-and-six, escorted by his courtiers on horseback, and attended by liveried lacqueys and a guard of honour. A smile at such *attelage* may arise, when we add that the distance from the palace to the cathedral is scarcely the length of a state-carriage when harnessed, and that the longest of the three drives then practicable does not exceed a mile. Each of these led to a convent, but not unfrequently such visits were more with a sporting than a spiritual object, and were ended by 'some hare-coursing with his clever little Danish doggies.'

The stagnate gaieties of this provincial town received a remarkable stimulus from the arrival of so distinguished a guest, and the leading residents established public assemblies for Sunday and other holiday evenings during the winter. These 'King James III.' good-humouredly attended, joining freely in the conversation, and taking his place at the card-table to play *ombre* with the ladies. He also honoured by his occasional visits the evening receptions at the Casa Bonaventura, 'at which there was first a musical performance by native and other artists, until his Majesty rising, bowed thrice to the ladies, and retired, but without allowing any of the gentlemen to attend him to the door, except his own suite, who, after seeing him to the palace, returned to the ball and cards which followed, with beautiful refreshments, all in sumptuous and brilliant style.' As the carnival of 1718 advanced, amateur theatricals were got up by the Academicians of the Pas-

* There is in the same archives a list of the court, about fifty in number, including two ladies, one of whom was the high-spirited Countess of Nithsdale.

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coli, the entertainments being Agrippa, Griselda, and the Feats of Hercules, the last of which became an amazing favourite of the titular king, who presented the performers with a silver bowl which they sold for 164 dollars.* In order, however, to enjoy the more refined amusement of the opera, he made an excursion to Fano, a town possessing for him associations of no ordinary interest. Laura Materozzi, daughter of an ancient family there, probably owed to the accident of her mother being sister of Cardinal Mazarin her elevation to sovereign rank, as wife of Alfonso duke of Modena; her daughter Maria Beatrice became Queen of England, and mother of the exile. During Lent, oratorios were given at the governor's expense, and the Easter solemnities were performed by James with exemplary devotion, though with a magnificence becoming his conventional rank. These having been concluded, musical entertainments were provided for him by the families of Bonaventura and Staccoli; but on the 18th of May a courier brought tidings of the death of the widowed Mary of Modena in France, and the tiny court of her son was suddenly changed into a scene of mourning, the funeral offices of the dead being repeatedly performed, with every elaborate and costly observance of the Romish ritual, wherein the entire city participated, in mourning attire. In return for these various civilities, the Chevalier gave a public banquet every two months, on the inauguration of the new Gonfaloniere, or mayor.

On the 6th of October, 1718, he set out incognito, in the hope of meeting at Ferrara his bride Maria Clementina Sobieski, and of bringing her to Urbino for a short time, before transferring his residence to Rome. These plans were, however, rendered abortive, by the news which met him at Bologna of the Princess having been arrested at Innspruck, at the instigation of George I., and the Chevalier in consequence summoned his suite to join him in Rome, to which he immediately repaired, and whence he soon after visited the court of Spain, to superintend the embarkation of Ormond's unavailing expedition to Scotland. The recollection of the attentions he had met with at Urbino was not soon effaced from his mind, and, on his return to Rome in the autumn

* This amusement, transmitted from the palmy days of Venice, was managed in much less classic taste than its name would seem to indicate. On a wooden stage resting upon barrels, a group of men supported shoulder-high a smaller stage, on which stood another smaller group, upon whose shoulders a third tier placed themselves; and so upwards until seven or eight tapering stories rose in a living pyramid, crowned by a boy called the crest, whose *coup de force* consisted in cutting a somerset upon the head of his single supporter. A variation very popular in the 'Ocean Queen' consisted in placing a man's feet upon the sharp and mobile iron prows of two gondolas, as the base of an obelisk composed of three posture-makers successively standing on each other's shoulders, and crowned by a *crest-boy* heels upwards!

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of 1722, after passing the summer at Lucca baths, he carried his Queen to visit his mountain refuge. During their stay of three days, his favourite interlude of the Feats of Hercules was repeated, with other diversions and religious functions which it is unnecessary to detail.*

His court had been gladdened by the birth of an heir to his visionary honours at Rome, on the 31st of December, 1720. The infant was ushered into the world in presence of ten cardinals, four Roman princes, the senator, two conservators, two ambassadors, two bishops, many 'milords,' and nine Roman princesses: his baptismal names, hitherto partially overlooked, were James Philip Louis Casimir Thomas Silvester-Maria Charles Edward.

Regarding the marriage of James, little is known but that it proved unhappy. The intrigues that spring spontaneously in courtly soils seem to increase in rancour as their field is narrowed and obscured. In the few documents that remain to shed a sickly light on the pageant royalty of the Muti palace, we may trace a struggle between the influence of Maria Clementina over her husband, and that of Hay titular Earl of Inverness, master of his household, which ended in the lady's retiring to a convent. It would be very profitless to rake up these squabbles, or to weigh recriminating statements as to the husband's morals and his wife's temper; but we may quote portions of a letter addressed to her in French, on the 11th of November, 1725, as throwing light upon their respective manners:—

'I am very glad, Madam, that you have taken the step of writing to me on this occasion, since I have thereby an opportunity of fully explaining to you my feelings in the same manner, which I prefer to doing so verbally, having long been aware from experience that you are so prejudiced against whatever originates with me as not to listen to me patiently. I am also apprehensive that my sentiments have not been clearly explained to you, and I would fain believe that you in no way authorised the manner, so little respectful or decent, in which these matters have been discussed with me.

'Certain it is, Madam, that I have ever loved you alone, and that I have never desired anything more anxiously than to please you in all respects, always with due regard to reason, my honour, and the advantage of my affairs.

'I know but too well that we have often experienced anxieties and

* In compliment to his sojourn at Urbino, Cardinal Hannibal Albani dedicated to him the handsome volume illustrative of that city published under his auspices in 1724. The Casa Bonaventura above named retained until the present year two interesting pictures, one representing the Chevalier's marriage, the other his eldest son's christening; both full of portraits in the gorgeous court dresses of the day. These are now the property of the Earl of Northesk.

 difficulties,

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difficulties, but these I should always have endured with greater equanimity, had I not observed them to be occasioned less by the vivacity of your disposition than by your over-readiness to listen to petty complaints and insinuations, and to fancy yourself hurt in the persons of those who retailed them; and you cannot but recollect with what patience I have for two years submitted to your sullen humours, and how, when you scarcely would speak to me or look at me, I had recourse only to silence.

'You will, I trust, reflect that you not only have at all times possessed my entire and undivided affection, but that, in as far as my circumstances and station permitted, I have neglected nothing that could contribute to your contentment: as regards expense I never restricted you; you are free to go where you choose; you have seen whomsoever you thought fit; you write and receive letters without restraint; and you know moreover that, far from encouraging your life of solitude and retirement, I did my best to induce you to extend your amusements, which would have also added to my own. In short, everywhere and in every thing have I left you at liberty to follow your own tastes and inclinations, only reserving to myself the mastery of my own household and affairs.'

After adverting to the questions regarding Lord Inverness, and other domestic details of small moment, he continues:—

'Such being the state of matters, I could not but be equally surprised and offended when a threat was brought to me, that, if I did not dismiss an able, faithful, and laborious minister, you would go into a convent; for even had I been disposed to replace him by another, after such a proceeding my honour required me to retain him. But setting aside this motive, I could not at the present juncture displace him, without ruining my interests and throwing my affairs into the greatest confusion. He however, tired and vexed at being constantly the object of your undeserved aversion, as he so long has been of that of my enemies, has asked leave to retire, and only my positive orders retain him about me. See, Madam, to what difficulties you expose me! What honourable man will venture to serve me, after the scenes you have publicly exhibited? Do not then wonder that I expect from you some token of regret for the disrespect you have shown me, and for the injury you have done yourself and me by so unheard-of an exposure, and that you will thereafter open your heart to me unreservedly: if you do so I shall forget the past, and shall in future only study your satisfaction and happiness.

'I protest, Madam, that I know of no just ground you have of complaint against me; were I conscious of any, I should assuredly remedy it, but I am persuaded that if you take time for candid reflection, you will be touched by all I am writing to you, and by my gentle and kind behaviour towards you. Do then repent of the past, and do not drive matters to extremity, which indeed you cannot do without precipitating yourself into irretrievable mischief, and incurring responsibility to God and man.

'This, my dear Clementina, is all I can say upon a sad and lamentable

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lamentable subject. I conjure you to make it matter of serious meditation. Think how glorious it is to avow an error, and that it is but by correcting it you can restore your happiness; and do not any longer resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle, never again to relax or cease.

'JAMES R.'

This letter was recovered a few months ago, with other similar documents, from the Count Sigismondo Malatesta of Rome, heir, through his wife, of the Canonico Angelo Cesarini, the secretary and testamentary trustee of Cardinal York. Many Stuart relics have been obtained in the last few years from the Malatesta palace. Some old family portraits were bought by the Baroness Braye, and a number of books, papers, medals, miniatures, and engravings have been secured by Lord Walpole, the Rev. James Hamilton, Mr. Dennistoun of Dennistoun, and Mr. R. J. Macpherson. This last gentleman, a landscape painter in Rome, whose family suffered for their stanch Jacobitism, obtained from the Muti villa at Frascati, long occupied by Cardinal York, an interesting picture of the Muti palace, when decked out and illuminated for his elevation to the purple, with portraits of his father, himself, and most of their little court. This picture has since passed into the possession of the Marquis of Douglas. A beautiful portrait of the elder Chevalier, painted at Urbino and left in the palace there, has been lately sent to Fingask Castle in Perthshire, the former owner of which, Sir Stuart Thriepland, was 'out' in 'the fifteen' and 'the forty-five.' Among the Malatesta papers was found a most voluminous diary kept by the Cardinal's secretary at his desire—a heap of puerile prolixity, from which, nevertheless, many curious particulars might be selected.

But it is time to turn to the work named at the head of this article. An expedition, such as that of Charles Edward in 1745, naturally aroused much sympathy and interest on the Continent. The hereditary principle had not yet been exposed to such rude infringements from the popular will as a later age has witnessed. By foreign communities, unversed in constitutional niceties, and generally of Romanist convictions, the exile of the Stuarts was viewed as a purely religious persecution—an impression confirmed by the uniform support they received from the Holy See. Farther, the aggravation of their sufferings by the heartless conduct of near relations who had supplanted them, and the favourable contrast of their high-bred and elegant address with the harsh, rude manners of the early Hanoverian princes, conciliated a majority of Europe to their pretensions. The total failure of the enterprise

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enterprise ere long dashed these wide-spread aspirations, but the heroic features of the cause, and the rumoured romance of the Chevalier's personal adventures, awoke far and near an intense curiosity for the details. Of the various attempts to supply this information abroad, that of the Jesuit Cordara would probably have been the best calculated to fulfil its purpose, but for the perverted pedantry which induced him to clothe in a dead language a work written on a purely popular theme, and it was not until last year that an Italian version of it appeared, to renew for the moment the interest of a long past topic.

Giulio Cesare Cordara was born in 1704, of the noble family of the Counts of Calamendrana in Piedmont, and received his education at Rome. At an early age he was enrolled in the order of Jesus, and soon distinguished himself by the easy eloquence of his writings, both in Italian and Latin. These qualities recommended him as continuator of the History of the Jesuits, begun by Orlandini; but after the publication of one volume, the undertaking was suspended, and passed into other hands. He subsequently increased his reputation by a variety of literary performances, including several saintly biographies. None of his compositions are, however, more creditable to his industry than the long-neglected narrative which we have now to notice. Cordara survived the suppression of his order, and died at a very advanced age. From such a writer we cannot reasonably look for much novelty as to the leading incidents of the insurrection, and of the two campaigns through which it was protracted. Neither can we regard him as our best authority for the wanderings of their hero, after the rout of Culloden had rendered him an outlawed felon. But as to the means whereby the Prince trained himself for what he considered his mission, and the circumstances under which it was prepared in Italy, we feel ourselves bound to accept the accomplished Italian as a new and important witness.

'Edward, titular Prince of Wales, was reared from infancy never to forego the desire or the hope of recovering the crown, and, even in early youth, it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, with a certain princely air; a noble, generous, and fervid disposition; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights; a nimble yet robust frame, and an equable temperament were native gifts, to which he added a studious acquaintance with all courtly habits and observances, and an admirably gentlemanlike and easy manner, with an unfailingly joyous and fluent address. Though avoiding all arrogance, he never demeaned himself to folly or trifling. He was averse to idleness, but much more to those sensual indulgences which

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which Rome offered to a youthful Prince. He knew several languages, and could converse freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French; his acquaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive for his years. But the bent of his mind lay enthusiastically towards military life, as the arena of glory and distinction. And although he had nothing to desire in point of station and magnificence at Rome, where the citizens paid him royal honours and deference, yet he was sick of his residence in a community of priests, where, surrounded by peaceful pursuits, he found himself constrained in his prime to drag on an inactive existence.

'Meanwhile, however, he strengthened and hardened his limbs by every masculine exercise. His delight consisted in horsemanship and in the chase;—not in sooth the effeminate and boyish amusement of birdlime and snares, but the more manly and bracing sport of shooting, in which he was so skilful as never to miss. This he preferred to everything else, frequently passing the entire day from dawn to sundown in rugged forests, exposed to winter rains and solstitial suns, and reaching home at night-fall, famished, scorched, or benumbed, yet happy. He thus disciplined himself for the hardships of war, until, feeling his courage and energy equal to them, he began to lament his ignorance of military skill, the sole means of elevating himself to sovereignty. The power of delineating fortifications, and talking speciously of theoretical tactics, he looked upon as superficial matters, in which any one may become an adept. He therefore urgently besought his father no longer to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown, to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty. Whilst secretly approving this youthful ardour, his parent mildly restrained such premature outbreaks, pleading the necessity of succumbing to circumstances and to evil times. This however the Prince redargued, saying that on the contrary we ought to struggle against adverse events, and by our own energy repair the injustice of fortune.'—*Ital. Transl.*, pp. 4–6.

In 1734 the long smouldering struggles of Spain and Austria once more turned Lower Italy into a battlefield, and as the victorious army of his most Catholic Majesty was commanded by the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., the opportunity was favourable for gratifying the wishes of his Grace's nephew. The young Prince was therefore sent to the Spanish camp before Gaeta, as a spectator of the siege; but the quality of an actor better suiting his fervid spirit,

'he flew to the lines, and there so entirely devoted himself to the duties of a soldier, that, though but a novice in his fifteenth year, he set an example to the most steady officers and most experienced veterans. The troops kept their eye upon him, anxious for his safety, as, amid heat and dust, he galloped about the camp, reconnoitered the trenches, mines, and outworks, or, rushing where the shot fell thickest, was the foremost

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foremost with voice and example to repel the enemy's sallies. Although all this somewhat disconcerted the Duke, to whom the youth's safety had been especially committed, and who blamed him for so rashly exposing himself, he could not refrain from admiring such gallantry, and holding it up as an example to others. When the Austrians at length surrendered, Edward was the first to penetrate the fortress, not by the opened gate, but by a breach through the battered walls, amid the admiring plaudits of the army.'—pp. 7, 8.

From these scenes the Prince returned to his father, more than ever anxious to enter upon the career of military glory of which he had thus temptingly tasted, and which he regarded as the destiny of his life. The repose of Europe was of brief duration, and in the new complications which brought about the seven years' war, the English government seemed to have its hands full. It was about this time that the Cardinal de Tencin was called to the French council-board, who, owing his hat to the Chevalier de St. George, took a warm interest in the Jacobite cause, and warmly urged it upon his master. Flanders was then the seat of war, and France having difficulty in making head against the English and Austrian arms, a descent upon Scotland in the name of the Stuarts was suggested by the Cardinal, as a politic and well-timed diversion. The scheme being approved by Louis XV., two English gentlemen reached Rome on the 15th of December, 1743, one with secret credentials to arrange a plan of action with the titular king, the other provided with false English passports to facilitate the transit of Charles Edward. To James, in whose bosom the pulsations of ambition had long been stilled, the proposal for an invasion was little pleasing. Experience had amply taught him the weakness of his cause in Britain, and the hollowness of French professions. Whilst, therefore, he admitted the duty of an effort to win for his children a crown that for himself had lost its attractions, he hesitated ere he should commit a beloved and hopeful son to the hazard of an expedition, without more detailed calculations of its chances and more ample guarantees for its success. At length he escaped from the dilemma by a course natural to weak minds, and threw the responsibility of deciding upon the Prince himself—whose youthful enthusiasm had as yet been chilled by no lessons of personal disappointment.

Within twenty days Charles was ready, but the English fleet in the Mediterranean, and the British influence with some of those states which divided Rome from France, rendered the risks of the journey such as to demand the utmost prudence, and above all, a secrecy impenetrable by the spies who surrounded the royal exiles. From the verbose narrative of the Italian writer,

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writer, we select the following particulars of the arrangements by which these perils were barely surmounted:—

'One of the English gentlemen was sent back to France to warn Louis of the speedy arrival of Edward, whilst the other was despatched with his baggage to wait for him at Massa, and prepare matters for their journey onwards through the Genoese territory, it being decided that the Prince should ride thus far in the character of a courier. A trusty and courageous servant, well acquainted with the roads, was desired to hold himself in readiness on a given day to attend one of the papal court to France, but under threat of ruin should a word of this transpire. The 9th of January, 1744, being fixed for the departure, a great hunting party was announced for that day at Cisterna in the Pontine Marshes, about thirty miles from Rome. To that place, surrounded by forests and abounding in game, there were sent forward a number of chasseurs and servants, with the provisions and material required for a fifteen days' *chasse*, such as the Prince and the Duke of York generally gave there at that season. Those only were in the secret whose assistance was required, and the scheme was conducted by one Dunbar, a cautious Scotchman, with ready tact in circumstances of difficulty, who had been tutor to the Prince when a child. There was some doubt as to imparting the secret to the Duke. Edward inclined to do so, for he could not bring his mind to set off without an adieu to a beloved brother, whose discretion, superior to his years, seemed to ensure his silence. Nevertheless, upon full consideration, the step seemed inadvisable, as any shade of sadness in his face might awake suspicion. Edward therefore, absorbed by the glory of the enterprise and suppressing every natural feeling, went about to the last, maintaining his wonted hilarity with his brother, his attendants and friends, to the great astonishment of the King and of Dunbar, who watched him with the consciousness of what was impending. Still more was their surprise the evening preceding the departure, when, it being generally known that the Princes were to set out next morning for Cisterna, the chief Roman nobility came as usual to pay their respects. Edward, unchanged in countenance and spirits, received and conversed with all just as usual, talking of the *chasse* and amusing the circle with games. His father's firmness was equally unflinching, and, after dismissing their visitors and supping with his sons, he wished them good-night. Thereafter the Prince secretly spent an hour in his parent's chamber, who placed in his hands a patent of regency, to be published when the fitting time should arrive.

'Edward's slumbers were brief. At two in the morning he rose, and ordered a carriage and three saddle-horses to be got ready, that he might be off before dawn and begin his sport the same day. Having sent to desire his brother to follow when he liked, he got into the carriage with his governor, the Chevalier Sheridan, and drove to the gate of San Giovanni, preceded by the Chevalier Stafford, first equerry, after whom the servant, who had been previously engaged to go to France, rode with a led horse. Edward, on driving up, found these horsemen at the gate, and, as if taken with a sudden fancy to ride, stopped the carriage,

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carriage, jumped out, and vaulted into the vacant saddle. As a blind to the servants, he called out to Sheridan to go by Marino, whilst he would take the Albano road, adding with a boyish boast, "Let us see who will arrive first." Both ways led to Cisterna; but whilst the former was then the great post highway, the latter, though somewhat shorter, was in winter almost impassable from mud and watercourses, and from it a cross-road immediately branched to the left, towards Frascati. Edward feigning a fancy for the country track to Albano, Sheridan, as if to prevent him, exclaimed, "Now do not! Why, at this season that way is no better than a bog. What if the King should hear of it?" But he addressed a deaf ear; for the Prince, applying his spurs, was off in a twinkling, followed by Stafford and the servant. As they held to the left towards Frascati, Sheridan, to prevent the coachman observing this, pretended to slip and hurt himself in getting into the carriage, thus distracting the man's attention, and detaining him until it seemed time to give the word for proceeding. Edward, having thus got out of sight, pulled up and dismissed Stafford, with instructions how to perform his part; he then muffled his face as if against the cold, and the carriage being meanwhile well on its way, he turned his horse, and with the servant regained the gate at full speed, whence he took to the right, making the circuit of the walls under cloud of night to the Via Flaminia, and so by the Ponte Molle fell into the Florence road. There being then a regulation against supplying post-horses to any one who started with his own, Edward had provided the following expedient to evade it. After thirty-five miles he quitted the highway, and rode up to the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, then occupied by Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish ambassador, for one of whose household he was readily taken. The Cardinal, privy to the device, had a pair of saddle-horses bespoken from the next post, with which Edward again took the road in the disguise of a courier; and so changing at the usual stages, he reached the Genoese territory in four days.

'Whilst he thus travelled day and night, a fine comedy was enacted at Cisterna. The actors were few, but well versed in their parts; the *primo* being Chevalier Sheridan, whom we left abandoned by the Prince outside the Porta San Giovanni. On arriving at Cisterna he was asked as to his master, and, on hearing that he had not appeared, he affected amazement and regret, blaming the boyish folly of quitting the good road at that season, and his own stupidity in not having prevented it. After three hours thus passed in suspense, the Duke of York came up with his suite, and anxiety gave way to alarm. Edward having addressed a letter, revealing his design, to be given to his brother on reaching Cisterna, the sadness naturally resulting from such news admirably tallied with the concern befitting the simulated circumstances. Just as the Duke, affecting to believe some serious accident to his brother, who ought to have arrived so long before him, was hurrying off messengers to ascertain what had befallen him, the Chevalier Stafford was seen spurring onwards. On dismounting he desired them to take heart, and not look for the Prince, who would not probably appear for three days, having fallen

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fallen from his horse near Albano, and bruised his side by the shock, occasioning a slight swelling: that he had gone in consequence to the Villa Albani [which was then occupied by the Stuarts], where, though not apprehending the slightest danger, the surgeon wished him to lay himself up for a short time, as otherwise the recovery might prove tedious. He added that the Prince's greatest anxiety was that the King might hear nothing of the accident, and his especial wish that neither his brother nor any of the suite should stir, but that the hunting arrangements should proceed just as if he were there. Sheridan, as if believing this news, in a state of great excitement protested that he would at once ride to Albano, and abused Stafford outright for abandoning at such a moment the Prince committed to his care. The other urged him in God's name not to move, as the superintendent at the villa and a servant were all that the Prince needed, whilst the arrival of others would rouse suspicion among the peasantry, and so the accident might transpire, occasioning much grief to the King and indignation to the Prince. All the party were convinced by these reasons that his Highness's wishes ought to be observed; and Sheridan, yielding to their united representations, at last remained quiet. Stafford returned to Albano, and the Duke of York gave orders that no one should speak of the mishap.

'The comedy thus arranged was received as fact by all, indoors and out; Stafford kept it up by daily messages as to the Prince's health, which regularly improving rendered certain his arrival on the third day. At length, just as the Duke was about setting out to meet him, there came a letter from Stafford to say that his Highness desired the party to transfer their headquarters to the lake of Fogliano, where he would join them on the morrow. This they did, giving out that Edward had preceded them from Albano, and though he did not appear, the Duke desired the *chasse* to go on all the same, and that every one should attend to his own business. The place was ten miles from Cisterna, at the foot of Monte Circello, a lonely spot inhabited but by a few fishermen. Means were taken to intercept all letters which alluded to the Prince's absence, and the fishermen who resorted to the Roman market, a dull and incurious race, were instructed to say to any who might ask after the Prince of Wales or his fall, that he was quite recovered, and entirely occupied by his sports. Presents of wild boar and venison were at the same time forwarded in his name to the chief Roman families, and by these various devices eleven days elapsed ere his absence was known.'—pp. 21-32.

When the truth at length transpired, great was the bustle, infinite the surprise, endless the speculations of the Roman public. But a warm interest in his success, fervent wishes and devout prayers, were the willing tribute of all classes to one whom they regarded as the pride and ornament of their city. A pamphlet, comparing the flight and fortunes of Charles Edward to those of Demetrius, son of Seleucus, as recounted by Polybius, issued from the press, and by its spice of vapid pedantry secured a run of

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of passing popularity. But whilst his admirers were thus trifling, the Prince urged his way towards the land of his fathers. At Massa he joined his English friend, who had got over the difficulties attendant upon a strict *cordon sanitaire* on the Genoese frontier in consequence of the plague in Sicily, and continuing his journey without delay he reached Genoa (about 330 miles) at noon of the fifth day. There, in the house of a friend, he sought a brief repose after attending somewhat to his person, 'not having changed his dress or slept all that while, nor eaten more than a few eggs, hastily swallowed by the way.' Notwithstanding these fatigues he started the same evening in a hired carriage, and on the morrow was at Savona, where all his previous exertions had nearly proved vain. The King of Sardinia, being allied with Austria and England, kept the Ligurian passes strongly guarded against any descent by the French or Spaniards into Italy—a British fleet, under Admiral Matthews, sweeping the coast for the same purpose. As the best means of avoiding this double danger, Charles Edward had engaged a light vessel of Finale to carry three persons from Savona to Antibes in France, but an ill-timed storm not only impeded its arrival, but during six entire days prevented any sort of craft leaving the port. Irritated by this loss of time, and unaware how soon his escape might become known to the English cruisers, he formed the daring resolution of pushing on to Finale, where he found his bark ready, sprang on board and made sail, hoping to pass in the night Villafranca, where the fleet was riding. In this he succeeded; but as his boat crossed the bay from Monaco to Antibes, scudding under a press of sail through the boiling surf, she was descried at dawn from the British mastheads, and an armed tender was instantly dispatched to overhaul so suspicious a craft. The chase was continued into the port of Antibes, which they reached together, the English insisting that if the Finale boat was admitted they also should be, on pretext of victualling. To get rid of the dilemma the commandant ordered both off, saying that he could not give pratique to any boat from the Italian coast. Thus repulsed into the very jaws of the enemy, Charles with difficulty obtained that the English should start first, and when they were gone discovered himself to the harbour-master, who, with many apologies, took him out of the Finale boat ere he sent it off again for Monaco, whither it was hotly pursued by the English cutter. It was not before dusk that Charles ventured to leave the harbour, and after a few hours' halt he hurried to Avignon by land, whence, after a long consultation with the Duke of Ormond, he resumed his route to Paris.

There the Prince was destined to experience from the Bourbons

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bons that Punic faith of which his father might have, with good reason, forewarned him; and, after a storm, less damaging to the invaders than to the British fleet, the din of preparation for a descent upon England died away, when it had served the usual purpose of false alarms. Under these circumstances the conduct of Charles was dictated by a prudence beyond his years; and instead of either relying upon the hollow promises of Louis, or of manifesting a pique he could not but feel, he turned to good account the remissness of France in his behalf, by giving out that it was not on foreign aid he relied for his restoration. During the sixteen months he spent at Gravelines and in Paris he never went to Court, avoided all unnecessary displays, and appeared in public exclusively with English, Scotch, or Irishmen. This system quickly reached Great Britain through spies and friends, where it at once calmed the suspicions of the government and gratified the feelings of the Jacobites.

But although the abortive armaments of Dunkirk and Brest had served their end, by raising merely the panic of an invasion, Charles Edward had no intention of letting himself be the cat's-paw, and his British partisans the dupes, of such selfish and hollow policy. Upon their loyalty and his own energy he resolved to cast the hazard; and, single-handed, to dare the conquest of a kingdom which he believed devoted to his cause. After above a year spent in arranging the machinery requisite for the enterprise, with a circumspection which defied detection, he decided upon sailing for Scotland. In the small and secluded harbour of St. Nazaire, near the estuary of the Loire, there lay snugly a sloop-of-war, carrying 18 guns, chartered in the name of one Walsh, an Irish gentleman. Thither the Prince secretly repaired with seven trusty comrades, who, 'in full reliance on their own bravery and the justice of their cause, embarked to overthrow one of the most important sovereignties of Europe.' About the middle of July, 1745, they sailed from Belleisle, along with a French frigate, which, without any apparent concert with the sloop, had private orders to precede her, and look to her safety. To this precaution the Prince's escape was probably owing; for having fallen in with an English convoy off the Irish coast, the French frigate fought the enemy's ship-of-war for seven hours, whilst the sloop bore away for the Hebrides, where she landed the adventurers, after a passage of eighteen days.

With authorities at hand, more accurate, ample, and recent, as to the conduct and incidents of the rebellion of 1745-6, we need not dwell upon the details of Cordara, which however give, on the whole, a sufficient account of what he undertook to narrate. A few passages may, however, interest our readers.

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'The mountaineers in Scotland, called *Highlanders*, are a fierce race, possessing extraordinary vigour of body, and by nature and habit apt for war. They dwell chiefly on lofty and rocky ridges, in a country broken up by alternate mountain ranges and ravines. They for the most part subsist on the produce of the soil, descending at proper seasons to cultivate the lower valleys, whose rich and fair fields yield copious crops of wheat, rice (!) and other grain. Many, however, spend their lives in hunting, for which the numerous and generally well-wooded hill-tracts offer every facility; they eat the flesh, and sell profitably the skins of the wild animals. They speak a peculiar language, somewhat resembling that of the Irish, and know nothing of the low-country dialect. Their garb is of the simplest: no breeches nor stockings like ours, nor any long cloaks, but a sort of cassock, tight to the waist, a short mantle on the shoulders as a protection from cold, a pair of breeches on the thighs for mere decency, such as our running couriers long ago used, and on the lower part of their legs and feet a pair of sandals, as all their *chaussure*: in other respects they are unclad, and thus are unembarrassed in their movements and agile in running. They wear on their heads a light woven bonnet, and seldom cut their hair. In war, besides guns they use a peculiar sort of long swords, which they manage with great dexterity. The nation is divided into many clans, and these again into many families. Each clan boasts itself descended from some founder of Irish extraction. Refusing alliances with strangers they intermarry together, whereby every clan becomes like one great family, which, though split into various branches, all comes from the same stock without admixture of blood; and to this they specially attend. Each of these has a Chief, revered by all as a father, to whom all public and private matters are referred. They are most strict in the observance of friendship and hospitality, and above all things abhor dissimulation and fraud; they avenge to the death any offence, and are prompt in such retribution.'

There was much in the character of Charles Edward to captivate and retain the affections of such a people. Struck with a costume so adapted to the active and hardy life in which he delighted, and so convenient for such a campaign as he was about to encounter, he at once donned 'the garb of old Gaul,' and never laid it aside during his expedition. The impression made upon the clansmen by this well-judged compliment was quickly ripened by the charm of his popular manners and unfailing good humour. Familiarly accosting his comrades by name, he had ever an encouraging word ready for any emergency; and despising such luxuries as were attainable, he shared all hardships with the soldiery, marching among them on foot, through heat and cold, fen and forest, tempest and torrent—eating their coarse food, sleeping under their tents or bivouacking in his plaid upon the ground. One trait mentioned by Cordara had also, we think, been recorded by Sir Walter Scott. 'While his court at Edinburgh was graced by many bright eyes and winning smiles, an impertinent chamberlain expressed surprise to the Prince

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Prince at his indifference to the charms around him. Beckoning to a gigantic Highlander who stood near, Charles stroked his beard, and toying with his bristly cheeks and chin, exclaimed:—Such are the damsels to whom I have now to make love; one such is worth more to me than all the beauties in the world! Yet among his many fine qualities none was more highly appreciated, or of greater service to his cause, than the moderation he displayed in prosperity, and the mercy which mingled with his victories.'

In various allusions to the Presbyterian clergy our Jesuit drops the silver pen of his order, and dipping his goose-quill into undiluted gall, emulates the elaborate Billingsgate wherewith pontiffs once were wont, in their monitories and bulls, to bespatter rebels, temporal or spiritual, and which was most liberally bandied back upon them from beyond the Tweed.

'Edward's only opponents were the Calvinist preachers, who noways dissembled how irksome his presence was to them. Abhorring the name of Catholic, stupidly infuriated against the Romish church, they could not tolerate a Prince born and bred in Rome; and, mortally hating him themselves, they conscientiously concluded that they must be perpetually hateful to him. Against an armed conqueror they dared not move, but they muttered and fretted in secret, and grumbled as if their devotional exercises were about to be suppressed. In order to get rid of such rancour, and at the same time to conciliate a turbulent and factious crew, Edward announced, on the very day of his arrival in Edinburgh, that, under the new government, every one should be free to profess the religion most to his fancy; and at the same time made proclamation that meanwhile there should be no interruption of the usual worship and sermons, but that, until the war should be ended, Sovereigns should be prayed for only generally, and not by name. This order, however, did no good; for next day, when at the sound of the bells the churches filled, not one of the ministers came forth to preach, having all fled or concealed themselves, leaving their pulpits mute until the city returned under the rule of King George. Thus did that wretched rabble, too cowardly to stir up the people by words, betray their occult rage by a base and obstinate silence.'

Indeed one of the most notable symptoms of the restoration of the former régime some weeks later was,

'that the Calvinist ministers and preachers, who had till now entirely avoided appearing in public, crept forth from their holes like bewildered creatures, and in all their churches and conventicles resumed their rhetoric with an insensate fury, that seemed in a single day to make up for the silence of months.'

Our author, while strongly exposing the perfidy of France in promising succours which were never sent, seems in a great measure to attribute the failure of the insurrection to that cause, as the

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the hopes thus raised among the followers of Charles prevented their reliance solely on their own exertions, and an argument was afforded to Murray, and others of the less dashing leaders, for adopting at Derby that temporising policy which unquestionably sacrificed their only chance of success. That 'it would have been better for the Stuart cause, as well as for the honour of Louis, that aid should never have been promised, than that it should have been faithlessly withheld,' is a mere truism; but the disorganised state of the Chevalier's force, the jealousies of the clans, and the coldness of the English Jacobites, were assuredly the immediate causes of the retreat, though not one of them is alluded to by Father Cordara. The tone adopted by the Prince regarding foreign support was uniformly that of a patriot and a hero, who had boldly thrown himself with a handful of friends upon the shores of his father-land, to win, by the favour of its people alone, the crown to which he asserted a right; and the mercenary bands of many nations sent against him by the English government afforded a contrast to the native troops who marched under his own banner, of which in his proclamations he failed not to make skilful use. The retreat from Derby was against his earnest desire and protest. From that moment the prestige of success was gone, and the rebellion, which had frightened London from its propriety, became at once an insignificant rising, procrastinated only by the inexplicable stupidity of the government, and the disgraceful inefficiency of their officers.

We shall not dwell upon these blunders, and the struggles by which they were vainly combated; nor shall we follow the outlawed Prince in his island lurkings, of which this volume presents a spirited and generally correct account. The Duke (Earl) of Perth and Lord Elcho might have smiled to find themselves written down in sober history as *Pert* and *Elk;* but the imbecility of Wade and the cowardice of Gardiner's dragoons will not escape the contempt of Cordara's readers, though under the *noms de guerre* of *Wat* and *Gartneriana.*

It was to the devotion and energy of Sheridan, with whom the reader has already become acquainted in Italy, that the wanderer at length owed his escape. For some weeks the companion of his master's concealment, and dismissed only when the Prince was obliged to assume a female disguise, Sheridan had the good luck to reach Flanders, from whence he hurried to Versailles, and demanding an audience of Louis, so powerfully represented the dreadful situation of Charles Edward, that two armed vessels were at once placed at his disposal for the rescue. About the middle of August, 1746, they sailed from St. Malo, with a number of Jacobites on board, skilled in all the hiding-places of the

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the Hebrides. After sixteen days spent in minute search, the Prince was discovered in the heart of Lochaber, squalid, emaciated, and in rags, from twenty weeks of incessant anxiety and indescribable hardships; and thence in six days he reached Arisaig, where the ships waited. His mission thus happily completed, the commanding officer would have hastened from his perilous position, but no argument could induce the Prince to embark, ere all those of his followers, whose haunts were known to him, had assembled, in obedience to a summons sent by him in every direction. At length they mustered, to the number of one hundred and thirty-two of all ranks, 'the melancholy wreck of a too fatal campaign.' After seeing them one by one on board, he sprang the last into the boat, and, 'as a favouring breeze carried the vessels rapidly on their course, he sate gazing fixedly on his ungrateful land, without uttering an accent of indignation or of grief.' On the 29th of September he landed at Roscoff, in Brittany, and 'after offering thanks from his inmost heart to God, his comrades and his friends,' hurried to Paris. There he had the joy of embracing the Duke of York, and there too, after being to court and city the idol of the passing hour, he had ere long one further instance of Bourbon baseness,—a new proof of popular caprice.

Would that the life of Charles Edward Stuart had closed here, where Cordara has left it, and that his biographer could conclude with the touching sentiment of Voltaire, 'let the man, who in private station groans over his light misfortunes, contemplate those of this Prince and of his ancestors.' The blight which nipped his early prospects cankered his moral constitution. Of all the gracious and noble traits of his youthful character, not one long survived his ill-starred expedition.

'Forsaken first by fortune, a lot sufficiently cruel, he was thereafter far more deplorably abandoned by himself. Ever lamenting his exclusion from the command of nations, he renounced for himself domestic happiness and civic reputation. Married late in life to one whom he rendered so wretched that the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany was obliged to separate them, he lost the control of reason over his own actions, and with it the regard and even the pity of mankind. Alas! how changed from the handsome and engaging Edward of twenty-four, when dragging out a wretched age in misery and under constraint!'—*Ital. Editor's Dedication*, pp. 6, 7.

The hint of insanity in these lines is not sustained by any sufficient evidence. The brutalized condition of the *Count of Albany's* advanced life was wholly, we suppose, the effect of liquors, his gross and unrestrained indulgence in which has been with much probability attributed to the hardships and habits of his anxious

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wanderings after the catastrophe at Culloden. His debauchery became at length dreadful. To use the words of an aged servant of the Cardinal who remembered him well, 'no street-porter could equal him.' His usual after-dinner allowance was six bottles of strong foreign wines, and 'he seldom missed being drunk twice a-day.'

Some recent researches among the Malatesta papers enable us to add a few melancholy traits of the closing scenes. His marriage to Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guèdern, which was celebrated at Macerata in 1772, soon turned out wretched, from mutual faults. Disgusted by his besotted person and habits, she sought solace in the company of a younger and more congenial admirer. The fashion of Italy authorised her *liaison* with Count Alfieri, and her husband probably saw it with indifference; but Cardinal York, himself a scrupulous model of moral propriety, interfered to repress a scandal which was in his eyes the consummation of his family's downfall. His efforts and his indignation were however alike unavailing, and a separation was the natural issue of the ill-starred union.

On the 7th of January, 1788, the fine constitution of Charles Edward sank under his protracted excesses. Successive apoplectic and epileptic seizures affected his brain. On the 27th one side became paralysed, and he lost his speech; on the morning of the 31st life was extinct. His last hours were tended by the only being for whom his heart appears to have retained any warmth. Charlotte, his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, of Barrowfield, in Lanarkshire, whom by vain acts of a visionary sovereignty he had legitimized and created Duchess of Albany, then resided in his palace, and closed his eyes. The Cardinal could feel but little personal grief for the loss of a brother from whom he had been much estranged since those better days which the narrative of Cordara has enabled us to place before our readers; but he was deeply sensible of the duty that devolved upon him, of suitably honouring the demise of one in whose tomb terminated all hope of continuing his proverbially luckless line. His father and mother, treated as Sovereigns by successive pontiffs, and by all the Romanist courts of Europe, had been interred with royal honours; but as no such recognition had ever been accorded to their heir whilst living, it would have been a farce to demand it for his remains. The Cardinal could neither attempt in Rome a ceremonial unauthorized by the government, nor make up his mind to bury his brother as less than a king; but from this dilemma an escape was offered by his episcopal jurisdiction, and the pallium of Frascati extended its protection over a *British* crown.

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In conformity with this expedient, the cathedral of that little town became the scene of a pageantry which would not have been sanctioned on any other stage, and the observances in the Muti Palace were limited to devotional formalities which did not hazard any rebuke from the Government. These consisted in the erection of six altars in the ante-chamber, where upwards of two hundred masses were performed during thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise, each costing about eighteenpence. The office of the dead was meanwhile chaunted by the Mendicant orders, the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidoro alone being permitted access to the chamber of death. Extensive disease was detected by a *post-mortem* examination, both in the heart and the brain, and after a cast had been taken from the face, the body was embalmed, and coffined in full dress, with the George and St. Andrew in *pinchbeck*. An inscription was prepared in *lead* with CAROLUS III. MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, and a *wooden* crown and sceptre were carved and gilt; but by one of those steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, so frequent in the Stuart annals, the former, from deference to the Papal Court, was placed *under* the coffin-lid, and the latter were carefully hidden in cotton-wadding. The remains were privately transported in a horse-litter to Frascati, where their incognito was succeeded by scarcely less humbling honours. The notarial instrument, taken on their reception there, no longer indeed passed over the gauds of sovereignty unnoticed, as had been done in that drawn up at the Muti Palace: the apparatus and solemnities in the cathedral were even conducted with many royal forms, but the show was shorn of regal splendour by the Cardinal's circumscribed means. Around the lofty catafalque there burned a hundred and twenty four large wax-lights; the walls and chapels were draped in black cloth, trimmed with tawdry gilding, and hung with appropriate Scriptural texts; the church was crowded by curious spectators generally in mourning, including many English. The funeral service of the first day was succeeded by the entombment on the second, and concluded by a requiem on the third; but several weeks elapsed ere the body was placed in a lofty niche as its provisional resting-place, whence it was subsequently transported to the crypt of St. Peter's. Among the tributes to the Prince's memory, dictated by condolence with the living or flattery of the dead, were these touching lines:—

'Di Carlo il freddo cuore
Questa brev' urna serra:
Figlio del terzo Giacomo,
Signor del Inghilterra.

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Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diede?
Infideltà di popolo,
Integrità di fede.'

It is needless to linger upon the formal intimations of the Prince's death communicated to friendly courts, and the protests regarding his own rights disseminated in various languages and quarters by the Cardinal. The only response noticed in his diary was that by the reigning Pontiff, Pius VI.; though sufficiently guarded in terms, he fondly caught at it as a *quasi* recognition of claims which he seems to have put forward rather from conscience than ambition.

'*To the Lord Cardinal Negrone, Pro-datario.*

'*From the Vatican, 1st February*, 1788.

'Most obliging is the attention rendered to us through your means by the Lord Cardinal Duke of York, in communicating to us before any one else the Protest made by him on the 27th of January, 1784, for which you will return him lively thanks in our name. Having read that protest, we have found it moderate and prudent, and have therefore nothing to say against it. At the same time you will add our condolence on the loss of his elder brother, for whom we shall not cease to intercede. And meanwhile we very heartily give you our paternal Apostolic benediction.'

The will of Charles Edward, executed in 1784, left everything to his daughter the Duchess of Albany, burdened only with the legacy of a piece of plate to the Cardinal, and with annuities to his attendants; that to one John Stuart, master of his household, on whom, after the fashion of his family, he had bestowed an undue favouritism, being inconsiderately large in his narrow circumstances. The means of the exiled family at this period may be gathered from a variety of documents. The Prince had enjoyed an income from funded property of about 1740*l.* (half of which was however assigned to his wife), and from the French court a life-pension of 2400*l.* The Camera Apostolica paid the rent of the Muti palace, amounting to 435*l.*; and his palace at Florence, sold by the Duchess after his death to the Duke of San Clemente, brought 4345*l.*, besides 2172*l.* for the furniture. He left little or no ready money, and we have not seen any estimate of the valuables found by the Duchess in his palaces; but at her death, within two years after his, her jewels, plate, and moveables were inventoried at 26,740*l.* She gave over to the Cardinal the crown jewels, which included a sceptre, a richly enamelled collar, George, and star of the Garter, and a St. Andrew's cross, all brought from England by James II. She

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She was entitled to a reversion of 400*l.* a-year from her father's French pension, and, in the event of her surviving the Cardinal, to 650*l.* yearly from the Camera. The latter provision never fell to her, but her kind uncle, apprehensive that the charges and annuities upon her succession might straiten her circumstances, not only gave up a large portion of his palace at the Cancelleria for her residence, but assigned over to her the entire allowance of 2200*l.* which he enjoyed from the Camera, retaining only his benefices. On her death, in November, 1789, he succeeded to all her fortune, burdened with a pension to her mother, who survived to extreme old age at Fribourg in Switzerland, as Countess of Alberstroff.

The Countess of Albany (born Princess of Stolberg) had, under her deed of separation, the above-named sum of 870*l.* a-year, besides her pension from France equal to that enjoyed by Charles Edward; but her jointure, which was originally 40,000 livres a-year, had been reduced to half, or 800*l.*, by a compromise with her husband. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the French Revolution ere long sadly narrowed her means, and those of the amiable Cardinal, not only from the confiscation of benefices and Crown pensions, but in consequence of much of the funds descending to his Eminence from Charles Edward having been invested in that distracted country. The proper feeling which supplied from the civil list of George III. the exigencies of the Cardinal of York's declining years, and the graceful manner in which the last and most blameless of the Stuart line received and acknowledged the bounty of his more fortunate relations, are well known to our readers.

The Countess of Albany's *liaison* with the great dramatist of modern Italy subsisted until the death of the latter, who left her his property and manuscripts. He was succeeded in her good graces by Baron Fabre, a French artist of some repute, and not a few of our countrymen who visited Italy during the first years of the peace were received in her palace on the Arno. Her portrait hangs in the Florence Gallery, by the hand of her last lover, to whom she left all her own and Alfieri's effects. Some of these were bequeathed by M. Fabre to Montpellier, his native town, together with the library and picture gallery which there bear his name. A few Stuart remains devolved by his will, with the bulk of his fortune, upon Signor Santirelli, a well-known sculptor at Florence, who preserves with jealous care the large seal of Prince Charles, and his portrait in crayons, with that of the Countess, taken probably at the time of their marriage. In his heavy bloated face, blooming under a flaxen bob-wig, it is hard to trace the handsome features and winning smile which had

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had wiled so many of our great-grandmothers from their allegiance to the house of Hanover.

A few words as to the fate of the Stuart Papers, that long-accumulated store of documents so promising as historical materials, so compromising to family interests. The Duchess of Albany having sent her chaplain, Father Waters, a Benedictine monk, to arrange her father's succession at Florence, desired him to make over the whole archives to her uncle, as head of the family and representative of its claims. This however Waters omitted to do, and after her death they remained in his possession, with the Cardinal's sanction. There they were casually seen by Sir John Hippesley, about 1794-5, who wrote to Mr. Burke, and by him the matter was brought under the notice of the Prince of Wales (George IV.). His Royal Highness took great interest in the papers, and authorized Sir John to treat for their purchase. This was effected in 1798, in consideration of an annuity of 50*l.* to Waters, which the latter lived only a few months to enjoy, but as the consent of Cardinal York had not been sought in the transaction, a pledge of secrecy during his life was annexed to the transfer. The papers were consigned to the British Vice-Consul at Cività Vecchia, to await the arrival of a frigate in which they were to be shipped, but that town having meanwhile fallen into the hands of the French, their removal became impracticable. Signor Bonelli, an Italian gentleman resident in London, was sent out to attempt their recovery, and on reaching Rome, he applied to the Abbé Paul Macpherson of the Scotch College. This was a matter of much delicacy, no British subject being then permitted by the French authorities to approach the coast. Macpherson, however, contrived to obtain a passport to Cività Vecchia, and, having ascertained from the Consul where the papers lay, he applied to the Commandant of the place for leave to search among them for certain documents required in a litigation in Scotland. The Commandant desired to see them, and, happening to take up a transcript of King James II.'s memoirs, exclaimed that, as the papers seemed of no consequence, having been already published, the Abbé might dispose of them as he thought fit. Under this permission they were sent to Leghorn, and thence shipped to Algiers, whence they reached England.

Another mass of papers, of which the larger portion consisted of correspondence and documents regarding the rebellions of 1715 and '45, belonged to Cardinal York, and remained after his death in the hands of his executor, Monsignor Angelo Cesarini. There happened in 1812 to be at Rome one Robert Watson, who had been compromised in London, first as private secretary

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secretary to Lord George Gordon, and subsequently as a member of the Corresponding Society, after which he had found it convenient to live abroad. He purchased these papers for about twenty guineas, and fitted up a room to receive them, there being several cart-loads. Having made great boasting of his acquisition, the matter reached the Cardinal Consalvi, himself a co-executor of the Cardinal, who seized the papers on behalf of the Papal government, offering to repay Watson all his outlay, a proposal which he refused, and left Rome, after vainly protesting against such interference with his lawful property. In November, 1838, he hanged himself in a London tavern, when eighty-eight years of age. Consalvi's object was probably to possess himself of any matter tending to compromise the Holy See, but finding the seizure very useless to his government, he, after the war was over, presented the papers to the Prince Regent. They have since been drawn upon with skill and good effect by Lord Mahon, and many other extracts from them appeared in the Appendix to Dr. Brown's 'History of the Highlands.' The documents which we have quoted as 'the Malatesta papers' had been overlooked when Watson's purchase was made, and have supplied some of the facts which we now for the first time give to the public.

The Cardinal's executor, to whom we have more than once referred, was appointed by a testamentary deed of somewhat mysterious import, the original of which we lately examined at Rome. After expressing his entire confidence in Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Ercole Consalvi—and in the Canon Angelo Cesarini, Rector of the Seminary at Frascati, subsequently Bishop of Mileto, 'in daily intercourse with whom he had passed the greater portion of his life,'—he declares them universal heirs of his whole means, effects, and rights, *in trust*, 'having specially confided to them his precise will and intention, both as to the heir to succeed to his property, and as to the legacies payable from it:' he further declares that his trustees 'shall be quite free fully or partially to publish and explain the instructions confided to them, how and when they think right, without any obligation to manifest these until it shall seem to them fitting so to do;' and that 'should any individual or sovereign attempt, under whatever pretext, to constrain them on this point, the whole inheritance shall thereby at once absolutely devolve upon them as their own.' The deed, in conclusion, renews his protest of 1784, in favour of the nearest lawful heir of his pretensions to the Crown of England, to whom he also formally transmits his royal rights. It was dated the 2nd of July, 1790, and registered at Rome in 1810. An unsigned draft of a similar deed, without date,

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date, but evidently posterior, which was found among the Malatesta papers, omits the name of Consalvi, and adds that the extensive losses, both of funded property and valuables, suffered by the testator in the revolution at Rome, as well as the sacrifices of money and jewels previously made by him, at the Pope's request, towards the support of the Holy See, obliged him to forego many of the dispositions he had at heart, for the benefit of his attendants and friends. The political adherents of his family had gradually thinned away; many of them had made their peace with the English government, and nearly all the rest had paid the debt of nature; indeed, no British name appears in a list of his household dated in 1799.

A considerable portion of the Cardinal's real property consisted of land in Mexico, and in 1808 his acting executor Cesarini made a formal memorandum of the instructions which had been verbally given him, and sealed it up, with orders that it should not be opened until the Countess of Albany's death had taken place, and until the Mexican estates should be realized. But these having been confiscated in the South American revolutions, as ecclesiastical property, a papal rescript was some years after obtained, authorizing the memorandum to be examined, which was done in 1831. In it the Propaganda Fide of Rome was declared heir of the Cardinal's whole effects, with instructions as to the manner of applying the income in aid of certain foreign missions. A suit was thereafter instituted for recovery of the land in Mexico, and was lost, an offer from Duke Torlonia of 6500*l.* for the claims in dispute having been previously refused by the Propaganda. The amount realized under this settlement has not been stated, but there are circumstances connected with the Cardinal's latter years which render it probable that he survived most of the heir-looms of his house. We have already recounted the fate of his papers; his library went to endow his favourite seminary at Frascati; his remaining furniture, plate, and family relics have been gradually absorbed by English collectors at Rome, during the last half century.

ART. VI.—1. *Obras de Gil Vicente.* Publicadas por J. V. Barreto Feio e José Gomes Monteiro. Hamburgo. 1834.
2. *Um Auto de Gil Vicente.* Por J. B. de Almeida Garrett. Lisboa. 1846. Nova Edição.

THE Portuguese, though by no means free from national vanity, have a singular aptitude for losing or hiding their literary treasures. The works of Gil Vicente, of no mean celebrity from the beginning till near the close of the sixteenth century, were buried

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buried alive almost two centuries and a half ago, and now that they are at last disentombed, have still vitality enough to reproach his countrymen for their negligence. Gil Vicente may be called their first and last dramatist; for if he laid the foundation of a national theatre, it was a foundation that has never had any adequate or abiding superstructure. The plays of his contemporary, Sa de Miranda, might be favoured by the learned or the pedantic as scholastic copies of classical models, but they had no truth for the people, and could not engage their sympathies. The 'Castro' of Antonio Ferreira, though national in subject and in language, is Greek in plan and construction, with some licence as to the unity of time; and this one tragedy, more elegant than impassioned, is perhaps the only play, certainly the only old play, to which the Portuguese have confidently referred strangers for evidence of their possession of anything valuable as a drama: for proud as they justly are of Jorge Ferreira de Vasconcellos, his so-called comedies, the 'Aulegrafia,' the 'Ulisippo,' the 'Euphrosyne,' volumes of wit and wisdom, epigram and apophthegm, are as distant relations of the drama as the dialogues of Lucian.

During the one hundred and fifty years that the theatre of Spain was supplied and overstocked with national dramas, that is, from its rise to its decline about the year 1700, Portugal gave but few and fitful signs of any wish to rival her neighbour, on the mimic stage at least, though she had possessed a dramatist truly and vividly national in Gil Vicente, not only before Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon were heard of, but before a drama of real life had been attempted in Spain. There can be no better authority than Cervantes himself for the state of the Spanish theatre in his time, before he began to write for it. It was as innocent of knowledge of the world as a puppy not nine days old. Gil Vicente might have opened its eyes and sharpened its whimper to an intelligible bark, for several of his shrewdest pieces are composed in Spanish. But the Spaniards were ever slow to learn of their neighbours, even if they talked to them in their own language; and in this instance it is no wonder that they were so, for the Portuguese themselves were already forgetting their Aristophanes.

It was to the interest of the monastic orders that he should be forgotten. It concerned also the dignity of the priesthood, and even of the lay nobility, to discourage his writings; for Gil Vicente, though he did not make himself odious by personalities, was a bold and unsparing satirist of vice in all quarters, high or low; and though he was most constantly severe on the fraternities of the hood and frock, he scrupled not to 'bare the mean heart that lurked beneath a star:' no rank or station below royalty was privileged

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privileged from his moral censorship; and even royalty he has occasionally ventured to lesson—then dropping, of course, his formidable weapon of ridicule. We suspect that the virtual suppression of his works, a few years after their second publication, though not avowedly an official suppression, was in a great measure the effect of the strengthened influence of the Holy Office. Gil Vicente had, indeed, some few imitators, but they had neither his boldness nor his talent, and left no durable impression. And the name of Gil Vicente himself, it is true, was now and then quoted in later times as authority for an archaism in a dictionary, or alluded to in a paper among the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Lisbon; but the Portuguese nation for the most part were as unacquainted with his compositions as if they had never existed, and the public of every other portion of Europe knew nothing, and still know little or nothing about them, though two or three eminent German critics have taken some pains to recall them to notice. Now and then it might occur to a thoughtful muser on the bygone notabilia of his native land that the fame of Gil Vicente must have meant something, not only at home but abroad, when Erasmus was reported to have studied Portuguese expressly for the purpose of reading him in the original; but no attempt was made in his own country to redeem his works from oblivion.

About twenty years ago, Mr. Almeida Garrett promised a new edition of them; but other avocations, literary and political, diverted him from his purpose till he was at length anticipated by the editors of the volumes before us. Two ancient copies of these works, so long among the rarest in literature, were extant in the Royal Library at Lisbon at the time of the French invasion of the Peninsula. They were then removed to Brazil, and only one was brought back at the return of the Braganza family in 1814, and this was the second and mutilated edition of 1585, bearing on its title-page the ominous announcement—*Vam emendadas pelo Sancto officio, como se manda no Cathalogo deste Regno.* The possession by the University of Göttingen of a copy of the original publication, the black-letter folio of 1561—an edition that had not entirely escaped the tender handling of the Holy Office, but was far less garbled than its successor—was hardly known even to bibliographers—when Messrs. Barreto Feio and Gomes Monteiro, happening to hear of it at Hamburgh, repaired to Göttingen, contrived in less than a month to write out the whole folio, and soon afterwards produced from their transcript this carefully collated edition, with an able and judicious introduction by Mr. Monteiro, a very meagre glossary, and no explanatory notes. It is probable that not twenty copies of this reprint have yet found their

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their way to England, though it is twelve years since it was published.

Few particulars of the life of Gil Vicente have been handed down. Nicolas Antonio briefly mentions him, and evidently knew little respecting him and his productions. Barbosa Machado's notice of him is more interesting, yet far from satisfactory. He tells us that Gil Vicente was of a distinguished family, but that the place of his birth was not ascertained; that, according to Don Antonio de Lima, in his 'Nobiliarchia,' he was born at Guimaraens, but that Father Pedro Poyares, in the 'Panegyric of Barcellos,' claims the honour of his birth for that town, while other writers make him a native of Lisbon. The exact date of his birth too is not known; it must be about the year 1480. He was educated for the law in the University of Lisbon, but he early acquired a taste unfriendly to the digestion of Civil Institutes. The success of Juan de la Encina, who had recently produced before distinguished audiences in Spain a style of pastoral dialogue till then totally unknown in the Peninsula, excited Gil Vicente to his first attempts in the dramatic art. Garcia de Resende, who was brought up at the Court of King Emanuel, seems decisive on this point. In his 'Miscellanea,' that most curious poem illustrative of customs and occurrences of which he had been witness, he says, speaking of the pomps and pleasures of his master's court—

'E vimos singularmente
Fazer representaçoens,
D' estilo mui eloquente,
De mui novas invençoens,
E feitas por Gil Vicente.

'Elle foi que inventou
Isto cá, e o usou
Com mais graça e mais doutrina;
Posto que Joam del Enzina
O Pastoril começou.'

'We also saw representations singularly curious, right eloquent in style, and quite new in inventions, by Gil Vicente. He it was that introduced the dramatic pastoral here, using it with more grace and more skill than Juan de la Encina, who, however, began it.' So early as the year 1502 we find Gil Vicente entertaining the Court with two of these novelties, crude and feeble essays, in close imitation of his Spanish master. The first is a mere monologue spoken by the author in the character of a neatherd who has elbowed his way into the palace to congratulate the king on the birth of his heir, Prince John. It was spoken on the second night after the prince's birth, not in the chamber of the newly confined Queen, D. Maria, nor in her presence, as is stated in the editor's preface by an oversight, but in the presence of the king and of the 'old Queen' Donna Beatrice,* who was so

* 'A Rainha velha.' But she was never queen; she appears to have been so styled by courtesy after the accession of his son Emanuel to the throne.

pleased

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pleased with it—*por ser cousa nova em Portugal*—because it was a new thing in Portugal—that she would have had the same piece again represented on Christmas eve as an appropriate celebration of the Nativity! She was a pious princess, and made this strange request to the author in all simplicity. But he prepared a second piece for that festival—the 'Castilian Pastoral,' a poor affair, *pobre coisa*, as it is truly and modestly termed by the author himself, or his editor; and again Donna Beatrice was delighted, and therefore requested a third piece for Twelfth Day. This, *Os Reis Magos*, The Wise Kings, was an improvement on the two former, but not remarkable for novelty of conception. Gil Vicente, however, soon put forth his strength, and not only excelled Encina, which indeed required no great power, but adorned the most grotesque materials with a vivacity of humour and fancy seldom if ever found in the elder moralities and mysteries of other nations; and though he was not the earliest dramatist of modern Europe, he may be fairly said to have been among the first, if not the very first, who gave something like form and character and progressive action to compositions for the stage. The dramas of his Spanish contemporary, Torres Noharro, were, we believe, never performed in Spain, nor is it ascertained that they were ever publicly acted at all, even at Naples, where they were first printed in 1517, and where a Spanish audience might have been found. Cervantes, though he mentions him in his 'Galatea' as the *artificioso* Torres Noharro, does not allude to him in his comic sketch of the early history of the Spanish drama, and probably had only heard of his writings. It is not likely that Gil Vicente ever saw them; nor can we trace in the two authors such striking similarity of manner as would justify a suspicion affecting the originality of either. The reader curious on this matter may be enabled to judge for himself by consulting a little volume, in which several of the Spanish pieces of the Portuguese author are followed by some of Torres Noharro's. It is entitled 'Teatro Español anterior a Lope de Vega,' *Gotha*, 1833. The German editor of these specimens laments that Gil Vicente did not write all his works in Castilian. We should be rather disposed to regret, with the Portuguese editors, that he did not compose them all in his vernacular tongue, if his countrymen had not been so long as impartial in their neglect of his writings in the one language as in the other.

To write in Spanish was a fashion of the time easily accounted for; and it is not surprising that Gil Vicente should have often adopted it when preparing entertainments for the Court. Of the three wives of King Emanuel two were princesses of Castile, and the third was sister to the Emperor Charles V. The wife of

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of John III. was also a Castilian. It is true that the poet, in his 'Triumph of Winter,' says that he introduces 'wild Winter talking *Spanish*, because whoever wishes to *feign* will find abundant materials for his purpose in that language:'—

'O Inverno vem salvagem,
Castellano en su decir;
Porque quem quizer fingir,
Na Castelhana linguagem
Achará quanto pedir.'

According to the interpretation put upon the word *fingir*, this may be read either as a compliment or a sarcasm: a compliment to the Castilian language as a rich vocabulary for inventive writers, or a sarcastic imputation of disingenuousness in the Castilian character. The famed historian Barros, in his 'Dialogue in praise of the Portuguese Language,' says that Gil Vicente chose the Spanish as a better vehicle than his own tongue for the coarse and grotesque; but no one who reads these volumes without national prejudice can agree with him, for several of the most serious and elegant, as well as many of the droller scenes are in Spanish—not, however, for want of equal power of every sort in the Portuguese language, but, as we at least believe, for the reason before stated, that the Spanish was in vogue with the Court.

The man whose wit was so long the delight of those illustrious personages married Donna Branca Bezerra, by whom, says Barbosa, he had two sons and a daughter, Gil, Luiz, and Paula. Of the son Gil he reports, quoting Manoel de Faria e Souza,* that he not only emulated, but far exceeded his father in dramatic poetry. Faria, in proof of this superiority, attributes to him 'many dramas' not specified; and one in particular, entitled 'Don Duardos.' 'This drama,' says Faria, 'marvellous for its brilliancy and grace, and for its striking turns of passion, was in reality composed by Gil Vicente *the younger*, whom his father, jealous of his reputation, caused to be sent to India, where he was killed, bravely fighting against the natives.' This is an ugly story, but luckily it is merely one of Faria's hallucinations, for it seems to be proved that this injured Gil, junior, never was in being.

The poet passed a life not short in the service and delectation of the Court of Portugal. Without overrating the influence of his position there, it might be supposed that his labours were bountifully rewarded, or at least that they secured for him ease of circumstances. But a quarter of a century after the commencement of his career, and hardly three years after the decease of

* Commentary on Camoens, 33rd Sonnet.

his

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his patron and *friend*, the great Emanuel, he was complaining of poverty:—

> 'Um Gil,
> Hum que não tem nem cetil,
> Que faz os Autos a el rei.'—*Portuguese Pastoral.*

'The man who supplies *Autos* for the king does not possess a farthing!'—And at a much later date, when a pestilence had broken out, and his house was one of the first that it attacked, we find in some verses addressed to the Conde de Vimioso, to whom the king had referred a memorial of the poet, a complaint, that because he is one of the least importunate of suitors he is among the most neglected of diligent servants—'For he who does not beg gets nothing, he who waits suffers, and he who does not show himself is forgotten.' He adds, that he has now in hand a beautiful farce, *uma farça mui formosa*, called 'Hunting for Secrets,' and says that 'if industry insured success, and desert had its due, he should possess a sufficiency to live on, and something to give away and to bequeath; that if he had studied in the school of Gonzalo d'Ayalo, [a prating Castilian then in high feather at court,] he might have learned impudence and made his fortune; that his desire to please his patrons is greater than ever, but that his spirit is worn down by want!' The farce for which he seems to solicit favour, 'A Caça dos Segredos,' was either left unfinished, or not called for. It does not appear among his works. At a season of pestilence in Lisbon the Court might be excused for declining attention to a farce, even by Vicente, especially when the pest was in his house, and might be introduced into the palace if the performance were allowed there; for not only was the author the manager also on these occasions, but both he and his daughter Paula took leading parts in the representations.

Bouterwek, by the way, who in his brief account of this author is less correct than usual (and who is here, as throughout his history of Portuguese Literature, almost implicitly followed, right or wrong, by Sismondi, though in this instance with a saving doubt), says that 'we are not informed whether Vicente was himself an actor.' He has overlooked the positive testimony of André de Resende, an eye-witness, given in the very article of Barbosa from which he quotes:—

> 'Cunctorum hinc acta est comœdia plausu,
> Quam Lusitanâ Gillo Auctor et *Actor* in aulâ
> Egerat ante, dicax atque inter vera facetus:
> Gillo jocis levibus doctus præstringere mores.'

It has also escaped Bouterwek, that the prologues to two of the dramas, 'The Temple of Apollo' and 'The Triumph of Winter,'

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ter,' are expressly stated to have been spoken by the author in person.

In 'The Portuguese Pastoral' before quoted, Gil Vicente had also hinted at a time when he was better off—*quando elle tinha com que*,—'when he had wherewithal.' John III. may have been a less liberal patron than his father. It is surprising how the establisher of the Inquisition in Portugal could have tolerated him at all. Yet that he not only tolerated but encouraged Gil, we know; and that he respected him may be inferred from an interesting document, a letter written by the poet himself to his sovereign on the subject of an earthquake that shook various parts of Portugal in January, 1531. The free and manly tone of this communication is that of a person who feels that he is something more than a comedian in the estimation of the king whom he addresses. The clergy of Santarem, where the shock was severe, instead of allaying the terrors of the people, increased them by announcing from the pulpit that it was no natural convulsion, but an express manifestation of the wrath of God against Portugal for her tolerance of enemies to the Faith; and they boldly predicted the day and the hour on which another and more terrible earthquake would visit the town. The conforming Jews, or New Christians, thus denounced, fled in all directions in search of shelter from the fury of the mob. Gil Vicente, having persuaded the several preachers to assemble in the cloisters of St. Francis, harangued them in a strain of remonstrance which shamed them to a better sense of duty. They returned to their pulpits as he advised them, 'to preach but not to persecute;' the people were appeased, and the fugitives ventured back to their homes. The man who could act thus fearlessly and effectively, and make so frank a report of his proceedings to a bigoted prince, must have felt himself strong in his sovereign's consideration, however little he might have experienced of his bounty. That this monarch had not withdrawn his protection from the poet at a still later date is shown in the author's intended dedication of his works to him, which opens with the following modest and graceful passage:—

'The books which I have read, Most Serene Lord, both in verse and prose, are so fertile in knowledge, invention, eloquence, and elegance, that, distrusting the poverty of my genius, and conscious that I have lived, as I was born, without any of those qualifications, I had resolved to leave my wretched works unprinted; for the ancients and moderns have left nothing unexpressed that is good, not a fine thought unappropriated, not a grace undiscovered: so it might have been the better for me if I had merely copied them, even though I should have been as an echo in the valley that repeats what has been said without knowing what it says.[2]

He

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He proceeds in the more common vein of a court-poet to ascribe to John III. all the cardinal virtues, and many more. He then adds,—

'If I were to beseech your Highness's protection against evil tongues for these poor writings, I should feel it unreasonable to pray for so high a prop to so low a building; and, untutored adventurer that I am, what can I hope for? And you, my Book, what hope is yours? Say, however, when malicious dunces reprove you, "Were my Master here you would be silent." In fine, to keep clear of contentions, as well as for other reasons, I should have abandoned the notion of printing my works if your Highness had not *commanded* the publication, for no merit in them worthy of such distinction, but because several of them are works of devotion, and your Highness is unwilling that anything, however insignificant, should be lost that has for its object the promotion of virtue. I have laboured at this compilation with much fatigue to my old age and right loyal good will,' &c.

He did not live to publish the collection. Barbosa states that he died *before* the year 1557, at Evora, where he was in attendance on the Court. This was the year in which John III. died. Barbosa's date is possibly a misprint for 1537. When it is remembered, says Mr. Monteiro, that Gil Vicente, when he wrote to the King from Santarem, 1531, thought himself at death's door, *mui visinho da morte*, and that his last composition, the 'Garden of Errors,' bears the date 1536, it appears probable that he expired in the latter or the subsequent year. Barros, in his 'Dialogue' before alluded to, a pamphlet which forms part of a miscellaneous volume, printed 1539-40, seems to speak of him as of one already deceased. He was buried in the cloisters of St. Francis, and an epitaph written by himself was engraven on his tomb. We suppose it was not dated.

'Here, reposing from the strife
And the weariness of life,
In this dwelling I abide
What the Judgment shall decide.
Askest thou what I was once?
Ponder well then my response.
Mortal, I was once like thee,
Such as I am thou shalt be.
And, as all to this must come,
Reader, take my counsel home;
Look on me as in a glass,
Look into thyself, and pass.'

The sentiment is the simplest as well as the most solemn that can affect us, and is here expressed with the homeliness, and almost in the words, of 'the unlettered Muse' of our old churchyards.

Whatever may be the true date of Gil Vicente's death, it is certain that the licence for the first impression of his collected writings was granted by Queen Catharine, as regent for her grandson, Sebastian, to the poet's daughter, Paula, so late as the 3rd of September, 1561, and that they were first published in 1562, by his son Lewis, and dedicated to King Sebastian, who was

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was at this time only eight years old. We learn, from the editor's address to him, a fact not without its interest, as a trait of character in that unfortunate prince, that even at this tender age he took a particular pleasure in the works of Gil Vicente, that he 'read them and delighted to see them performed.'

Our readers may desire to know something more of these productions. The author had not completed the collection of his works when he died, and perhaps could not have completed it; for the son tells us that, with all his filial diligence, he failed to recover many of the manuscripts. The dramatic pieces preserved are forty-two in number. The first volume of the present edition contains twelve devotional *Autos*, or acts. These are called *Obras de Devoção*. The second volume contains four comedies and ten tragi-comedies: the third, twelve farces, besides a few miscellaneous addenda in verse and prose. This classification looks somewhat capricious, for more than one of the *Autos* might be placed among the farces without finding themselves in a false position, so much more conspicuous in them is the humour than the reverence. But however questionable, or even indefensible according to stricter notions, may be the taste of dramatising sacred subjects, especially in the mode that they were represented not only in the Pyrenean peninsula, and in Italy and France, but in Germany and England before the triumph of Luther, and before the day

> 'When Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
> And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes,'

it is not our business here to discuss the morals of ancient moralities nor the religion of miracle-plays. We must take Gil Vicente's as we find them, and as they were exhibited in the sixteenth century to a splendid court, which passed for one of the most orthodox courts in Europe, in a country whose pride it was to be the 'Most Faithful' champion of Christianity, and even in the presence of that zealot boy-king who was nurtured up to be the very Knight-Errant of the Faith, and who was so early to perish with all his chivalry on the battle-field of Alcáçer-Kebír.

About one-fourth of these plays are in the Spanish language, about half of them in Portuguese, and the rest in Portuguese and Spanish intermixed. The three first religious autos already noticed are in Spanish. In the 'Auto da Fé,' a title that might suggest the horrors of fire and faggot, but which means literally an Act of Faith, for the Inquisition, so long before established in Spain as well as in France, was not yet admitted into this land*—the queer

* The Bull, or papal warrant, for the introduction of the Inquisition into Portugal, sent by Clement VII. to John III., is dated 'Anno Incarnationis Dominicæ 1531.'

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uncouth swains who receive instruction in the rudiments of the creed, and who are most obtuse pupils, express their admiration and perplexity in low Spanish, while The Faith alone, their teacher, speaks Portuguese—a notable stroke of patriotism in the author. This is one of the few pieces to which no date is assigned, but it might have been supplied from the Auto itself, for one of the peasants asks how many years ago the Messiah was born, and Faith answers 'fifteen hundred years and ten.' The 'Auto de S. Martinho,' 1504, refers to a pleasant legend often told and painted. A cripple on the way-side implores the charity of passers-by. Saint Martin, the cavalier, attended by three pages, rides up. He is asked for alms, but has no money. The pages are equally pennyless. The beggar, accustomed to that excuse, is only the more importunate. Saint Martin draws his sword, and dividing his cloak, gives half of it to the 'poor old man,' whose eloquence fairly earned the boon, for if his petition is not so sententiously got up as Mrs. Barbauld's, it is far more true to the vocabulary of men of the wallet.

In the 'Auto da Alma.' 1508, the argument is, that as hostelries are necessary for the bodily repose and refection of travellers, so an inn or half-way house for souls is requisite on the pilgrimage to eternity. That inn is the church, and it is served by four fathers, Saints Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, and Thomas. A guardian angel is conducting a soul towards it. A colloquy, really devout and pathetic, is carried on between them as they proceed. The angel gets somewhat in advance of his charge, and a fiend takes that opportunity of tempting her, and nearly succeeds by the joint force of flattery and bribes; for he loads her with trinkets and fine clothes which encumber and soon weary her, so that she is on the point of relinquishing the journey. The angel turns to the rescue, and with difficulty persuades her to persevere. She arrives at the inn, exhausted with fatigue. The good counsel there given her, and the spiritual refreshment, symbolical of Our Lord's Passion, restore her. She casts off her finery, and is humble and contrite, and the tempter loses his labour.

This allegory, composed for and acted in Passion-week, is one of the few Autos seriously treated throughout, and it is none the worse for the absence of gibes and raillery. But all the *Christmas* plays have more or less of the *vis comica*, sometimes inseparably intermingled with the gravest matter, sometimes antithetically balanced against solemn thoughts, as if in a trial of strength with wisdom, sometimes kept apart from the more serious agency, or even occasionally left to disport itself independently of the business of the scene. The Auto of 'The Wise Kings' is one of the

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the tangled skeins; the 'Castilian Pastoral' is a contrast of the sensual and the spiritual principle in lowly minds; the 'Portuguese Pastoral' is only slightly linked with its professed subject, the Nativity,—it is in fact an amusing and spirited embroglio of rustic loves, in which the dialogue is smart and lively, and the characters are true to common nature, and true to Gil Vicente, who is always at home among the peasantry, and does not turn them into courtiers, though he is fond of bringing them to court, and into royal chapels.

The *Mofina Mendes*, a mad-cap shepherdess, who loses all her master's flock, gives the name to another Christmas Auto, which is in three divisions—the first part treating of the Annunciation, and the third of the Nativity; but the second part, in which alone Mofina Mendes appears, is wedged in as if on purpose to break the connection between the other two, having itself no connection with either, except that certain shepherds, with whom Mofina holds parley in a vein of exquisite foolery, go to sleep when she quits them, to be awakened by an angel who brings them tidings of the birth of a Saviour. It may be, however, that the author, who gives us beautiful pictures of the Virgin attended by Faith, Prudence, Poverty, and Humility, both at the Annunciation and after the Nativity, thrusts this fantastical Mofina Mendes between them by way of foil.

In the Auto of the Propheteſs Cassandra, he produces a character in express and very singular contrast with that of the Blessed Virgin. The play, performed in the convent of Xabregas near Lisbon, and as usual before royal personages, treats of the presumption of Cassandra, who, having an imperfect prescience of the mystery of the Incarnation, believes herself to be the chosen Maiden, and, impressed with this notion, refuses to marry. Anachronisms, however prodigious, must be counted for nothing in Gil Vicente. He cares not what names he adopts, so that by any association they may help to work out his allegory. Solomon is the rejected suitor of this pretty and witty Joanna Southcote. Their debate is most animated and amusing, and admirably sustained by Cassandra, who concludes it with a lively, flippant song:—

Dicen que me case yo;	To be married I must go;
No quiero marido, no.	So they say, but I say no.
Mas quiero vivir segura	I would rather safe abide
Nesta sierra á mi soltura,	Single on this mountain side,
Que no estar en ventura	Than at hazard change my state
Si casaré bien ó no.	For a good or evil mate.
Dicen que me case yo;	To be married I must go;
No quiero marido, no.	So say they, but I say no.

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Madre, no seré casada,	Mother, I will never marry,
Por no ver vida cansada,	All my days a yoke to carry,
Ó quizá mal empleada	Or perhaps, by folly driven,
La gracia que Dios me dió.	Lose the grace that God has given.
Dicen que me case yo;	To be married I must go;
No quiero marido, no.	So they say, but I say no.

Nor can all the arguments of three Sibyls, Erythra, Persica, and Cimeria, persuade her to accept Solomon. 'Wooing bachelors,' she says, 'are all gentleness and tenderness; the same men, when wed, are lions, dragons, veritable fiends. If a wife is discreet and reserved of speech, she is set down as a stubborn fool; if she speaks, she is abused for prating.' Persica advises Solomon to try whether his *uncles*, Isaiah, Moses, and Abraham, cannot urge his suit with better effect. On that hint Solomon fetches them, and they all four enter singing a *volta*, or *rondeau*, in which she is described as a 'shepherdess beautiful as the flowers, and ungovernable as the sea.' Abraham, by way of conciliating the haughty Beauty, of whom they are all afraid, offers her a pair of bracelets; Moses requests her acceptance of two rings that belonged to his daughters; Isaiah proffers a gold chain. She rejects these lures to matrimony. Moses is scandalised, and expostulates, reminding her of the sanctity of marriage and of the antiquity of its institution by the Creator himself in the union of Adam and Eve. She does not deny that, but objects that most subsequent matches are of the Tempter's making. Abraham suggests that her husband may turn out a good one, and never get into a passion. She gives the Patriarch cogent reasons for not risking the chance; and at last, fretted by importunity, she declares her knowledge of the fact that a virgin is to be the mother of the Messiah. The Sibyls confirm her declaration in lively and poetical language, on which Cassandra boldly announces herself as the selected maiden. Abraham tells her that she is mad; Isaiah, that her pride and arrogance have made her so, and that *his* prophecies point to a very different person, a meek and lowly handmaid, gifted with all grace. Solomon is shocked at the audacity of Cassandra, and asks her what would have become of him if he, the wisest of men, had married so crazy a woman. She insists that she is wiser than he. A curtain opens and discovers the Virgin and Infant, over whom four angels are singing a hymn. Cassandra is thus brought to her senses. A beautiful hymn in praise of the Virgin Mary is then chanted by the attendant worshippers.

But the lyrical grace of 'Cassandra' is excelled in '*Os Quatros Tempos*,'—The Seasons.* A seraph, in a prologue spoken in pre-

* Composed at the request of King Emanuel's sister, and performed on Christmas evein the chapel of St. Michael at Lisbon.

sence

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sence of an archangel and two angels, announces with no little solemnity and pathos the birth of a Redeemer. These four celestial spirits then repair to the rude manger and sing a hymn of adoration. The Seasons also come to adore. Winter, an ill-clad shivering peasant, gives a dismal account of his own condition. Spring glides in singing a charming song. To translate it closely would be to cage the nightingale; but the following imitation of a portion of it is a faint echo of its sweetness:—

I 'll away to the garden,
For winter is over;
The Rose is awake
To the song of her lover!
I will go and discover
The passionate Nightingale singing above her.

From the boughs green and golden
That slope to the river,
A Nymph gathers lemons
To give to her lover:
I will go and discover
The shy little Nightingale singing above her.

Near the vineyard, where often
I have spied out a rover,
Sits a damsel who sings
To be heard by her lover:
I will go and discover
The bold little Nightingale singing above her.

Summer, an infirm, emaciated figure, like a scare-crow in a straw-hat, gives an appalling description of the diseases and miseries he is subject to. Spring unhandsomely flouts him, because he 'always comes, with his ugly lank withered face, to destroy verdure and make straw.' Summer retorts with burning sarcasms on youth and its efflorescent vanity. Autumn puts an end to the altercation. He is a rural philosopher, content with the fruits that are left for him, and advises the other Seasons to mind their own affairs and keep their temper. Jupiter announces the discomfiture of paganism in a chant that will remind the reader of a later and loftier strain:—

'The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.'

Bishop

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Bishop Newton, in a note on this passage, remarks that Milton 'builds on the common hypothesis of the oracles being struck dumb at the coming of Christ, which is allowable enough in a young poet.'—'Surely,' says T. Warton, 'nothing could have been more allowable in an old poet. And how poetically is it extended to the Pagan divinities and the Oriental idolatries!' It is curious to find Gil Vicente, at a mature age, treating the subject in the very same way, above a century before the young Milton imagined his sublime ode. Here is a specimen of the Song of the Planet Jupiter:—

Aclara, Febo lumbroso,
Los pasos peregrinantes
Que camino;
Porque el tiempo mentiroso
De los dioses triunfantes
Pierde el tino.
No se usará ya mas
Venerar templo á Diana,
Ni á Juno;
Ni se verá, ni verás,
Estar Februa ufana
Nel trebuno.

Ni Apollo se verá
Ni los Bacos adorados
De Romanos:
Ni el Himeneo será
Padrino de los casados
Persianos:
Ni las Ninfas Aguaceras
Traerán aguas por ruegos
De las gentes:
Ni las Hadas hechiceras
Mostrarán fingidos fuegos
De serpientes.

Y Naiades y Dianas,
Las Driades cazadoras,
Y Netuno,
Y las tres Diesas Troyanas,
Dejarán de ser señoras,
De consuno.
Y la Rhamnusia doncella
Decida de su castillo
Con ultrage;
Y todas estas con ella
Darán al niño chiquillo
El menage.—

Shine out, thou glorious Sun,
Illume the path I run
With brighter day;
For the false triumphant time
Of the gods of every clime
Has pass'd away.
Void shall be Dian's fane,
Abjured the reverence vain
To Juno vowed:
Nor henceforth shalt thou behold
Februa with aspect bold
O'erawe the crowd.

Apollo's reign is o'er;
The Bacchi shall no more
Be hailed in Rome;
Hymen shall no more preside
At the blessing of the Bride
In Persic dome.
No more the Fountain-Nymph
Shall pour her sparkling lymph,
By votaries sued:
Nor with shows of fiery snakes
Shall the Witch-demoniacs
Man's sight delude.

Naiads of marish leas,
The huntress-Dryades,
And Ocean's Lord,
And the Goddess-rivals three,
Shall resign their sovereignty,
With one accord.
From her Tarpeian throne
The Maid of Rhamnus prone
Is cast with scorn:
She and all those powers exiled
Leave the sceptre to a child,
A child new-born.—

Creo

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Creo que oyó los bramidos
De los bregos * ancianos
De alegria,
Porque hoy son abatidos
Los infernales tiranos
Neste dia.—

Todos van hoy adorar
Al criador poderoso
Que es nacido;
Las aves con su cantar
Y el ganado selvinoso
Con bramido.
Los salvaginos bestiales,
Con olicorne, pandero,
Dan loores;
Y los brutos animales
Adoran aquel cordero,
Y los pastores.

Methinks I hear the shout
Of the prophets old, from out
Their graves this day:
What they told hath come about,
And the infernal tyrant-rout
Have lost their sway.—

All living things on earth,
Rejoicing in the birth
Of God made Man,
Praise their Maker—tuneful birds,
Bleating folds, and lowing herds
In forests wan.
Ev'n brutes of savage mood,
The reem, the panther-brood,
The lion's dam,
Give voice to praise in wood and wold,
While the pastors of the fold
Adore the Lamb.

The *Barca do Inferno*, 'Ferry-boat of Hell,' 1517, was performed for the consolation of 'the most Catholic and saintly Queen, Donna Maria,' King Emanuel's second wife, in her own apartment, when confined by the illness of which she died that same year. It is witty, spirited, and gross, and a most strange solace for a dying queen. It would have delighted our Rabelais, the dean of St. Patrick's. An apology is given for its insertion among the works of devotion. It is in fact only the first portion of an Auto in three parts, and the second and third were represented in the chapel; but this introductory part, though not performed, nor fit to be performed there, is necessarily prefixed.

The Devil, who is his own Charon, is ready with his boat and an assistant imp. An Angel, the ferryman to Paradise, attends also with his boat. The humour turns upon the anxiety of the wicked, after death, to get into the angel's boat, and the claim of the devil to them as his proper cargo. A tyrannical noble, a usurer, a knavish shoemaker, a friar of loose life, with his mistress, a Jew pimp with a goat on his back, a procuress, a corrupt judge, a venal magistrate, an attorney, and a hanged felon, are all rejected by the angel and secured by the devil as his lawful freight. The friar attempts to confound the enemy with Latin, but the devil shows that he can talk Latin as well, or as ill, as the friar. All are invited, with the politeness that admits of no denial, to take their places in the infernal barge, except the Jew,

* In the short conjectural glossary the word *brego* is explained *brega, pendentia*, strife, quarrel; but we take it to be here meant for *pregon* (in Portuguese *pregão*), a cry or crier, a herald.

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who is unceremoniously taken in tow, with his goat, as unworthy of contact with the rest of the worshipful company. The angel receives four Knights of the Cross who were killed in battle against the infidels of Africa, and also an idiot-boy who in his abuse of the foul fiend shows a capacity for Billingsgate that must have astonished the ears of the Queen.—The second act, which was performed as a separate piece in the following year, 1518, is called *The Boat of Purgatory*. Of those that come to the river-side the Devil secures only one, a gamester. The rest, who are all poor people, are left in the fields of purgatory, from which the Good Angel promises to withdraw them to bliss in due time, although his competitor has a sharp and ludicrous contest for them. But it is Christmas-day, and he is unlucky. Only a little child is at once admitted into the angel's boat.—The third act, which was also separately performed, in 1519, is the 'Boat of Glory.' The persons are, the Foul Fiend and the Good Angel as before, Death, a count, a duke, a king, an emperor, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, and a pope. The Devil, conversing with Death, complains that she has lately sent him hardly any but common passengers; she makes excuses, and promises him a richer cargo. She first fetches the count, and then successively introduces the other magnates. The Devil demands every one of them, and supports his claim with pithy arguments. He reproaches and taunts them with the viciousness of their lives, and points out to them, with no little of the diabolical unction of Dante's fiends, the burning region on the other side of the flood, particularising the various torments inflicted there. They severally appeal to the Angel-pilot, who, having no authority for their admission, commends them to the Virgin and refers them to the Saviour. They all pray, and the devil is very insolent on their after-death repentance. The Good Angel, perceiving no sign from heaven in their favour, tells them they must go in the black boat; but the other angels, who are under his orders as the crew of the Bark of Glory, unveil a splendid crucifix. The grandees prostrate themselves before it in anguish, renewing their supplications to the Redeemer. No gracious intimation follows, and the Bark of Glory is pushed off while the forsaken spirits raise a dreadful cry of lamentation, which is music to the Tormentor, who now makes sure of them. Christ suddenly appears as after the Resurrection; the angels gladly row back to the shore, and all those illustrious personages are received into their boat. The author here gives the baffled fiend some reason to complain of one law for the poor and another for the rich, in the inverse sense of the judgment on Lazarus and Dives. But it is worthy of observation that the saving clause by which His Holiness and the other

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other dignitaries are rescued from their terrible jeopardy is merely a stage-note at the end of the play, and no part of the spoken play itself. The reprieve was intimated in dumb show, and was evidently added (perhaps by command) to save appearances.

Gil Vicente was a courtier, and no mean proficient in the arts of compliment; but his frankness as a censor is far more remarkable than his address as an encomiast. In this play his courage is surprising; but in another, the *Auto da Feira*, 'Fair of Grace,' written and acted at a much later period, 1527, it is most extraordinary.

The prologue, spoken by Mercury, shrewdly ridicules the science of divination by the stars and the twelve signs, one of the conceits rampant in his day. Gil Vicente was a foe to charlatanism in all its shapes, especially to the presumptions that would dress themselves in the authority of knowledge not accorded to man. By an easy transposition, and with some modifications, the fine irony of this prologue, and of some similar portions of this author's writings, might serve to rebuke pretenders of various sorts in our own day—those egregious wizards, for example, whose magnetic absolutism over body and spirit would nullify the doctrine of free will, and release Man from responsibility to his Maker — those builders, too, or reconstructors, of hypotheses grounded mainly on the later discoveries in geology; a grand and solid foundation, on which free-thinkers raise nebulous towers, and pry from those airy observatories into the Holy of Holies, peruse the inner mind of the Almighty, and look down with pity on the ignorant multitudes who have nothing to help them in their heavenward aspirations but blind faith in the truths of revealed religion.

A fair is to be held in the Court of Portugal on Christmas-day, a spiritual fancy-fair, or Festival of Grace, in honour of the Virgin-mother. Time, the chief salesman, has a store of virtues on hand, and would fain find customers for justice, truth, equanimity, sound judgment, and the fear of God, at any price or none; for Christianity, he complains, is wasted in the service of Opinion, quibbled away in speculative subtleties that are nothing to its purpose, evaded in spirit, if not travestied in form. But Time has a potent rival in the Devil, who has set up a booth opposite to him. Against this influence a Seraph comes to Time's assistance, and acts as his crier. He calls on churches and convents, on pastors and on drowsy popes, to come to the fair. He exhorts prelates to remember the holy simplicity of the men of God of past ages, and adjures princes to beware of the wrath of the Almighty. The Devil comes out to exhibit his pack of enticements, of which he has a richer assortment than Heywood's Pedlar in the 'Four P's;'

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arts of fraud, and philtres that cause forgetfulness of what should be remembered, as well as perfumes and cosmetics for ladies; mysteries of evil living for clergy, friars, and lay-brothers; unction of hypocrisy for priests who are longing for mitres, and disguises for nuns who want to run away from their cells. Time questions the right of this black Pedlar to attend the Fair of Grace. The Devil defends his right with his usual astuteness; he plumes himself, too, upon his high connections, and boasts that he has numerous near relations among the wealthy and great of the land.

Rome is announced. The Devil slyly says—'That is the customer for me; I know her ways of buying and selling.' Some of her friends have turned traitors, and she wants to purchase peace, truth, and fidelity.* The Devil laughs at the notion of truth being one of the requirements of Rome, and bluntly tells her that she has no foundation to lay it on; but that he has 20,000 lies at his disposal, all new, and just the things to suit her—

> Lies for ladies, lies for lords:
> Cheat them all with lying words—

and as he and Rome are old acquaintances, he will let her have them cheap. She declines the purchase for reasons, and with an avowal, which it would be incomprehensible how even Gil Vicente, who seems to have taken out a patent for plain speaking, could have hazarded in the presence of John III., if the satire were not in part accounted for by the fact of there being at the time a feud between the Court of Portugal and the Holy See. This is her answer:—'Yes, you deal in such wares; I, to my sorrow, have bought too much of your filthy merchandise. For falsehood I bartered the love of God; for his wrath I resigned my fear of him; in exchange for my fame and my saintly prosperity you gave me a thousand disgraceful arts: I parted with all the virtues I possessed for as many vices.' The Seraph, with whom Rome has a parley, is hardly more complimentary to the Mother Church.

The rest of this Auto is rich in Gil Vicente's richest vein of rustic humour. Two peasants are conversing on their way to the fair, where one of them hopes to sell his wife for anything she will fetch. He describes her as a shrew. He was assured, before he married her, that she was of a delicate consumptive habit, but she had

* Bouterwek says that Rome wanted to *sell* peace, and Sismondi, whom we do not suspect of having read a line of Gil Vicente except what he found in the German critic, echoes him. Yet nothing can be more explicit.

> *Roma.* Eu venho á feira direita
> *Comprar* paz, verdade, e fé.

It was one of Bouterwek's very excusable slips; for he did read his author, and generally took pains to understand him. The luckless Clement VII. was indeed in no condition to sell peace or dictate terms: this was the year in which Rome was sacked by the Imperialists.

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grown fat and lived long enough to throw him into an atrophy. His companion describes his own spouse as a poor stupid creature, who suffers the fish to be stolen from the pot because she has not the heart to say pshew to a cat; and he proposes to exchange her for the termagant, as he prefers a woman of courage to such a tame daudle. The two wives are perceived coming towards the fair. The husbands conceal themselves behind some bushes and overhear their conversation. The virago descants with droll fierce energy on the demerits of her husband, and wishes to sell him to the Devil. The bargain between the two listeners is not concluded: the man who admires a woman of spirit seems to doubt whether this lady may not have too much, even for him. They both sneak away, and do not return to the fair; from which their wives also retire dissatisfied, after some brief talk with the Seraph and with Time, whose spiritual wares are not at all to their mind. Nothing but a perusal of the original can convey an adequate conception of the playfulness and neatness with which Gil Vicente in these rustic disguises twangs off his arrows. Several youths and maidens come singing from the mountains, bearing on their heads covered baskets, which they lay down when they arrive at the fair, where they seat themselves to sell what they have brought. The girls, with much hoydening wit, defend their baskets from the curiosity of their clownish gallants, but they are all disappointed when they learn that it is a very different sort of fair from what they expected. The girls refuse to buy virtues; and when the Seraph asks why, one of them answers that bread is not to be bought with virtues in their villages; that she never knew a girl to get a husband for her good qualities; that those who have fortune and as fine eyes as she has will be sure of a good match. But another says that she came to the fair because she understood it was the Fair of Our Lady, who does not sell her graces, but administers them gratis to those who deserve them. With this moral and a hymn to the Virgin the Auto concludes.

The *Historia de Deos*, on the Fall of Man and on the Redemption, was brought out in the same year as the 'Fair of Grace,' and is in some respects an equally remarkable production. The conference of Lucifer, Belial, and Saturn, a dialogue between Adam and Eve on the loss of Eden, and many other passages, are in a lofty and impressive strain. From some resemblance between this Auto and Jean Michel's 'Mystery,' the Life of Christ, it has been strangely suggested by a learned academician of Lisbon that Gil Vicente may have owed his notions of dramatic art to that writer. The French, no doubt, will be much obliged for the hint; for, with all their propensity, in their dealings with the Peninsula, to a breach of the commandment, 'Les biens d'autrui ne convoiteras,

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convoiteras, pour les avoir injustement,' they had not yet thought of a lien on the goods of Gil Vicente.

The *Auto da Cananea* is in part a commentary by Our Saviour himself on the Lord's Prayer; and the force of prayer is exemplified in the perseverance and success of the Syrophœnician, here called the Canaanite, woman, whose daughter was possessed. The other speakers are Sylvestra, representing the Law of Nature, by which she cannot keep her flocks from going astray; Hebrea, the Law of the Old Testament, who complains that her sheep are turned into foxes and wolves; and Veredina, the Law of Grace; Saints Peter, John, and James; Satan and Beelzebub. The latter is a downright predestinarian. The subject was chosen by the lady abbess of Oudivelas, at whose request the piece was written 'in aid of her devotion.' In the *Dialogo sobre a Resurreicão*, two Centurions interrupt the talk of two Rabbis by the sudden announcement of the Resurrection. The Jews are incredulous, and so is a third Rabbi who falls in with them after they have dismissed the Centurions with injunctions of secresy. Even when, after discussion, they all three agree in the fact that Christ is the Messiah, they resolve, for their worldly interests, to deny it, and to treat the report of the Resurrection as an imposture.

The Autos, of which we have thus given a brief and very inadequate notice, are estimated by Mr. Garrett, and also by Mr. Gomes Monteiro, as the best of this author's works, with one exception in favour of a farce called 'Inez Pereira.' We are not disposed to undervalue either their judgment or these Autos, but we think there is as much merit, and of a more popular kind, in the other volumes—in the 'Amadis de Gaul,' 'Don Duardos,' the second part of 'The Triumph of Winter,' 'The Widower,' and the first scene of 'Rubena.' In some of the less noticed farces, too, national humour and fancy run wild as 'the gadding vine' on the wayside *ramadas* of Portugal or Spain. 'Inez Pereira,' 1523, is unquestionably a very witty and diverting performance, and perhaps the best of the *farces;* but some of the humorous points of character in it are anticipated in the author's earliest farce, *Quem tem farelos?* 'Who has got bran to sell?' 1505; and in the *Farça da India,* 1519. Inez Pereira's first husband is a compound of the weak, whimsical, musical squire, Aires Rosado, as described by his servant in the former, and of the brutal Castilian braggadocio in the latter piece: Inez herself, in her talk with her mother, is a repetition of the daughter whom the squire, whose horse is fed on bran, serenades. Her whim of marrying none but 'a sensible man,' that is, one who can sing and play on the guitar, and her love of dancing and flirtation, and her abhorrence of work, are all very amusing, for they are admirably told; so is her first

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first interview with Pero Marques, her rich and simple admirer; the scene, too, in which two Jewish marriage-brokers figure is excellent, and the negotiation is very curious as a trait of manners. In spite of her wilfulness and folly in rejecting the advice of her mother and the hand of honest Pero Marques, and rushing into a match with her swaggering fancy-squire, a beggarly drolling impostor, one can hardly help pitying her when he disappoints all her hopes, and turns out a brutal tyrant and task-master. But when this cowardly ruffian, running away from a battle, has been killed by a Moorish peasant, and the delighted young widow is married to her first lover, who with all his awkwardness and stupidity has the merit of constancy and kindness, her faithless conduct to him is disgusting, and the more so for the ludicrous and bare-faced impudence with which she cajoles him. The best parts of this farce however might, we think, even now be made available on any stage, if skilfully combined with those of the *Juiz da Beira*, which treats of the blunders and absurd decisions of Pero Marques, Inez's second husband, after he is made a magistrate in his native province. The ready wit of Inez Pereira was Gil Vicente's triumphant answer to an unfounded charge of plagiarism. Some persons envious of his fame had given out that his plays were all stolen from foreign writers. He challenged the fairest test of his title to originality by undertaking to write a play on any subject that should be given him. An adage, *Mais quero asno que me leve que cavallo que me dirrube*, 'I would rather have the ass that carries me than the horse that throws me,' was proposed; and this admired farce was the result. *O Clerigo da Beira*, 'The Priest of Beira,' is also held in high estimation by some competent judges, of which Mr. Monteiro is one. It is enlivened by the sly strong humour which Gil Vicente habitually directed against clergymen and courtiers of evil life. The farce *Os Fisicos* is a satire on amorous curates and solemnly stupid physicians. *Os Almocreves*, 'The Muleteers,' exposes that class of men of family who are only elevated by their rank above the gentlemen of the swell mob, or chevaliers d'industrie. A pompous lord keeps an establishment which he cannot support. He pays no one. His chaplain is in rags; his jeweller and other tradesmen are put off with compliments, or haughtily referred to his steward, who is never in the way. His retainers are fed on promises of his interest at court. A poor Muleteer, who has been employed for several days in bringing his luggage from a distant part of the country to Lisbon, and who is anxious to return home, cannot be paid till the amount has been examined by the equerry, who happens to be just then in France. The cool solemn rascality of the needy Fidalgo is good, but the best scene is between the cheated Muleteer and another Almocreve

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Almocreve who meets him on the road. Times are not so altered in the Peninsula but that the traveller in Spain or Portugal will find here true portraits of the Muleteers of the present day, generally very pleasant fellows, and particularly entertaining in their by-play with their mules, who are capital companions too, and full of eccentricity.

O Velho da Horta, 'The Old Man of the Garden,' is an amorous dotard, who wastes his substance on a shadow, by the arts of a wicked crone to whom he intrusts the bribes intended to deprave a virtuous girl. *As Ciganas* are gipsy lasses, who come to Court to tell the ladies' fortunes, while their male companions try their eloquence in the jockeying line on the gentlemen. They all speak very transparent Spanish gibberish, which does not require the light of Mr. Borrow's vocabulary.

As Fadas are also fortune-tellers, but of a species with which we are not so familar; they are 'Sea Sibyls of the Lost Islands.' A witch, who comes to defend the practice of her art, and to exhibit her powers before the king and queen and the lords and ladies of the court, conjures up a fiend, who puts her out of temper by talking Picardish, which she cannot understand, and it would be odd if she could, for some of his talk would puzzle the hardy Picards themselves. She commands him to fetch three of the marine *Fadas,* but instead of them, pretending to have mistaken the word *Fadas* for *Frades,* he brings two friars from the lower regions, for no other purpose, as it seems, than to give the poet an opportunity of indulging his favourite amusement—exposure and ridicule of licentious monks. The witch indignantly dismisses them; and her demon is compelled to produce the Sea Sibyls. The sorceress welcomes them with drivelling delight: she calls them her dilly-ducks, her flowers of the water, her *fresh-fried soles,* and wheedles them to exert their powers in favour of the royal personages present. They accordingly invoke blessings on their King and Queen in a pleasing and elegant song, and distribute the planetary influences; adjudging the planet Jupiter, the Greater Fortune of astrology, to the King, *Cupid* to the Prince, Luna to the Infanta Donna Isabel, and Venus to the Princess Beatrice, afterwards Duchess of Savoy. Various beasts and birds are then described as emblematic of the attendant lords and ladies. The allusions are not always flattering, and they no doubt had their significance, but to the modern reader they seem pointless.

The 'Farce of Fame' is an eulogy on the Portuguese nation; so is the *Lusitania.* In the latter piece the introduction is replete with low humour; a tailor who is above buttons, and his daughter who can pick holes in her father's coat, are very diverting. But there is in the subsequent story, which is not at all farcical, a wild interest,

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interest, that it would require more words to explain than we have room for. A dialogue between *Todo o Mundo e Ninguem*, 'All-the-World and Nobody,' is excellent, too, in its way. There are also many passages of far higher merit, feelingly and poetically expressed. But for the introductory matter, this *Lusitania*, 'Daughter of the Sun,' would have been more properly placed in the second volume as a companion to 'The Device of Coimbra;' nor would the 'Farce of Fame' be out of place if classed with the dramatic eulogies in the same volume—'The Forge of Love,' 'The Exhortation to War,' 'The Temple of Apollo.' Of these three tragi-comedies, as they are called, the last named has the least merit. The poet was ill when he wrote it, and, as he says, 'La obra es doliente,' the work is ailing too. During his fever he had 'A Vision of Fair Women,' by no means brilliantly conceived. He saw Bathsheba bathing in a shallow stream; he saw Rachael, so lovely 'that her flock was enamoured of her, so shy that she called out for Jacob' at the poet's approach, 'but Jacob was gone to the vintage;' he saw Queen Esther—

Con su hermosura tanta,
Matar pulgas en su manta
Que tenia por coser.

In 'The Forge of Love,' so named in honour of John the Third's marriage, Cupid, the Master of the Forge, proposes to renew or transform all the old, or ugly, or dissatisfied who choose to venture into it. Among the various candidates for personal beauty is a negro, who jabbers in a peculiar lingo which Venus cannot or will not understand. He does not like his colour. He is put into the furnace, and comes out a white man, perfectly elegant, so far as looks go; but he still talks negro, and is therefore more ridiculous than ever, and the more so because he is conscious of the absurdity, and expresses himself very funnily about it. A friar, who desires to get rid of his monastic obligations, and to be turned into a young gallant, thus pithily expresses himself:—

Senhor Cupido, eu me fundo
Não curar da conciencia.

Aborrece-me a coroa,
O capello e o cordão,
O hábito e a feição,
E a vespera o a noa,
E a missa e o sermão;
E o sino e o badalo,
E o silencio e a disciplina,
E o frade que nos matina;
No espertador não fallo,
Que a todos nos amofina.
Parece-me bem bailar
E andar n'hũa folia,
Ir a cada romaria
Com mancebos a folgar;
Isto he o qu'eu queria.
Parece-me bem jogar;
Parece-me bem dizer—
"Vae chamar minha mulher,
Que me faça de jantar."
Isto, eramá, he viver.

'Master

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'Master Cupid, I pride myself on not caring for conscience. I abhor the tonsure, the cowl and the cord, the dress and the cut of it, and the vespers and the none, and the mass and the sermon, and the bell and its clapper, and the silence and the discipline, and the brother who calls us up; to say nothing of the larum-clock, the plague of us all. It would suit me well to dance, to whirl in a mad round, and to be one at every pilgrim-meeting in young and merry company. This is what I should like. It would suit me well to enjoy myself; it would suit me well to say, "Go call my wife, and let her get me my dinner." This now is what I call living.'

'The Exhortation to War' was performed at the court of Lisbon in 1513, when Don Gemes, Duke of Braganza and Guimaraens, was about to embark on an expedition against Azamor. A priest announces himself as a necromancer, in a subtle and animated exordium, wherein he is as sarcastic on his own art as if he were no magician at all. He is one, however, and a powerful one; for he conjures up two demons, whom, in spite of their reluctance to obey, and their coarse and rancorous abuse of himself, he compels to raise the dead and bring them before him. He first demands the production of Polyxena, fair and lovely as she was in life. She comes, and is dazzled with the splendour of the court of Lisbon, which she declares to be superior to the court of Troy. In Emanuel she beholds a greater Priam, in his Queen a loftier Hecuba, and favourites of Heaven in the princes and princesses, whose auspicious stars she expounds; and she is all admiration at the beauty and magnificence of the ladies of the palace. She would retire, but the priest compels her to answer some foolish questions on the pains of love, and the qualities most estimable in ladies and their wooers. His object is to draw out such answers as may best serve to inspirit those who are going on the expedition to Africa. One of her dogmas will be acceptable to the old Moustaches. After declaring courage to be the most estimable quality that a man can possess, she adds—

Porque hum velho idoso,
Feio e muito socegado,
Se na guerra tem boa fama,
Com a mais fermosa dama
Merece de ser ditoso.

'A man who has earned a goodly fame in war, let him be ever so old, ugly, and broken down, is worthy to be happy with the most beautiful of women.'

She exhorts the ladies to make flags and standards, and to embroider them with the richest devices for the warriors, as she and her sisters did for those of Troy. She would even fire them with the martial ardour of Penthesilea. No sooner has she uttered the

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the name than the wizard orders his refractory fiends to bring Penthesilea before him. The warrior queen appears, and is energetic in her call upon the Portuguese to go forth against Fez and Morocco, and appeals to Achilles for the truth of her laudation of Portuguese fame. 'Away, away! bring him hither directly!' cries the priest to his demons, Zebron and Danor. Achilles, it seems, was born or nursed near Lisbon, for Penthesilea says of him—

Achilles, que foi daqui,
De perto desta cidade.

'Achilles, who came from the neighbourhood of this city.'

And he says of himself—

Eu Achilles fui creado
Neste terra muitos dias.

'I was nurtured for a long while in this country.'

After a graceful compliment to the Lisbon royalties, expressed in the neatest of flowing lyrics, swift-footed Pelides too approves of the war against the infidels, and calls on the clergy to help the supplies—to sell their plate, and pawn their breviaries, and live on bread and radishes. He not only confirms Penthesilea's praises of Portugal, but adds that Hannibal, Hector, and Scipio are quite of his opinion on that score. 'Fetch them all three!' cries the priest to his demons, who politely answer—

'Base-born vagabond and beast,
Cur unhanged, and thief and priest!'

But the scurrilous imps perform his bidding. Hannibal, no longer a patriot, is the speaker, not for himself only, but for his friend Scipio, and for Hector. He promises all Africa to the arms of Portugal, quotes Scripture, reprehends and exhorts the prelates, calls on the fidalgos to leave their dames, damsels, and duchesses, and to listen with Christian ears to the trumpet-call, and go forth to the sacred struggle:—

Guerra, guerra, todo estado!
Guerra, guerra, mui cruel!
Que o gran Rei Dom Manuel
Contra Mouros está irado, &c.

'To war, to war, one and all! for Emanuel the great King is wroth with the Moors, and intends, for the sake of the Faith, to turn the mosque of Fez to a cathedral.'

With all its extravagances (and they are obviously abundant) this is a stirring little drama, well adapted to its purpose.

In the rare 'Cancioneiro' of Garcia de Resende, 1516, are some spirited octaves, addressed by Luiz Henriques to this Duke of Braganza on the taking of Azamor.

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The *Nao d'Amores* ('Ship of Love') is a fantastical, trivial affair, abounding with conceits, and lively ingenious turns, and occasionally adorned with true lyrical grace; but it does not, to our perception, bear out the high eulogium of the editor, who finds in it the true comic salt and incomparable facetiousness. The introductory address is spoken by a princess, who represents the city of Lisbon. The dialogue between her and the Prince of Normandy—who, being in love with Fame, is resolved to go to sea, and wants to borrow the Portuguese ship San Vicente—is ingeniously absurd. Then the Prince, who cannot be gratified in his wish to borrow the St. Vincent, asks and obtains leave to build a ship on the river. This is the *Nao d'Amores*. The Prince's eyes are to be the master shipwrights, his thoughts the carpenters; his will is to be the wood, and reason the fastenings; melancholy, dark as night, is to be the pitch. Fidelity is to be the main-mast, beauty the main-sail; gentleness the fore-mast, memory the fore-sail; and so on till the vessel is complete, and as full of nonsense as it can hold. Cupid is to be the captain, the Prince's passion the sea, his sighs the winds. A small ship, more substantial than this, but intended to represent it, was actually introduced into the saloon where the piece was acted, and on deck were several gentlemen, nautically attired, who sang a pretty enough rondeau:—

Muy serena está la mar:
A los remos, remadores,
Esta es la nave de amores. &c.

A love-crazed friar, a negro, and an old man, two Portuguese fidalgos, and a fool, are also passengers in this mystical ship, and farcers in the play.

The *Serra da Estrella* is one of those comic pastorals in which Gil Vicente's pleasantry runs riot. The second edition of it was abridged of a whole scene by the Inquisition. We hardly see why, for the scene is harmless enough, being only a fling at those jolly hermits—no disciples of Paul of Thebais—who burrowed on the roadside, and fattened on the simplicity of villagers. We would rather have compounded for this scene by a sacrifice of some of the rural jokes, which, however natural they may be, are too coarse in the grain. The mummers of Sardoal, who mimic the monotonous chanting and uncouth dancing of the boors of the Estrella before they exhibit their own more cultivated powers, produce a laughable effect; not only the rustics of the Estrella, but the Orëad of their Mountain of the Star being witnesses of the double performance.

In the *Romagem de Agravados* ('Pilgrimage of the Aggrieved') a courtly friar, who appears as the arbitrator of grievances, draws his

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his own meretricious character to admiration in his opening address. Among the discontented parties are—a farmer, who complains of the maladministration of the seasons, and of many other things besides bad crops; another who is tenant of some convent land, and inveighs against the tyranny and exactions of his landlords: he was once flourishing and happy, but he is now low in the world, and poverty and cheerfulness never lie in the same bed:—

Mas pobreza e alegria
Nunca dormem n'hũa cama.

Two nuns are weary of the discipline and dulness of the cloistral life. Two foolish fidalgos are aggrieved by the disdain of the ladies for whom they profess to be dying. A reverend Father Narcissus is angry because he cannot get a bishopric; a rapacious placeman because he wants an earldom. Two poor women complain that their niece has been deceived by a young fidalgo: Father Courtly mincingly suggests that the honour done to their niece by the notice of a gentleman's son ought to console them. He gives all parties fair words—*palavrinhas de ventos*—and dissuades them from the prosecution of their journey. There is a pretty song at the end of this piece, in honour of the birth of a prince—the very prettiest song we think it must be that was ever composed on such an occasion by a 'king's poet.'

The *Floresta de Enganos*, or 'Garden of Illusions,' commences with a dialogue between a philosopher and a fool who is tied to his foot—no bad symbol of the author's genius and the drudgery to which it was chained by the necessity of furnishing fooleries and mummeries, as well as better things, for the amusement of the court. The first *engano*, or deception, is practised on a merchant, who is cheated out of his money by a young spendthrift squire, disguised as a buxom widow. The second, without any connexion with the first, is a trick played by the arch-villain Cupid, who, being enamoured of Grata Celia, daughter of Telebanus king of Thessaly, and finding no opportunity of speaking to her alone, determines to cheat Apollo into cheating Telebanus. He persuades Apollo that his temple is in danger of destruction through the agency of Grata Celia, who is in secret, as he pretends, a contemner of the Gods, and that the only remedy is to persuade Telebanus to take his daughter to a wilderness, and to leave her in loneliness there till she shall have done penance and shall be worthy of pardon. The father is extremely reluctant, and compares himself to Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac; but Apollo's eloquence prevails, and so all succeeds to Cupid's wish. Grata Celia is transported to the mountain Minea, and Cupid flies thither in anticipated triumph; but he is himself twice overreached by the young lady, who finally proves herself more than a match for him,

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and marries a prince of Greece. A third deception is played off by a servant-girl upon an old corrupt judge who makes love to her. She admits him into her mistress's house one night, when, she says, she has to sit up and prepare for baking. She makes him sift meal and knead dough; and while the dignitary of the law is occupied at this strange work, she slips away and brings in her mistress. The judge, thus exposed, decamps as fast as he can in the white apron that the girl had made him put on, and leaving behind him his cassock, gloves, and hat, which she had made him take off. The mother-wit of the girl and the doting folly of the dupe are most risibly contrasted. The whole scene is a good satire on wanton gentlemen who have passed their twelfth lustrum.

We wish that we had space for a scene or two from 'The Device of Coimbra,' to show how the poet could make the sleepy dust and mould of antiquity genial to his art, and with what rare blazonry too he could adorn an old shield. Coimbra should be proud of such an antiquary as Gil Vicente.

'*Dom Duardos,*' the play justly extolled by Faria, is founded on the Castilian romance of 'Primalion,' or 'Chronicle of Don Duardos,' as it is called by Moraes, the author of the Portuguese romance 'Palmerin of England,' so lauded by Cervantes. It recites the love of an imaginary Prince Edward of England for Florida, daughter of the Emperor Palmerin of Constantinople. It is a production remarkable for facility and fluency, and for earnest romantic love expressed with unaffected pathos and fine delicacy of sentiment.

The story of *Amadis de Gaul* is taken from the celebrated romance, which, composed by Vasco Lobeira in the fourteenth century, was probably yet preserved in the original in John the Third's time. Amadis de Gaul and Palmerin of England are the only histories of chivalry which Cervantes spares from the fire for their merit, and both are Portuguese. The Spaniards took better care than the Portuguese themselves of Lobeira's work. Mr. Southey's version is from the old Spanish translation by Montalvo. Gil Vicente's drama is a mere sketch from the romance, but it is itself worthy of translation, for it is the sketch of a master hand, and in several parts excellent. For instance, in the soliloquy of Oriana, after the Dwarf has excited her to jealousy by his ill-founded report of Amadis's passion for Briolanja, the alternations of hope and fear are expressed with right energy and feeling; and not less admirably depicted is the agitation of Amadis on receiving the Princess's upbraiding letter. When Amadis, in despair, is about to turn anchorite, the hermit to whom he communicates his intention addresses a forcible warning

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ing to him on the difficulty and unsatisfactory nature of an ascetic life. If Amadis, for a hero and *Doncel do Mar*, whines too much about Oriana, this is but in keeping with the sentimental name Beltenebros which he has assumed, as in the romance, and with the character of a true knight of chivalry, who was as humble and submissive to his mistress as he was haughty and intolerant to her foes or to his rivals. Amadis, it is true, is sentimental to excess; and his weakness in this respect did not escape Cervantes, who makes the Barber prefer Galahor to his brother, because he was as valiant a knight as Amadis, and not so great a weeper.

The *Cortes de Jupiter*, an entertainment in honour of the marriage of Donna Beatrice, the fairest daughter of King Emanuel, to Charles Duke of Savoy, in 1519, we have reserved to the last, because it is the groundwork of Mr. Garrett's recent play, the *Auto de Gil Vicente*, which has been acted with great success on the Lisbon stage. We will give as brief an outline of both as may serve to show how an eminent living writer has at last contrived to bring Gil Vicente *in propriâ personâ* before his countrymen, and at the same time to avail himself of a very strange and romantic tradition respecting Donna Beatrice. In the Cortes of Jupiter, Providence, habited as a princess, with a sceptre and globe in her hands, announces her mission from heaven. She has been sent to order Jupiter, king of the Elements and of the Astral Influences, to convene a court at which the Planets and Signs are to combine their powers to secure a favourable voyage for the bride. Jupiter instantly commands the Four Winds, his trumpeters, to call the Sea. They blow their conchs, and the Sea comes in, raving at the indignity of having been 'summoned by a blast from those inveterate disturbers of his peace, when he ought to have been invited through an embassy composed of Jupiter's Satellites, or by the Pyrenean Mountains, or at least by a River or Estuary of his own.'

Jupiter. Muito bravo vem o Mar.
Mar. Vós não sois minha senhora:
A Lua que m'ha de mandar.
Jup. Eu te farei amansar
Pola tua superiora.
Ide, ventos, á mui bella
Lua Diana fermosa,
Dizei que a mais bella qu'ella
Está pera ir a vela.
Venha ás Cortes aqui
O Sol e Venus e ella:
E tu Mar, não te vas d'hi.
Mar. Venha a Senhora de mi,
Qu'eu m'entenderei com ella.

Jup. Wondrous angry comes the Sea.
Sea. You are not the lord for me;
I am vassal of the Moon.
Jup. Yes, and she shall tame you soon.
Haste, ye winds, and hither cite
Dian beautiful and bright;
Say, a voyager more fair
Than herself demands her care.
With her bring the Sun and Venus;
They must of our council be.
Stir not hence, thou churlish Sea.
Sea. Let my sovereign Moon appear;
There will then be sense between us.

The Sun, the Moon, and Venus willingly engage to protect the Princess; and every Wind that can affect the Western Ocean, or favour

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favour or obstruct her passage up the Inner Stream, the 'Sea of the Trojans,' till she shall set foot on Italian ground, receives orders to be active or passive, as it may suit her. Jupiter intimates that she shall be attended out of the river, and even so far as the Straits of Gibraltar, by a great procession of the chief inhabitants of Lisbon, who are to swim down the Tagus, metamorphosed into various sorts of fishes, and gambolling on the waters around her galleon. This idea gives the author an opportunity of indulging his ironical humour, and also of paying some courtly compliments. Of some of the ladies of the escort, whom he does not transform, he disposes fancifully and picturesquely. One shall be carried through the waves in all her rosy beauty by three nymphs, while her slattern maid shall attend in a tub, always keeping near the ship in which the Archbishop sails, and hoarsely singing—

Since father will not let me marry,
I'll be merry while I tarry.

Another young dame—

Lovely and haughty as a star,
Shall journey in a starry car,

(an Indian shell, perhaps,) 'disdainful of all admirers,' one of whom will sing—

I hate myself for loving you,
And you for scorning love so true. &c. &c.

Mars, with his Signs, Cancer, Leo, and Capricorn, pledges his service to the Portuguese Princess, and strongly eulogises the military prowess of her countrymen, and their matchless loyalty:—

São extremo nos amores,
Amadores do su Rei—
Com favores, sem favores,
Sempre tem direita lei.

At the suggestion of Mars, a hymeneal is sung by Venus and Diana and two of the Signs, which disenchants from her sleep of two thousand years a notable Moorish Witch, the possessor of a magic ring and cup and the sword of Orlando, all of which, by command of Jupiter, she presents to the bride, explaining to her their wonderful properties. While the sword is in the Princess's keeping, she is safe from all danger; the cup will bring before her any one she wishes to see; and by virtue of the ring she will become mistress of any secret she maydesire to know. Perhaps the ring could tell by what enchantment the witch, who had fallen into a two thousand years' sleep nearly five centuries before the birth of Christ, had all that time been in possession of the cup 'which belonged to Mahomet's mother,' and 'Orlando's sword picked

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picked up after his death at Roncevalles.' But though it may not have been able to resolve that point, it is yet a ring potential, as we shall now see in the use made of it by Mr. Garrett in his *Auto de Gil Vicente.*

For some of the minor circumstances of this drama the author is indebted to Garcia de Resende, that delightful chronicler who has given us so many curious pictures of his times, and who has moreover supplied us with particulars of the court proceedings on this very occasion in a pamphlet entitled *Hida da Infanta Dona Beatrice pera Saboya* (Departure of the Princess Beatrice for Savoy)—in which he alludes to the *Cortes de Jupiter* as an entertainment at which he was present.

Mr. Garrett's hero is Don Bernaldim Ribeiro, a nobleman whose verse is among the oldest bucolic poetry of the Peninsula, but who is still more celebrated for his prose romance, the *Menina e Moça*, and for the mystery supposed to be involved in that romance. In the work itself, which was not printed till after Ribeiro's death, we think there is evidence that the greater part, if not all that there is of it (for it was left unfinished), was composed after the Princess had quitted her native country; though it is probable that she was the heroine of some of those tender and fantastic reveries. Mr. Garrett, however, justifiably enough assumes that those *Saudades* were written before the Infanta became Duchess of Savoy, and that Ribeiro, who was passionately enamoured of her, had ventured to confide a copy of them to her in manuscript.

To this fidalgo, Donna Beatrice before she was contracted to the Duke of Savoy had given a ring, as a pledge of friendship or of something more. Her maid of honour, Paula Vicente, the dramatist's daughter, herself in love with Ribeiro, is in the secret of his unmeasured affection for her mistress, and knows that it is not unreturned. But the Duke's proxy has arrived; the marriage ceremony is concluded—and the bride is on the eve of departure for Italy. The play composed by Gil Vicente for the occasion is about to be produced before the king and the young duchess and the court, at the palace of Cintra. Ribeiro, excited almost to madness, resolves to take a part in it, the short one of the Moorish witch at the end of the play, the only masked character in the piece. Gil Vicente is highly flattered by the offer. The performance is almost over. Ribeiro is now startled at his position. He to appear in this *Cortes de Jupiter!* The main objection is not that he is a gentleman of the chamber, first equerry to the queen, captain-general and chief governor of the city of Oporto, and Knight of Saint Iago—for fidalgos of as high rank have condescended to personate characters in Gil Vicente's

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Vicente's plays—but that, since the marriage of the Princess had been decided on, he had been a voluntary exile from the court, and his appearance now, in such a character, might prove terribly disastrous to more than himself, if his mask should fail to disguise him. But he is summoned; the African sorceress is called to present the magic ring. There is a pause of expectation. Ribeiro enters, disguised as a Mooress: he stands before the Infanta and makes an Oriental obeisance; but he has forgotten every word of the gibberish of x's set down for the witch; and he extemporizes in a wild querulous address to the lady who has been faithless to his hopes, and presents her with the very ring which she had given him. Much confusion and amazement are the consequence: but his mask favours his retreat. This scene of the ring is a *tour de force*, to which nothing short of magic itself could give the least gloss of probability; and the adaptation of Gil Vicente's fanciful Auto to what is in truth but a modern *Comédie Larmoyante*, is altogether infelicitous. Yet the part of Paula Vicente is eminently dramatic. She is the faithful confidant of a passion as fatal to herself as it is perilous to her mistress; she never tells her love but to her own heart—and she is a martyr in a service abhorrent to her feelings, for she is tormented with jealousy.

The scene in the third act is on board a galleon, which has been sumptuously fitted up for the reception of the Bride, and moored near the quay, from which there is a communication by a bridge of planks. If the unlikelihood, not to say impossibility, of the situation and proceedings of the principal parties be as complaisantly overlooked by the reader as they were by the Lisbon audience who witnessed the representation of this play in the old Theatre of the Rua dos Condes, Mr. Garrett will have achieved a double triumph over common sense. It is midnight, a most brilliant summer night. The Princess and her people are on board. All have been ordered to retire to rest except herself. She is seated at the outer-door of her deck-cabin, reading the manuscript of her lover's *Menina e Moça*, which she has taken out of a precious coffer. She is absorbed in the perusal of a beautiful passage in the second chapter, where the death of a nightingale is described. Suddenly raising her eyes she perceives Chatel, a suspicious Genoese of the Savoy legation, looking over her. The detected spy makes a sorry excuse. She rebukes him with dignity, and withdraws to her apartments. Paula comes on board. After a vain attempt to outwit her, Chatel goes off to his berth in one of the fore cabins, disappointed of a discovery. The moment he is gone, she makes a signal with a handkerchief, and Ribeiro crosses the bridge. She conceals him behind

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behind a tapestry on that side of the deck-cabin which is exactly opposite the sleeping-room of the Infanta. When she has effected this miracle—of which, however, we must not be too sceptical after the palatial frolics of our own invisible boy, John Jones, though the St. Catharine was not so spacious a hiding-place as Buckingham House—Donna Beatrice re-appears. She wished to see Paula for the last time, and to talk once more with her of a man whom she has resolved never to behold again, for his rashness of the preceding night has frightened her. She is innocent of his presence now; it is Paula who has been persuaded by Ribeiro to contrive for him this desperate expedient for seeing her mistress once more. He discovers himself, and falls at her feet: Paula with difficulty supports her while he breathes out his love, his gratitude, his self-reproaches, and despair. Paula, all this while, suffers even greater agony than they. The boatswain's whistle is heard. The crew are unmooring. Paula entreats them to separate, kisses the Infanta's hand, and hurries out, expecting Ribeiro to follow. She is too late. A flourish of music announces a greater peril. She returns and exclaims—

'Dishonour and death are now our portion.

'*Beatrice.* Paula, Paula, what is it?

'*P.* The King! There is no escape. He is already on the bridge.

'*B.* Who?

'*P.* The King; who comes to find his daughter with a man hidden in her cabin. Do as you will now. You have perfected your work.

'*Ribeiro.* Fear nothing. Beatrice, one last farewell. Farewell till we meet in heaven, Beatrice! These waters which rob me of all—(*a loud cheer gives notice that the King is on deck*)—these waters shall also deprive me of life.'

With this he plunges through a cabin-window into the river. The King enters, and finds his daughter senseless on the floor, Paula kneeling over her. Here the play ends. The catastrophe is well invented, for nothing short of the lover's leap could save the Princess and the devoted daughter of Gil Vicente.

It is satisfactory to know that Ribeiro was not drowned. A moderate swimmer might easily regain the shore. The romantic poet lived many years after the departure of the Duchess of Savoy. It is even said that he followed her to Italy, and met, as he deserved if he did follow her, a rebuff—which partially cured him of his folly, inasmuch as it proved that Donna Beatrice was cured of hers. He received, as the story goes, a peremptory order to quit the country, and thereon returned home. Don Bernaldim Ribeiro married a lady of his own rank, to whom he proved an excellent husband, notwithstanding his sportive repudiation

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tion of the obligations of matrimony in a *cantiga* which is idly quoted against him. He survived his wife, and could never shake off the melancholy occasioned by her death.

In the grand heraldic chamber added to the old Palace at Cintra by King Emanuel, the arms of the Ribeiros are still to be seen among those that were emblazoned on the walls by command of that Prince. The *Menina e Moça* abounds with allusions to Cintra. The choice of scene, therefore, for the first part of Mr. Garrett's play is not without its local propriety, though the *Cortes of Jupiter* was really acted at Lisbon. The tradition itself, too, of Ribeiro's love for the Princess is fitly assumed for the main interest of the plot, however forced and sinning against verisimilitude may be his method of dealing with it. But this is not one of Mr. Garrett's happiest efforts. He has produced other and better plays—'The Cutler of Santarem,' for example—and he has given an impulse to the drama in his country which we hope will be conducive to worthier productions than some of those which we have lately seen brought out, with the *prestige* of his own over-generous approbation, on that new and handsome 'national theatre' of which he was the projector, and may justly be said to be the founder.

If Gil Vicente's picturesque dramas have too much of the rust of time and change on them to be produced on the modern stage, let us at least have something into which more of his spirit is infused.

ART. VII.—*De l'Agriculture en France, d'après les Documens officiels.* Par M. L. Mounier, avec des Remarques par M. Rubichon. 2 vols. Paris. 1846.

IT is one of the first results of the new scheme for feeding the people of England on exotic corn, that the agriculture of foreign countries should be more important to the public curiosity than our own. To whatever extent that scheme may fulfil the promises of its promoters, it must necessarily in the same proportion render us dependent on foreign supplies; and therefore the prospect of those supplies becomes not merely a matter of commercial interest, but of great and even vital importance to our national existence.

Of all the countries in Europe, the most interesting to us in this, as in most other respects, is undoubtedly France. Her fertility—her great extent—the proximity of her thousand miles of western coast—the comparative lightness of her taxation, and the more

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more economical habits of her cultivators—would naturally render her, under our new system, one of the most important ingredients in the theoretic hopes of the Free-traders, and in the fears of the agriculturist. In ordinary seasons she might be expected to undersell us in our own markets:—and in times of scarcity her competition must enhance the price of the foreign markets against us. This last contingency, it is true, seems never to have occurred to the free-trade advocates. They think of nothing but our possible deficiencies at home; and they reckon on the foreign supply as some invariable and inexhaustible store, which is to correct by its permanent and unalterable plenty the vicissitudes of *our* less fruitful soil, and less favoured climate.

The very first year, however, of the experiment comes to dissipate this flattering assumption. The harvest here has been, we believe, better this year than in any other country in Europe; and if unfortunately there had been any real scarcity at home, our demand would have found or made famine prices everywhere abroad. But even with an indifferent harvest in France, and a good one here, corn is still cheaper on the opposite coast by several shillings than it is in England, and might and no doubt would be introduced to a considerable diminution of our own prices, but for two reasons:—first, that we have still Sir Robert Peel's three years' protection—an anomaly and contradiction on his part, but for the present a useful auxiliary on ours;—and, secondly, that the prudence of the French Government imposes a sliding-scale of *export* duty, which at the prices of the 30th November was in the French channel ports no less than 34*s.* 11*d.* per quarter—which duty, already enormous, would, if we really wanted their corn, amount, by a very slight advance of price, to absolute prohibition—as indeed it has done on the German frontier, where the export duty is 61*s.* 8*d.* This principle of self-protection (cast aside by England alone) would be followed in like circumstances by all foreign powers; and here is another practical proof of our assertion, that the effect of Sir Robert Peel's measure, if it should unhappily ever come into real and permanent operation, would be not so much to render corn cheap at home, as to put into the pockets of foreign farmers, and the exchequer of foreign states, the profits and the revenue of which we deprive ourselves.

But though, when our present protection shall expire, France might be expected, in ordinary seasons, to send us a considerable supply of corn, with proportionable advantage both to her farmers and her exchequer, there are sundry considerations which diminish our apprehensions that she can do us any serious injury in our

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our own markets. In the first place, she is herself a highly populous and civilised country, with a large home consumption, and with an amount of debt, a scale of taxation, and rates of labour—less indeed than ours,—but so much above those of Poland, Russia, or the United States, that these countries will deliver their corn across the ocean much cheaper than France can across the Channel; and the greatest injury in such matters that she is likely to do us, may be, we suspect, the very opposite of rendering corn too cheap; for, as we have already suggested, in seasons of scarcity—simultaneous as these usually are in both countries—her very great demand could not fail to enhance the general price.

But there is, if we are to credit the volumes now before us, a still graver reason why France is likely to do us little mischief as a rival producer; her agriculture, it is said, is rapidly deteriorating under the present laws regulating the distribution of landed property, and the ruinous system of culture which these laws have created. The work itself is curious and important—not merely on account of the general interest which must be felt in the interior welfare of so important a member of the European commonwealth, but because it exhibits statistical combinations, and elucidates questions of moral and political economy, which are in many instances immediately applicable to our own condition, and which may help to counteract a tendency, apparent in too many quarters, to facilitate, if not enforce, what they are pleased to call a more equitable distribution of property, and particularly a more general division of landed property—propositions which are neither more nor less than covert approaches to the spoliation and anarchy of an *agrarian law*—a principle, happily for mankind, impracticable to its full extent, but which, in whatever degree it is approached, is, in spite of fine-spun theories, sure to produce bad agriculture, poor cultivators, and a sordid and dwindling people. The plough is the first and most effective instrument of national prosperity—nay, of national existence; and whatever system tends to render impossible, or even to impede, a broad and general *arable* cultivation, is ruinous even to the small proprietors it seems to favour, and fatal to the nation whose surface it seems to turn into a spade-wrought garden.*

* We have lately read an essay recommending this agrarian distribution of landed property to our imitation, under the brilliant colours of its having 'turned the *fields* of France into *gardens*.' We shall see presently what sort of gardens they are; but we, on the contrary, maintain the true principle of beneficial culture to be that gardens should be gardens and fields fields: and that, however valuable gardens are as auxiliaries to the sustenance and comfort of their possessors, it is only by a broad system of field agriculture that nations can be fed.

M. Mounier,

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M. Mounier, the main author, or we should rather say compiler, of the work, is the nephew of M. Rubichon, who has added a series of annotations on the text: both are well known for their ultra-royalist and Carlist opinions, and their object is to prove, from the statistical documents collected and published by the existing Government itself, that agriculture, and consequently the interior prosperity of France, is in a rapid decline. The bias on the minds of these gentlemen against *all* the results of the Revolution is so strong, and often so unreasonable, that we should set no great value on their individual speculations or opinions, from which we differ in many essential points—and more especially from those of M. Rubichon, in whose generally too favourable statements of the condition and policy of England we should have much to rectify. But these are extraneous considerations. The value of the work is, as an official picture of the social and agricultural condition of France, in the form of a convenient and well-arranged summary and synopsis of a great collection of statistical tables, originally compiled with extraordinary diligence and accuracy, and published with, we believe, candour and impartiality by the Government of the present King. The extent of this labour was enormous. In each of the 37,300 *communes* of France—a division equivalent to our parishes—a detailed register of its agricultural state and capabilities, an inventory of its various kinds of produce, a catalogue of its animals, and a tabular statement of its consumption were made by the local authorities. These were afterwards collected, classed, condensed into a more limited space and with greater lucidity than could have been expected in a work the essence of

'37,000 local registers, on which 100,000 public officers had co-operated, and of which *eighteen millions and a half of statistical* and moral facts were reduced to numerical expression and classification.'—i. 29.

From this great work—the two first volumes of which were presented to King Louis-Philippe in 1840, and two others have since followed—M. Mounier has extracted a series of the most important facts, tables, and reports; from all which he arrives at the conclusion that the agriculture, and, consequently, internal prosperity of France, is in a declining state, and that if the existing law for the equal distribution of all inheritances amongst the children or next of kin of the last owner, is to continue in force, the most disastrous disorganization must ensue. Having heard that this exposition of and commentary upon the official publication (which is too voluminous and too complicated to be *read*) had created great interest and no little alarm amongst thinking men, and particularly in the highest and perhaps wisest

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wisest head of the kingdom of France—we have thought that, particularly at this moment, our readers might be glad to have a summary of the information it contains and the results at which it arrives.

The basis of the discussion is this:—By the first revolutionary laws that superseded the old *régime*, no man had more than a mere life interest in any kind of property—he had no power to give or bequeath, but on his death the law intervened, and distributed the estate in equal shares amongst the nearest of kin.* About six months before the fall of Robespierre a decree of the 3 *Nivose, an* 2 (6 Jan., 1794), made a singular and truly revolutionary amendment to this law. It *indulged* the possessors of property with a power to dispose of a small proportion of it, but on condition that it should not be exercised in favour of their own children, but only of strangers. So it seems the law remained till the Consulate restored some degree of common sense to revolutionary legislation; and in March, 1800, parents were permitted to dispose of a certain *portion* of their estate in favour of their children. Then came the Code Napoléon, which was a compound of the old Roman law†—of some of the provincial customs of France, and of the ten thousand sky-rocket decrees of the revolutionary Assemblies. It was framed by the same lawyers (minus the *Guillotinés*) who had predominated in those Assemblies, and whom Mr. Burke had early characterized as the zealots of anarchy—legislating, even when they were honest, *à la Jean Jacques Rousseau* by theory and passion, and perverting whatever might have been otherwise beneficial in the Revolution. In compiling the Code Napoléon they were too strong for what seems to have been the better judgment of Napoleon himself—and perpe-

* This law was passed in April, 1791, after a long discussion, made remarkable by M. de Talleyrand's reading from the Tribune a speech in favour of the new law which Mirabeau, who died that same morning, had intended to deliver. The law was also supported by *MM. Pétion* and *Robespierre*; for the purpose was, as Mirabeau confessed, "*that of laying the axe to the root of aristocracy—a mischievous tree, the lopping off a few branches of which would do no good.*" That was the object then, and its success was written in characters of blood on the face of France and of Europe. The same purpose exists amongst us: let us take care that it be not similarly successful.

† The Roman law which prevailed, particularly in the South of France, was one of distribution in case of intestacy. Our old Saxon law was of the same character. 'The descent of lands being by the Saxon law to all the sons equally, but by the Norman or feudal law to the eldest son only, Henry I. moderated the difference by directing the eldest son to have the principal estate—*primum patris feudum*—the rest of his estate being divided amongst the others. But by the time of Henry II., if not earlier, the charter of Henry I. seems to have been forgotten—the right of primogeniture seems to have been tacitly revived, being found more convenient for the public than the *parcelling of estates* into a multitude of subdivisions.'—4 *Blackstone, Com.*, 421.

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tuated the restraints on the accumulation of property, with a view of rendering impossible the growth of a new aristocracy. There was also a more personal motive. The principal *Codifiers* had been regicides, and were desirous, by the greatest possible division of the plunder of the Crown, the Church, and the Nobility, to interest a larger portion of the people in resistance to a Restoration which would have endangered their own property and *heads*. The abolition, therefore, of primogeniture was maintained, and still continues in full force. No difference is made between landed and personal property—all is to be equally distributed amongst the children or next of kin (as the case may be), reserving to the free disposal of the testator one share: thus, if he has but one child, he may dispose of half—if two, of a third—if three, of a fourth of his whole property. But beyond this the parent's power is so strictly limited and so jealously watched, that he cannot in his lifetime make a gift, even to a favourite child, which shall in any degree contravene the ultimate operation of the law: and the only provision in the nature of entail, is an amendment (made, we believe, under the Restoration) by which he is allowed to limit to a grandchild or a nephew the share to which a child or a brother may be entitled. When Buonaparte thought himself fixed on his throne, he made a partial modification of the law in favour of his new nobility, by a power of creating *majorats*—which survived the Restoration—but was exercised in less than three hundred instances altogether; he did not however venture to attack the general principle, which was naturally popular, and particularly with the party on which he relied. There were, no doubt, many people who thought it hard that they should be prevented by law from disposing of property which they had themselves acquired, and who felt the moral and social mischief of this *involuntary* system—but these objections were silenced by the consciousness that all property was now held under this title; and so general, and apparently so ready, has been the acquiescence of the French people in the principle, that we learn that in 1825—the tenth year of the Restoration—out of 7649 administrations of property taken out in Paris, 6568 were of *intestates;* while of the 1081 *wills,* there were but 59 in which testators availed themselves of the power of making a special disposition of the reserved portion in favour of children; all the rest were for strangers (i. 77). This has been quoted as a proof of the general popularity of the existing law, and it undoubtedly looks like it at first sight—but we doubt whether it be quite so much so as it seems. In the first place, wills made in Paris are in a greater proportion of mere chattels than those of

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of the country; and it appears incidentally that the proportion of special bequests is larger in the latter. It also appears that parties generally prefer executing their purpose by deed *inter vivos* rather than by will, as less liable to litigation. A more important motive, no doubt, is that the extent of the testator's power is so comparatively small that, as the law does not allow him to accomplish any large or permanent object, he does not often think it worth while to embarrass his will with an invidious distinction between his children; but, after all, it seems to us that the fact itself must be accepted as evidence of the popularity, even amongst parents, of the legal distribution—though we have, on the other hand, good reason to believe that a very strong opinion against the subdivision of land is beginning of late years to prevail.

But we now arrive at the practical application of these principles of the law of France. In most other countries there is a marked difference between landed and personal property. In England, and still more strongly in Scotland, the ancient feudal principle of the law favours the *entirety* of landed property, and a *distribution* of personals; and there was reason and prospective wisdom in the distinction, even beyond its social and political effects. Personals may be divided without injury to anybody, and with general advantage; but land, if not kept together in tenures sufficiently large to ensure regular courses of cultivation, will degenerate, as it is doing in France, into small *allotments*, which can neither employ nor repay capital, and which would substitute for a *landed interest*—the only solid foundation of good government or national prosperity—a race of pauper proprietors, little better in circumstances, morals, or weight, than so many inmates of the squalid hovels that disgrace the purlieus of our overgrown cities.

Mr. Burke, and indeed every one (at least amongst us) who considered the subject prospectively, saw from the outset that they were making a tremendous experiment of the effects of an extreme subdivision of property. 'If this law' (as our French authors quote Mr. Malthus) 'should continue in force, and if some means be not found to elude it, there is every reason to suppose that the country will be at the end of a century as remarkable for its extreme indigence as for its extreme equality of property. There will be no one rich but those who receive salaries from the state.'

Of these prognostics the official inquiries attest, as far as they go, the gradual fulfilment, and the probability of their ultimate accomplishment—as the following details will abundantly show:—

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	English acres.
The superficies of France (exclusive of Corsica, which we shall leave altogether out of the question) is about . .	128,000,000*
Of these, roads, streets, rivers, lakes, and the public forests and domains occupy about	8,000,000
Remains of land more or less productive .	120,000,000

The population of France in 1836 (the latest account given) was 33,333,021, or nearly 1 person to every 4 acres.†

Now it appears by the *Documens Statistiques*, published by the French Government in 1835, that there existed on the 1st of September, 1834, no less than 123,360,338 different lots or *parcelles* of land, each a distinct division on the *cadastre* of something less, on the average, than an English acre of the cultivable soil.‡ This fact, however, though it evidences an almost incredible subdivision of the soil, is, it is admitted, no index to the present state of property. In the first place it will be observed that houses and buildings, of which 50 might stand on an acre, are each reckoned as at least one *parcelle*—and there are 7,000,000 of them, with, we presume, their subdivisions, to be deducted from the gross number:—leaving of merely territorial *parcelles* perhaps about 110,000,000; but the number of these *parcelles* is of no great importance to our present inquiry, because, though once separate or derived under different titles, they have been frequently and extensively reunited in the same hands; and the real question is as to the number, not of *properties*, but of *proprietors*. But that unluckily cannot be ascertained with any degree of precision, from the impossibility,

* Exactly 51,893,864 *hectares*, each *hectare* being 2 a. 1 r. 35 p., or nearly 2½ English acres. To simplify our view we shall generally take the nearest round number, and convert French weights and measures into English, without minute attention to fractions. This will cause some apparent discrepancies in our figures, but they will be sufficiently accurate for our purpose.

† Superficies of England and Wales . . . 36,500,000 acres.
Population in 1841 . . . . . 16,000,000 „
1 person to 2¼ acres.
Superficies of Scotland . . . . . 19,000,000 „
Population in 1841 . . . . . 2,600,000 „
1 person to 7⅓ acres.
Superficies of Ireland . . . . . 21,000,000 „
Population in 1841 . . . . . 8,100,000 „
1 person to nearly 2½ acres.

‡ We have seen in Brittany, one of the least *morcellées* provinces of France, a tract of fields (if they may be so called) not twenty yards square, separated by stone walls, and some of these patches under different cultures:—and our authors supply us with the curious instance of the *commune* of Argenteuil, not far from Paris, whose surface is about 3,800 English acres, divided into 36,885 *parcelles*, of which some are a few square yards in extent, and of fractions of 1*d.* in value.

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as stated by the Ministerial reports, of discovering how many of these minute *parcelles*, scattered over the face of France and under a constant process of alternate reunions and divisions, may now belong to the same individual; but some approximate estimates have been attempted: for instance—

There are about 11,000,000 (10,834,794) persons rated to the land-tax (*cote foncière*), being proprietors of any number of *parcelles* situated within one *commune*. This at once reduces the number of proprietors to one-tenth of the number of *parcelles* of land. But as the same person may, and most of the easier classes do, possess land in more than one *commune*, 'those who,' say our authors, 'have studied the subject have arrived at the conclusion that there are about five millions and a half (5,446,763) distinct proprietary families in France.' We find in the table of communal rates (p. 100), that there are no less than 5,163,000 proprietors rated at less than 5 francs, = 4*s.*; and the average of the *contribution foncière* for the whole of France being 2⅛ francs per *hectare*, equal to 10*d.* the English acre, we have thus upwards of five millions of proprietors whose average holdings would be under 5 acres, and a great majority of course considerably under; and there are 3,300,000 other *communal* proprietors whose taxes indicate their possessions to be on an average under 10 acres. We should not *à priori* have thought it likely that there were amongst these small proprietors any great number holding property in different *communes*, and we are therefore led to suspect that the calculation of five millions and a half of distinct proprietors is, at all events, not exaggerated. Assuming it, then, to be just, our surprise at even that number is not diminished by the consequences that follow. In the first place, it appears from the official returns that the whole value of real property (*immeuables*) of France is estimated at 39,515,000,000 francs, equal to about 1,580,000,000*l.* sterling; and its annual revenue at 1,580,000,000 francs, about 63,000,000*l.* sterling,*—about 4 per cent.; so that the average income of the five and a half million proprietors would be about 287 francs, equal to 11*l.* 10*s.* sterling; but this average, low as it is, gives a much more favourable view of the case than the following more detailed estimate of the several classes of income, which reduced into pounds sterling will, we think, surprise our English readers:—

* Exactly 62,541,000*l.* It is very remarkable that the total annual value of property assessed to the poor-rate in England and Wales in 1841 was nearly the same sum as the estimated annual value of France, namely, 62,540,000*l.*, but it was assessed on a territory of not one-third the extent, and a population of not quite one-half.

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2,602,705	families whose revenue does not exceed	£2
873,997	,,	4
737,126	,,	8
369,603	,,	12
342,082	,,	20
276,615	,,	40
170,579	,,	80
23,777	,,	200
16,598	,,	400
6,681	families whose revenue exceeds	400
5,446,763		Vol. i. p. 101.*

We are sorry the estimate is carried no further; it would on every account have been very desirable to have had some, even conjectural, classification of the 6,600 incomes above 400*l.* a-year. We read occasionally in these volumes of *grands propriétaires*. It would be very essential to the general argument to know something specific of these large landed fortunes, their estimated number and amount, how they have contrived to outlive the *Code Napoléon*, and whether there is any possibility of their continuance, or any chance hereafter of making similar accumulations in other quarters: all this we say would have been important to the argument, and without it our view of the state and influence of landed property in France must be very imperfect.

We find, however, from other documents (p. 116), that, of the thirteen thousand highest rated (and of course largest) properties, the average income was 17,260 francs, about 690*l.*; and as there are near 4000 in that number of less than 400*l.*, there

* M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, a gentleman, say our authors, of high character for experience, intelligence, and accuracy, has made a computation as to the probable numbers of proprietary families, somewhat different in detail, but with the same general result as to vast number and low condition of the smaller proprietors. He calculates the productive surface of France at 46 million *hectares*=about 114 million English acres, and the proprietary families at 4,800,000, whom he thus classes with reference to their holdings:—

Families.	Hectares.	Eng. Acres.	Hectares.
8,000	355	837	2,840,000
15,000	180	444	2,700,000
67,000	84	207	5,628,000
110,000	56	138	6,160,000
220,000	35	86	7,700,000
480,000	14	34	6,720,000
3,900,000	3·64 ares	8½	14,252,000
4,800,000	..	..	46,000,000 = 114,000,000 Eng. Acres.

3,900,000 families possessing 8½ English acres is not inconsistent with the calculation in the text, which gives 4,000,000 with an annual revenue not exceeding 8*l.*—and let it be remembered that these 8½ acres are the average of near 5 millions of properties, half at least of which must be smaller. But we suspect that M. Mounier's calculation is made on the *cadastral* or *rated* value of properties, which is very much lower than the *real* value. What is rated at 40*s.* is probably worth 60*s.*

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are probably, in the higher series, some considerable fortunes* which help to furnish even that average. But however that may be, it is obvious that under the unremitting action of the law, the *ten thousand* 690*l.* incomes of one generation must become in the next (on the calculated average of three children to each inheritance), *thirty thousand* of 230*l.*; and although there is at work an antagonist process of reconstruction or accumulation by marriage, purchase, and collateral inheritance, it is altogether inadequate to stem the dispersing torrent. The effects of the accumulating process by marriage, purchase, or relationship would naturally be most frequent and strong amongst neighbouring properties, but we find that, notwithstanding all such influences, the numbers of the communal *cotes* are rapidly increasing. In the ten years from 1826 to 1835 the *Cotes Foncières* exhibit an increase of 60,000 properties, being 6000 additional *morcellemens* (as they are technically and emphatically called) per annum; and that the balance of dispersion over accumulation is progressing in an alarming ratio is proved by the fact that, whereas the increase for the ten former years was but 2 per cent., they were in the next decennium 6 per cent. on the number of rated properties (p. 117). Of course this increase of number necessarily implies a general diminution of amount; but another document proves that it was on the larger properties that this division was acting most powerfully: in ten years the properties paying less than 16*s.* in taxation *increased* in number by one-ninth, while all the higher classes *diminished* by one-third. Under the same processes all must gradually become less and less.

M. de Villèle said in 1826—

'*Fortunes* perhaps may be reconstructed, but *not properties*. It is easy to divide the soil, but it is impossible to reunite it. The greatest sacrifices which one might be disposed to make to reconstruct a divided property, would often fail of success. Man attaches himself naturally to the spot of ground he has bought or inherited. The smaller it is, the more obstinately he generally clings to it. You might cover it with gold without persuading him to accept your price. And accordingly there is no instance of a great property formed again from the fractions of one which has been divided. Small properties are no doubt necessary, but I should wish to preserve the middling class, and prevent the higher from being altogether dismembered.'—vol. i. p. 77.

* The two greatest landed proprietors in France are generally said to be M. d'Aligre, belonging to an old *famille de robe*, and M. Roy, long Minister of Finance, but who had made his fortune long before he was in office—they are supposed to have each between 40,000*l.* and 50,000*l.* a-year, and if, as we have heard, each has but one child, their fortunes may be kept together for another generation, and may be still large for some generations to come. M. Roy is supposed to be the greatest proprietor of woods in France, after the King, and indeed almost all the large properties consist of woods, which afford the greatest practical resistance to the *morcellement* system.

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There is another proof of the progress of this *morcellement*. The landed property of France is, as we have stated, valued at 1580 millions sterling. Now on all changes of property there is a registration and an *ad valorem* duty, and from the official accounts it appears that in the same ten years, from 1826 to 1835, the value of 934 millions sterling, or 59 per cent. of the territorial property of France, actually changed hands * (p. 111). The whole extent of these prodigious 'mutations' is, it is obvious, not directly attributable to the law. By the course of nature great changes on so large a surface in such a number of years are inevitable;—but the law had been long before cutting up the territory into those small fractions which facilitated or necessitated such extensive mutations. About 40 per cent. on the whole were changes by inheritance—50 per cent. were sales, exchanges, forfeitures, &c.—about 10 per cent. were gifts. This latter head was only another form for executing or evading the laws of inheritance, which may, therefore, be fairly calculated to have *directly* influenced nearly half of the entire change—besides, as we have just said, creating *indirectly* the multiplication of other transfers. The 50 per cent. of sales, &c., our authors consider as the most alarming feature of the whole case, as being evidence of the distress of the agricultural interest, which found itself driven, most reluctantly, to such extensive sacrifices (p. 118). What, indeed, should we think of the state of England if one-half of the landed property had changed hands within ten years, and that one-half of that change had been by sheriffs' sales?

There is yet another element of computation to be drawn from an analogous source. In France all these changes of property, of whatever kind, are executed before notaries. Now it appears from a report of the Minister of Justice to Louis-Philippe, 10th April, 1842, that, in the year 1840, there had passed in France the enormous number of 3,500,000 notarial acts,† being in the proportion of about one transaction for every ten souls—on an average two families—of the whole population —evidence, our authors allege, and we believe truly, of not merely a great change and subdivision of property, but an extravagant burden of law expenses—an important point, to which we shall recur by and bye.

The general result of these various computations is this:— That there are in France 33,000,000 souls, composing 7,000,000 families:—

* It is remarkable that the registered sales of *personal* property for the same period amounted to just half this sum; so that it would seem, at first sight, that the *immeubles* were more changeable than the *meubles*.

† The notarial noting of bills for non-payment, so large an item with us, is of little amount in France. The majority of notarial acts relate to bargains and sales of property.

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families:—That of these, 27,000,000 souls belong to 5,500,000 families, each possessing landed property.

Here, then, is as near an approach to the *beau idéal* of an independent, self-employing, self-feeding population as the world (*except in savage nations*) has ever yet seen—much nearer than any theorist could have, *à priori*, imagined. Let us now see whether this agrarian distribution of property, this *morcellement* of the territory, conduces to the public good, or even to the comfort and happiness of those whom it most seems to favour. We shall begin with the latter consideration—to which, indeed, the other is but a corollary.

There can be little doubt of the *popularity* of a system which exhibits the result, so different from that of all other civilized nations, of having about three-fourths of the whole population—a majority of whom would have otherwise been mere labourers for hire—elevated into the class of independent proprietors and fee-simple cultivators of their own land. In theory, too, nothing can look better,—both morally and politically;—it tends to elevate the spirit and character, and to stimulate the best qualities of the individual, while to the State it appears to afford the important guarantee of interesting the large majority of its subjects in the stability of the Government. But experience does not ratify the theory:—*corruptio optimi pessima*—this system, so fair in prospect, and so excellent within limits, becomes quite the reverse when pushed—as from its very nature it must ultimately be—to extremes, or even to such an extent as it has already reached in France. On the 31st of March, 1826, the Minister of the Interior stated to the Chamber of Peers, that—

'However favourable one might be to a reasonable division of property, all were agreed that it ought to have some limit. Some speakers had dwelt with a sort of enthusiasm on the advantages of small cultivation (*la petite culture*); but no one will deny that if it were to extend over the whole territory, the consequences must be deplorable, and the agricultural population itself would be soon reduced to a state of miserable indigence. A former speaker expressed an opinion, that it would be desirable that *all* the inhabitants of a country should become "*propriétaires.*" I think he will see, on reconsideration, that such a state would be neither good in itself, nor indeed possible with a large population. The best state of things is a division of labour and variety of occupation and production, by which all branches of industry are reciprocally vivified and promoted.'

This is common sense. Society is constituted on the necessity of a division of labour. One man furnishes food by ploughing—but another must have made the plough, and a third must have constructed a mill to grind the corn; and all thrive by following separate trades, who, if each attempted to cultivate a morsel of land,

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land, would all starve—and society would be driven back to its first rude elements, that is, a common possession and no profitable use of the soil;—in short, a state of savage life. It may seem superfluous and puerile to reproduce such observations as these; but our readers will not think so when they read the following practical excuse for the system of *parcelles*:—

'We have 2,000,000 families of peasant proprietors, who feed themselves altogether on their own productions; but to produce this food, each must have a bit of *vineyard* for drink—a bit of *arable* for bread—a bit of *garden* for potatoes—a bit of *pasture* for the goat—and these bits can hardly ever lie together—the vine must be on the hill, and the grass in the valley, and so on.'—Vol. i. p. 204.

Could it have been believed, that after more than fifty years of revolutionary education and illumination, nearly one-third of the French people should be feeding themselves in this rude, and yet expensive way? Such a mixture of patriarchal simplicity with the Code Napoléon may no doubt to a certain point encourage that small cultivation by which, as we said at the outset, *families* may be scantily subsisted, but must be wholly destructive of the broader *agriculture* by which *a people* is fed; and we see no reason to disagree from the opinion, that if some corrective of the parcel system be not discovered, the greatest nation and fairest country in the world seems eventually destined to a state of agrarian barbarism.

But let us proceed to a closer examination. We have admitted that the system may have certain beneficial effects on the moral character of the individual—but it may also have some, and more we believe, of a contrary tendency. It must blunt the edge of industry. A man is less anxious to acquire property of which the inexorable law will not permit him to dispose;—he will be less zealous to unite scattered properties, which he knows that the inexorable law will immediately disperse again. All but the more active and enterprising spirits will feel disposed to limit their wants and their wishes to what their morsel of land can supply, and like the Irish cottiers, will sink into a scale of merely animal existence. We do not give this as a description of the *actual* state of France, for the mischief is only in progress, but as the tendency of the system; and some such scenes are, as we shall see, already beginning to appear. The effect too on domestic habits is not favourable. Children independent of parents, and looking to their decease with the certainty of an inheritance, which may be even gambled away before it accrues—parents, on the other hand, deprived of almost all power of rewarding duty or discouraging misconduct; to which must be added what

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what we are told is become a very large feature in the moral aspect of France, the infinite domestic differences, and even lawsuits, of which these divisions of property are found to be prolific—these are not elements of domestic discipline or comfort.

The argument of its increasing political stability is very plausible in theory, but singularly unlucky in the particular case—for no country has ever undergone such awful vicissitudes of revolution as France since this principle has been in general action. We admit that the possession of land is naturally a great sedative, but distributed as it has been in France by revolutionary violence, and held under revolutionary tenures, its effect is rather to produce, in the wealthier class, indifference and acquiescence in *any* government that will only guarantee their titles; and in the more numerous and powerful body of poor proprietors, a strong and not unreasonable appetite for a fresh distribution. Indeed, M. Rubichon goes so far as to characterise the agricultural population as *républicaine et affamée—starving democrats!*—(i. p. 117.) If they are *starving*, we do not wonder at their being *democrats*, even though democracy should have been the first cause of the distress.

This leads to another inquiry. Is the material condition of the agriculturists improved? Are they really *affamés*, or are they what we would call in England a comfortable and easy yeomanry? The answer made in the French Chambers to this inquiry by the advocates of the existing system was little else than a kind of triumphant exclamation that they are *propriétaires!*—as if that title decided the question. Now, we admit that under the first revolutionary distribution of property a *propriétaire* was generally a person in enviable circumstances;—but is it so now? and must not the benefit become at every succeeding division less and less? The name *propriétaire* does not make a man rich. Though the father of three children may be in easy circumstances, his *three* children, who become separate proprietors of the same fortune, will find it an inadequate provision; and what will it be to their *nine* children—even with the chance of what the mothers may bring into the *partage*? And accordingly, we have in these volumes abundant evidence that there already exist in France *millions* of examples that a *propriétaire* may be poorer than a peasant. We have before seen taht there are 2,600,000 families, comprising 13,000,000 persons—of each of which families the rated income does not exceed *forty shillings*, but say sixty shillings, sterling—for the maintenance of five persons—and these are proprietors! The poorest day-labourer would earn four times as much. But it will be said, that these

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these two millions and a half of proprietors and their families cannot exist on 60 shillings a year—and that they too must also work: we suppose so,—but that gives up the main question—they would then be nothing but ordinary *labourers* with a small freehold *allotment*. But where are they to obtain this extra labour? The generality of their neighbours are in the same condition as they; each works his own allotment, and instead of hiring extra labour, wants himself to be hired. In the dawn of this system, when the old régime had left large tracts half cultivated and the Revolution had devastated in various ways a still greater extent, the distributive system worked very well—there was room and occasion and stimulus for individual industry, and properties came to be divided before they were fully tilled. When by division and process of time all is brought into tillage, the system will have done its best, and thenceforth must gradually proceed to do its worst. A *generation* is reckoned by the chronologists at about 30 years; from internal atrocities and foreign wars, the succession of generations in France may have been somewhat more rapid—but still we have scarcely passed the threshold, as it were, of this vast experiment. It has not been above two generations in existence, and perhaps, on the average of the whole country, not more than two or three divisions have taken place since the first revolutionary distribution, and yet the territory is already divided into 124 millions of *parcelles*, and amongst 5½ millions of proprietors! Where is this to end? The law has no limits—though the land has; and in a few years the Code Napoléon—still in all its power and vigour—will be employed in dividing fractions of square inches of land, and deciding by logarithms infinitesimal inheritances.

Of all these prognostics and reasonings we have an additional corroboration—if indeed anything was wanted after the great fact of five millions of pauper proprietors—in an indulgent law passed for the relief of this new species of landed gentry; by which it is provided that such proprietors as are unable to pay the *contribution foncière* (land-tax—about ten pence per acre) on their estates will be *permitted to abandon* and surrender the said estates into the hands of the Government, at no further trouble and expense than a registration fee of *twenty-pence*, in consideration of which fee the landed proprietor will be relieved both from the land and the arrears of taxes, and be permitted to carry off his furniture and other moveables without opposition from the tax-gatherer (p. 102). And, in 1835, the Préfet of the Department of the Lower Alps, finding so many proprietors of that district unable to pay the tax, issued a paternal circular, recalling to their recollection this indulgent law, by which on the payment of only *twenty-pence*

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twenty-pence they might be relieved from the onerous dignity of landowners.

Again, we are told that one of the motives that render the *partage* of landed inheritances so popular is the anxiety to obtain the electoral franchise, which follows a certain rate of property. Now, in spite of this anxiety, we find that in 1837 the electors of France were but 172,747 out of 5½ millions of proprietors. We believe the number may have been increased of late years by conferring the franchise on *classes*, such as half-pay officers, graduates, &c., but we do not hear that the territorial electors have increased; but, however that may be, five or six millions of landed proprietors so poor as to furnish not 200,000 electors is a strange phenomenon as the epilogue of a popular revolution.

There is another test of the wealth and comfort of these proprietors. In the mass of statistical documents collected by the French Government are innumerable details as to the subsistence of the people; from a general summary of which we extract the following results. The daily average ration of each individual of the whole population of France is stated as follows:—

	Oz.
Wine, beer, cider, or perry . . .	8, about half a pint.
Butchers' meat	1
Pork	¼
Wheaten bread	10
Rye and barley bread, potatoes, and other vegetables, equivalent to . .	5oz. * of bread.—ii. 22.

Extraordinary as are the labour and care with which these accounts have been prepared, we should not venture, in a case in which the aggregate sum is so enormous and the resulting average so small, to apply it with much confidence to individual cases; but when our inquiry relates to so large a proportion as one-third of the entire population, we may safely assume that an average which includes all the wealth and luxury of a great country must be very far above what the poorer classes actually enjoy—even though that average be, say our authors, 'less by a third than the allowance of convicts.' And, in a Report to the Chamber of Deputies in 1840, it is stated that, owing to the subdivision of property, the inferior classes are become altogether strangers to animal food, and are reduced to a diet insufficient even for

* The French Ministerial Report states that the English average is 32 oz. of bread, potatoes and other vegetables, and 6 oz. of meat. It does not mention liquors:—and indeed we know not how this calculation was made, nor how any average can be made. The dietaries of our navy, army, public hospitals and workhouses would form a near approximation. They are greatly above the French average, but the great majority of the population of Ireland, a large proportion of that of Scotland, and the extreme poor in England as well as in France, must be much below the respective averages.

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health (vol. ii. p. 147). All this exhibits a degree of *gêne*, not to say *want*, very different from the ease and comfort attributed by the revolutionary writers and orators to the small-proprietary system.

But this is not the worst part of the case of these peasant-proprietors. Their condition is not merely poor, it is precarious and perilous. They are, in fact, for the most part, proprietors only in name. They have been tempted or forced to buy these additional lots for 'the vine, the potato, and the goat,' to enable them to provide subsistence from hand to mouth, without having capital even to pay for them. The majority of these acquisitions, and many even of the original purchases, have been made on *mortgages*, which are still unliquidated, and produce a state of things that has alarmed even the liberal Government of Louis-Philippe. It appears, by a Report of the *Garde des Sceaux*, 1844, that greatly above *one-third* of the whole rental of France is swallowed up by these mortgages, and nearly another third by other incumbrances—besides the litigation produced by this vast reticulation of legal difficulties, the expense of which cannot even be estimated, but which the *Garde des Sceaux* himself confesses to be a '*plaie incurable*' in the vitals of the country. The following table affords an alarming picture of the state of landed property in France :—

The annual rental, as before		£63,000,000
Deduct—		
Annual interest on mortgages .	£24,000,000	
Direct annual taxes on land. .	11,000,000	
Doors and windows . . .	1,400,000	
Stamps, registration, &c. at least .	8,000,000	
		44,400,000
—vol. i. p. 166.		£18,600,000

So that less than one-third of the rental of France is available to its proprietors, and from that is to be further deducted the '*plaie incurable*.' And this state of things, so frightful to the landed proprietors, is, it appears, so much more so to the mortgagees, that the *Garde des Sceaux*, a revolutionary lawyer, and full, say our authors, of revolutionary feelings against whatever looks like a landed interest, has proposed a new law to facilitate the foreclosure of mortgages, and sales for satisfying incumbrances, the result of which must increase the difficulties—or rather indeed accelerate the ruin of the holders of land—without, as it seems, doing much eventual good to the creditor ; for if the present set of proprietors be expelled, it is not easy to see how, under the present system, their places can be supplied. The legal

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legal confiscation of the existing interest might produce a momentary reunion of scattered parcels, but the same vicious principle of division being still at work, the same deplorable state of things would inevitably return.

As to the *incurable wound* which the *Garde des Sceaux* is so candid as to acknowledge to exist in the system which he in general approves, we will with equal candour admit that litigation and law charges have been in all times and countries a serious infliction upon property. *Qui terre a—guerre a*—is an old feudal maxim, which the Revolution has only generalised and confirmed. But we must also add, that this legal wound, like a wound to the natural body, has at least thus much of beneficial result—that it makes those who have felt it very cautious to avoid it for the future; and it has had a salutary influence, in England at least, by restraining, in some degree, inconsiderate or wanton alienations of property. It acts something as the difficulty of divorce does in domestic life—it prevents many *separations* which might otherwise be made under transient or insufficient motives. We therefore—though hearty reformers as to the general question of costs and other law expenses—are no advocates for such extreme facilities as are now proposed, even by well-meaning and respectable men,* and by others who are not so, for the dispersion of landed property, and which, if successful, might be more appropriately designated by the title of '*Ruin made easy!*'

But the objection to the French system is not that the law renders transfers expensive, but that it creates the transfer; and that the consequent expenses are wholly involuntary, inevitable, and uncontrollable. Besides, the perpetual and increasing litigation (which has *doubled* within ten years, i. p. 169) about boundaries, encroachments, rights of way, and so forth, occasioned by the dispersion and intermixture of so many million morsels of land, which in thousands and thousands of cases cannot be reached by their owner without trespassing on his neighbour—besides, we say, these incidental expenses and the heavy duties and charges which the Exchequer exacts from every *partage*, the *partage* itself is always a kind of law-suit, and often a very acrimonious and expensive one. And thus the whole population of the country is thrown at

* For instance, the Lords Committee on the burthens on real property do not seem to us to have been sufficiently alive to the indirect influence of the impediments to embarrassing or alienating real property; they are impediments no doubt to its saleability, but is that in its ultimate result an evil or a benefit? We cordially, however, approve of their Lordships' recommendation of a general system of *registration* of titles, which, though it would in some respects tend to dispersion, would in others have a contrary effect, and would have so many advantages, both pecuniary and moral, that we trust we have not much longer to wait for that reform.

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periodical, or rather accidental, intervals into this general vortex of litigation, that, like death—of which indeed it is a new terror—spares no one, and is inflicted with a total disregard to all personal considerations or collateral circumstances. The ancient noble—the upstart revolutionist—the wealthy trader—the pauper peasant—are equally the victims of this inevitable routine of spoliation and expulsion.

The Exchequer like the grave will swallow all. And M. Rubichon asserts, what earlier writers only guessed, that in the long run the Government must become the sole proprietor of the soil of France. That it would be so under the unlimited operation of the present law cannot logically be denied; but long before that—to use Johnson's emphatic expression—'the abuse will become so enormous, that Nature will rise up, and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.'

But it may be asked—and this brings us to the second and more general question—is not the system—whatever may be its effects on individual interests—highly favourable to the cultivation of the soil? This, its antagonists answer with a decided negative; and our authors produce a vast detail of evidence to support their assertion. No one seems to deny the benefit of the division, and above all, of the *divisibility*, of property within reasonable limits; and to such an extent as the force of circumstances—the rise and decay of fortunes, the mutual relations of the money and land markets may legitimately require. The objection is, that the division is now made not for any such reasonable causes or objects, not on any principle of demand or supply, not from necessity nor even convenience—but on a mere arbitrary accident—the death of the owner—which, by the effect of a blind, and as it were, mechanical law, creates a plurality of owners in his stead without any regard to their fitness for the trust, or the value of the trust to them, and most frequently drives the property either into the meshes of the law, where it is wasted, or into the market, where it was not wanted, and where the sale—being peremptory—may not produce its value, or ruin a neighbour by tempting him to buy it above its value—in fine, that the thus turning real property into a chattel, is ruinous to the parties themselves, destructive of agriculture, injurious to the material prosperity, and fatal to the moral and social interests of the nation.

In exhibiting, as we have done, the extent of the *morcellement* and its effects on the individual proprietors, we have at the same time touched some of the most important general considerations—but many more remain, and especially the most important of all, the actual tangible results as exhibited in the practice and productions of agriculture itself—the first index, as we contend, of the general welfare of a people.

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The Finance Minister of Louis-Philippe—a disciple of course of the revolutionary school—in two reports on the state of the public revenues in 1839 and 1840, assumes as a matter of course, which requires no more proof than the mere enumeration, that the increase in all the branches of revenue which arise from the *morcellement* of the land and corresponding transactions—sales, transfers, mortgages, auctions, &c.—is indisputable evidence of national prosperity. This fallacy our authors disprove by reasoning and by facts. There are two sides to the question where the minister saw but one:—if prosperity is to be inferred from one man's buying, the contrary must be inferred from the other's selling—if affluence lends money on mortgage, it must be distress that borrows; and there are, as our authors remark, many classes of revenue in which the unfavourable element clearly predominates, as these very sales of property—fines and forfeitures—lotteries—cards, and we may add, spirituous liquors. The true principle seems to be, that the increase of revenue by the *produce* of capital is a proof of public prosperity; but an increase arising out of the diminution of capital itself, is a calamity. Thus an increase of duty on bills of exchange and receipts announces a healthy circulation—a similar increase on bonds and mortgages exhibits distress; so the plenty and cheapness of *goods* in the shops of a town is satisfactory—but the plenty and cheapness of *shops* themselves would be evidence that the town was dwindling; so also active and abundant sales of the *products* of land, corn, meat, wool, skins, tallow, minerals, &c. &c., is prosperity, but numerous sales of the *land itself* is the very reverse.

But we will not dwell on arguments involving theories; our object is to deal with facts and practical results. The report of the Committee of the Peers on this subject in 1825 indicates, in a summary way, some of the chief *practical* disadvantages of the system of *morcellement*. The first is an actual loss of cultivable soil in the innumerable and unproductive fences, roads, and communications which such an infinite division requires (vol. i. p. 65); and as a necessary consequence, the difficulty when the allotments are small, and the loss of time when they are distant, of getting from one portion of a property to another, of moving implements, of carrying manure, or of transporting the produce. These impediments, trifling as they may appear in detail, are enormous in the aggregate.

'The division of estates amongst families would have a limit—the number of families:—the *morcellement* has none. A property of two acres may be composed of a thousand morsels, each no bigger than a furrow (*sillon*); and each of these furrows is perhaps separate from the rest and mixed up with and surrounded (*enclavé*) by the furrows of other people.'—vol. i. p. 173.

'How,'

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'How,' the *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*, a work of authority, asks, 'are such morsels to be tilled? what a multitude of paths and roads! and new ones to be made at every fresh division! And who is to guard the sowings from birds or beasts, and the crops from depredation, and the whole from trespass?'—And this latter question is particularly directed to a species of trespass which will astonish our readers.

'Add to these difficulties the damage done in seed-time to each of the little contiguous parcels already sown by other farmers, because the strips are so narrow that the feet of the horses or oxen of him who ploughs last must necessarily trample the edges of the adjoining furrow which has been already sown by his neighbour.'—vol. i. p. 174.

After this example of involuntary trespass and damage, we think we need say nothing more to explain the degree of *morcellement* which is already arrived at, nor why the most fruitful product of such farming should be law-suits. But this is not the worst; all are forced into the same course of cultivation, and that necessarily the worst: if one fallows, sows, or feeds, all must fallow, sow, or feed.

'Any one who, acquainted with better processes of culture, should endeavour to practise them, would soon find his improvements defeated and his fields ravaged by all the cattle of the village; and if he should venture on the expense of fences, he would see them pulled down by his neighbours, who would not submit to such an innovation.'—vol. i. p. 177.

And this is the more serious, because this new principle of property in land has made no improvement in the arts of cultivation, and has even revived and extended some of the grossest errors and abuses of the old time—for instance, two scourges of good farming, called *parcours* and *vaine pâture*—a species of commonage* (of which there are still traces in some parts of England, under the denomination of Lammas lands), by which on certain days the cattle of all the proprietors are turned loose, in due proportions, to graze the whole district. This mischievous remnant of antiquity has received an enormous extension from the system of *morcellement*, from which indeed it seems inseparable, and all the efforts that have been made to check it have proved wholly unavailing. It is, we believe, next to the *morcellement* itself, the greatest evil of which French agriculture complains.

Against this complication of evils, ancient and modern, all the practical good sense of France protests in the most decided manner; and it seems that even in the majority of the *Conseils Généraux* of Departments there is a strong and strongly expressed

* It is called, it seems, *vaine pâture* when it extends only over one *commune*, and *parcours* when it runs over several.

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wish to arrest the *morcellement* and abolish its corollary, the *vaine pâture;* but the lawyers and theorists—the men who made the revolution and maintain all its mischiefs—have discountenanced and defeated all efforts either to restrain the dispersion or facilitate the reunion of estates. That wise and able minister, M. de Villèle, whose overthrow was the ruin of the elder dynasty, proposed a safe, prudent, and very moderate amendment, namely, that the *disposable* share should, where the parents had not disposed of it, devolve to the eldest child—but so jealous were the Chambers of any restraint on the absolute *égalité du partage*, that this proposition, though so slight a variation, and entirely consistent with the original law, was rejected. It savoured of primogeniture and legitimacy, and was not to be tolerated. If the wise and powerful monarch, who has already done so much towards consolidating society in France, shall not be able (we cannot doubt that he would be willing) to do something towards healing the cancer of *partage* and *morcellement*, we are really at a loss—from the evidence before us—to set limits to the dangers to which, within no great number of years, the country must be exposed.

In proceeding to consider how this system appears to affect the *produce* of the soil, we have to observe that there is a very large and beneficial species of property—the forests—which, besides the purposes that our English woods supply, are still more important as affording the chief fuel of the country. There are several curious and interesting chapters dedicated to this subject, and proving that the *morcellement* system, though fortunately less applicable to the forests than to any other property, has, wherever it has come into operation on them, had, if possible, worse consequences than even on the arable lands; but these details would be less intelligible and interesting to an English reader, and we pass on to the consideration of the produce of agriculture proper.

The productive soil of France is, as	Hectares.	English Acres.
we have seen	46,000,000	114,000,000
Of which are cultivated by farmers		
at fixed rents	8,470,000	21,000,000
By farmers at half profit . .	14,530,000	36,000,000
By the proprietors. . . .	20,000,000	50,000,000
Woods of *larger* proprietors . .	3,000,000	7,500,000

The quantity cultivated by the proprietors themselves is, as might be expected, about equal to the possessions of the two lowest classes of proprietors; but several proprietors, and particularly of the middling classes, also farm portions of other properties, belonging of course to the higher class. Of these classes the small proprietors, whose *parcelles* hardly suffice to feed themselves, have little to spare for the market:—

'This

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'This class, poor as it is, forms a state within a state. It depends on no one, and no one depends on it. It stands alone in its unassisted misery. It is in ill humour with all that are higher or happier. It looks on a large proprietor as a usurper, and thinks that no man not working with his spade can have any right to land. It is an enemy to the plough which diminishes handwork, and to cattle which requires an extent of pasturage that limits their *parcelles*.'—vol. i. p. 297.

These are the *familles républicaines et affamées*.

The half profit system, though plausible, is it seems very unsatisfactory in practice—chiefly because in this copartnership the landlord and tenant appearing to have equal interests, pretend to equal authority, and differ on the details of crops and cultivation, of which the farmer is often an indifferent judge, and the landlord generally a worse; in the meanwhile the farm is ruined for want of capital and a system. It is said however to answer better in some districts, like La Vendée, where the old feudal and patriarchal spirit still preserves a kind of affectionate copartnership between the tenant and the landlord (vol. i. p. 172). This system, of course, must send a considerable surplus to market. But the most profitable both to landlord and cultivator, and most productive in the markets, are the tenures by lease at fixed rents, after our English mode, which prevail in the northern and eastern quarters of France, where the collection of *parcelles* into one farm of sufficient magnitude defeats the effects of the *morcellement*, and renders those districts the best cultivated, most productive, and happiest in France—the best for the landlord, the best for the farmer, and consequently the best for the market. On one point all the French writers seem agreed, that the nearer the approach to the English system, the better the agriculture and the happier the people.

The surface on which the population has to act, is agriculturally distributed as follows:—

		Hectares.	Eng. Acres.
Tillage	Corn	13,831,000	34,180,000
	Vines	1,960,000	4,840,000
	Sundry Vegetables	3,402,000	8,400,000
Lay	Natural Meadows	4,197,000	10,370,000
	Artificial Meadows	1,575,000	3,890,000
	Pasture	8,606,000	21,260,000
	Fallows	6,743,000	16,660,000
Orchards, gardens, nurseries, &c.		759,000	1,870,000
Woods of all classes		8,699,000	21,497,000
Total of productive soil		49,746,000	123,000,000
All other surfaces		2,147,000	5,300,000
Total surface of France		51,893,000	129,300,000*

As

* The authors observe that this table will not be found to agree exactly with the sums

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As a *pendant* to this picture—of which the details are certainly the most minute and accurate ever made of any country—may be added the following equally curious view of the distribution, nature, and amount of its total produce:—

Species.	Area Cultivated.		Total Produce.	
	Hectares.	English Acres.	Hectolitres.	English Quarters.
Wheat . . .	5,551,000	13,710,000	69,290,000	23,800,000*
Meslin (Wheat and Rye)	949,000	2,340,000	11,824,000	4,000,000
Rye . . .	2,573,000	6,350,000	27,772,000	9,540,000
Barley . . .	1,164,000	2,870,000	16,444,000	5,650,000
Oats . . .	3,000,000	7,410,000	48,099,000	16,530,000
Maize . . .	631,000	1,580,000	7,610,000	2,610,000
Buckwheat . .	654,000	1,616,000	8,469,000	2,910,000
				Bushels.
Potatoes . . .	920,000	2,270,000	96,189,000	264,500,000
Dry Vegetables, Beans, Pease, &c. .	295,000	730,000	3,443,000	9,470,000
Beet Root . . .	57,000	140,000	15,740,000	42,286,000

These returns extend to hemp, flax, garden-stuff, and artificial grasses, which we have not room nor occasion to consider. There are also tables of the quantities of seed employed, and the proportion of *seed* to *produce* in each class; which proportion is, it is stated, growing perceptibly more unfavourable; the reason being, that the number of cattle, and consequently the quantity of manure, is diminishing under the *morcellement* system.

It appears that the average produce of the whole territory may be about 10*s.* per acre: but this wide average is obviously of very little practical value—for it can lead to no practical conclusion—but the difference of produce between the several Departments may be of use as affording some data as to the comparative merit of the local agriculture. Now the produce of dif-

sums previously given for particular heads; this variance occurs in the official tables, and arises from the including or excluding fractions, but the general result is sufficiently accurate. We have for ourselves to repeat, that adopting where we can round numbers, and turning French measures into English without attending to fractions, our figures will not exactly agree with the French sums, nor always with others of our own, but the variances are immaterial.

* Our authors state the corresponding produce of England at 18,000,000 quarters, and the following comparison is drawn,—that England with a population of 13,500,000 grows 54,000,000 hectolitres of wheat, affording a consumption of 3 hectolitres = 8 bushels each person, whereas France, with 33,000,000 inhabitants, only produces 60,000,000, which affords but 2 hectolitres = 5½ bushels per head. These calculations agree with—indeed they are taken from our English writers; but we must observe, in correction of what is no doubt an error of the press, that England, instead of 13,500,000 inhabitants, has 16,000,000, and that the produce of France is 69, and not 60 millions.

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ferent Departments varies very widely—the northern being much the most productive. The 47th degree of latitude divides France into two nearly equal portions—the north having 42 departments, and the south 43. The following abstract exhibits the 85 departments in classes of produce of wheat per *hectare* (2½ acres), and the number of departments of each class of produce belonging to the north or south respectively:—

Departments.	North.	South.	Hectolitres.	English bushels per English acre.
2	2		above 18	above 20
3	3		,, 16	,, 18
3	3		,, 15	,, 17
6	6		,, 14	,, 16
1	1		,, 13	,, 15
2	1	1	,, 12	,, 14
9	7	2	,, 11	,, 13
8	5	3	,, 10	,, 11½
15	7	8	,, 9	,, 10
19	5	14	,, 8	,, 9
11	2	9	,, 7	,, 8
4	–	4	,, 6	,, 6½
2	–	2	,, 5	,, 5½
85	42	43		

The north, it seems, yields on an average 11½, and the south a little under 8. And if the northern division be again divided by the meridian of Paris into east and west, it appears that the western quarter—that which is opposite to and nearest the coast of England—is greatly the most fruitful in wheat, the departments producing above 10 hectolitres being 19 on the north-west, and only 10 on the north-east. Much of this extraordinary difference must, no doubt, be attributable to the soil and climate, but much also must arise from variety of tillage and supply of manure; and it is remarkable that the produce should be so much greater in the northern regions, where, it seems, the *morcellement* has been comparatively the least operative.

As to the general produce of France, the Ministerial Report states the produce of a *hectare* of wheat of a good and bad season thus:—

	Hectolitres.	English bushels.
1815 A bad year	8·59	9·55
1826 Good year	12·18	13·55
1830 Middling year	10·53	11·77
1833 Very good year	15·52	17·27

And we have the following table of prices for decennial periods:—

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	Average Price per Hectolitre.	Per Quarter.	Average Price in England per Qr.
		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1776 to 1785 . .	14 13 =	1 12 10	2 5 0
1786 to 1790 . .	17 17 =	2 .0 0	2 9 9
[Blank for the reigns of Robespierre, Barras, and Buonaparte.]			2 5 0 to £4 2*s.*
1816 to 1825 . .	20 94 =	2 4 8	3 6 4
1826 to 1835 . .	19 11 =	1 14 3	2 6 3

Prices, therefore, have risen in France from the level of 1776 rather more than in England, and still more, if it be true, as our authors state, and as we believe the fact to be, that English wheat is now become heavier in weight, bulk, or quality than French (ii. 85). Such prices, though very high for France, clearly indicate that if she had a large surplus, (which under a better system of agriculture, and in ordinary seasons, she must have,) she would be a very inconvenient rival in our own market; but of wheat at least these accounts prove that she has little to spare.

	Hectolitres.	English Quarters.
Her net produce is	57,747,625 =	19,850,000
Her consumption	57,273,956 =	19,680,000
Surplus . .	473,669 =	170,000

But the present state of her markets is very different, as our readers will see by the following table of the prices and *export duty* in the same four regions of France, on the 30th Nov. 1846, the last date to which the accounts were made up:—

	Price per Hectolitre.	Price per English Quarter.	Export Duty per English Quarter.
	frs.	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
North-west	28.18 =	65 4 . . .	34 11
North-east	34.17 =	79 6 . . .	61 8
South-west	24.61 =	57 1 . . .	20 2
South-east	28.21 =	65 5 . . .	15 0

The French export duty slides not merely by general prices, but by the local danger. On the Rhine, where there has been a bad harvest, the duty is absolutely prohibitory. On the coast opposite to England the duty, though not so high, amounts to prohibition. This is a striking confirmation of the fact which we have so often insisted on, and which our new advocates of free trade wilfully disregard; that whenever we need assistance, our nearest and greatest Continental neighbours will be not our help, but our rival, if not our enemy.

Here are other lessons, on which we must not shut our eyes. We have seen, that in the northern region of France, where the *morcellement* has made less progress, tillage is on a larger scale, and

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and consequently more productive; and it further appears that the consumption of that region also is proportionably superior.

The value of all agricultural produce consumed was in—

The 42 Northern departments .	1,757,693,994 frs.	= £70,307,000
The 43 Southern ditto . .	1,147,090,422	= 45,883,000
Total France .	2,904,774,416	= £116,190,000—ii. 8.

The difference in the consumption of animal food is still greater. It is in—

	Kilogrammes.	lbs.
The 42 Northern departments .	417,353,760	. . 920,265,000
The 43 Southern ditto . .	252,758,689	. . 557,332,000
	670,112,449	1,477,597,000—ii. 17.

The price of beef is in the north 85 cents. the kilogramme—about 3*d.* the lb.; of mutton 4*d.*: both in the south 10 per cent. lower.—ii. 19.

We then are presented with a general table, by classes of departments, of the average annual *ration* of all kinds of sustenance to every individual in France, being the total consumption divided by the population.

Wheat.	Rye and Meslin.	Barley, Oats, and Maize.	Potatoes and Vegetables.	Wine.	Beer, Cider, Perry.	Meat.
Hectolitres.	Hect.	Hect.	Hect.	Hect.	Hect.	Kilogrammes.
1·721	1	·40	2·44	·70	·45	20
Eng. Bushels.	Eng. Bush.	Eng. Bush.	Eng. Bush.	Galls. Pts.	Galls. Pts.	lbs.
5	2¾	1¼	6¾	15 5	9 7	44

From this is computed a daily ration—which we have already quoted; but which it may be as well to repeat in the form in which it is here presented to us—

Wheat, rye, and meslin . .	10 oz. of bread	
Barley, oats, potatoes, and all vegetables, equivalent to . .	5 oz. of bread	
	—	15 oz. bread
Butcher's meat	1 oz.	
Pork	¼ oz.	
	—	1¼ oz. meat
Wine	5 oz.	
Beer, cider, perry	2	
	—	7 oz. drink.

This calculation is that of the ministerial tables; but as we said before of dietary averages on a large scale, they are of little other use than to show how infinitely below the average must be the condition of the great body of the people: when the palace and the pauper hovel are taken together, a comfortable average is

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is produced; but what would be the real share of the hovel alone?

The want of anything like such data for times past, as these accounts exhibit for recent years, prevents a statistical comparison as to progress or decrease; but it is evident from a variety of circumstances, and even from the reluctant admission of the Minister himself, that corn cultivation is giving way before potatoes, peas and beans, and garden-stuffs, and that, as the Minister delicately phrases it, 'grain—*les céréales*—is gradually growing less absolutely necessary to the subsistence of the people.'—(i. 314.) 'In short,' says M. Rubichon in one of his bursts of indignation, 'while England is striving to extirpate the old Irish system, our government is creating *a new Ireland in France.*'

We now arrive at another important class of information, which we are sure will be new to our readers—the number of cattle and the supply of meat; and here it is that the system of *morcellement* exhibits in the strongest light its deleterious influence on agriculture. We begin by an abstract of the detailed and very curious tables which exhibit the number and value of the brute population of France in the year 1839:—

Black Cattle.		Sheep.		Horses.	
Bulls	394,166	Rams	564,160	Horses	1,265,298
Cows	5,481,026	Wethers	9,431,418	Mares	1,188,550
Oxen	1,950,702	Ewes	14,638,257	Foals	347,819
Calves	2,057,156	Lambs	7,230,412		
Totals	9,883,050		31,864,247		2,801,667

Average Price of each class of Animals.

	Frs.	£.	s.	d.		Frs.	s.	d.		Frs.	£.	s.	d.
Bulls	85 =	1	9	2	Rams	16·25 =	13	6	Horses	172 =	7	3	0
Cows	89 =	3	14	0	Wethers	13·55 =	11	3	Mares	147 =	6	2	6
Oxen	154 =	6	8	0	Ewes	9·26 =	7	8	Foals	70 =	2	18	4
Calves	26 =	1	8	0	Lambs	5·70 =	4	9					

The following is an abstract of the number of animals for every 1000 of the human population:—

Cattle.	Sheep.	Horses.	Pigs.	Goats.	Mules.	Asses.
297	956	84	146	38	11	12

There was also a like census of the inferior animals, of which, to complete our summary, we give an abstract:—

Pigs.

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Pigs.	Goats.	Mules.	Asses.
4,852,824	845,778	366,837	408,355
Average price { Frs. £. s. 35 = 1 9	Frs. s. 9·65 = 8	Frs. £. s. d. 173 = 7 4 2	Frs. £. s. d. 39 = 1 12 6

We shall now proceed with an account of some of the details regarding the three chief classes of domestic animals—*les races ovine, bovine, et chevaline*—as they are called; taking no further notice of the inferior class than to observe that their relative numbers and prices indicate the prevalence of a poor culture and a cottier population.

And first of *la race ovine*:—

'Sheep,' says the French Dictionary of Commerce, 'are one of the chief causes of the prosperity—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial—of England; the flesh, the manure, the skin, the wool, are all of vast importance. According to M. Ternaux, the great manufacturer of woollen goods and a great cultivator of the best wools, there are in Great Britain 45,000,000 of sheep; other authorities carry them up to 55,000,000, which, killed at about three or four years old, average 60 lbs. of flesh and suet for about 15,000,000 of inhabitants, at about 50 lbs. per annum each. They afford, besides, 9,000,000*l.* worth of wool, of which subsequent industry trebles the value.

'In France it is very different. We have but 30,000,000 of sheep, averaging at six or seven years old 30 lbs. of meat at the very utmost, or between 4 and 5 lbs. per head of our population; and the 45,000,000 of English sheep are, in respect to their real value, equivalent to 72,000,000 of ours.'—vol. ii. p. 118.

Something of this is attributable to neglect or error in breeding—for the French authors insist that the soil and climate of France are very much superior to those of England; but there has supervened the additional disadvantage of the *partage* of land, and consequent diminution of pasturage. The Count de Villeneuve, President of the Society of Agriculture at Toulouse, a great authority in these matters, states:—

'It is necessary to have a certain extent of land to keep a flock—a proprietor possesses it and keeps a flock, but he dies—and his children, he perhaps leaves several, will each insist on a *partage*—and the result is that none can keep a flock. Thus, for instance, in the district of Cambon, where thirty years ago there were eight flocks, there is now but one. In the commune of Castres within six years five flocks have vanished.'—vol. ii. p. 125.

The Ministerial documents confirm all this. Their departmental inspectors report:—

'The *morcellement* of property and the breaking up of pasture have considerably

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considerably diminished the number of sheep which were formerly kept.' —*Haute Garonne.*

'The number of cattle is altogether insufficient for agricultural purposes. The immense majority of farmers have no beasts but for draft, and perhaps a lot of sheep which cannot be called a flock.'—*Tarn.*

'Flocks, as the word is understood in sheep countries, do not exist in this department. On the sea coast you will see in a farm five or six sheep feeding with the cows and picking up their refuse; in the interior twenty or thirty wretched sheep starve along the sides of the roads under the care of a child, who is a shepherd only in name.'—*Côtes du Nord.*

'This department is not a sheep country—not that it is unfavourable to them, but the extreme division of property does not allow of flocks, but rather of lots of sheep, and even these are to be found in very few instances.'—*Isère*, vol. ii. p. 126, &c.

It needs no argument to prove that the *morcellement* must be destructive of sheep-farming—the best perhaps of all farming, considering its various advantages—and it is not doubtful that, while advancing in England,* it has been dwindling in France.

Next comes *la race bovine.* The diminution of the quantity of beef in France consequent on that of the number of beasts, and the deterioration of their quality, is of hardly less extent and importance. This began to be felt immediately after the revolutionary storm. So early as 1806 Mr. Sauvegrain, a master-butcher in Paris, and, as it seems, a very able and sensible man, called public attention to the effect of the revolutionary disturbance of property on that prime article of agriculture as of general existence. After stating how, under the *old régime,* the race of oxen had been the peculiar care of the resident

* We cannot state the progress of our own sheep-farming with any exactness. Mr. Porter, in the first edition of his 'Progress of the Nation,' 1836, quoted two conjectures —that our sheep were 19,000,000 in 1800, and that they were supposed to have increased in 1828 by a third, and to amount to between 25,000,000 and 26,000,000; but we believe that Mr. Porter was mistaken in the basis of his calculations. Mr. M'Culloch gave an estimate for each county, which affords a total for England and Wales of 18,000,000; but in his Dictionary he states the probable number for 1839 as 32,000,000, which, he says, is 10,000,000 less than Dr. Colquhoun's estimate in 1800. We have seen that the French writers (we know not on what authority) carry them up to 45,000,000, and even to 55,000,000. A new agricultural magazine, called 'The Plough,' stated in its May number the sheep at 32,000,000, while in its December number it states them at 60,000,000. These enormous discrepancies, which we found on inquiry that the Agricultural Society had no means of explaining or correcting, afford a striking proof of the very unsatisfactory condition of our agricultural statistics. Mr. Stafford O'Brien, towards the close of the last session, called the attention of the ministers to this important subject. We hope that the great work accomplished in France will *pique* us into a similar exertion, and we are satisfied a complete agricultural survey and census, fully equal to those of France, might be made by the same means, and with not much more trouble, than the population returns, which have been now brought to a very creditable state, both as to extent and accuracy of information. We trust that Mr. O'Brien will not lose sight of this matter.

country

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country gentlemen and farmers, both for tillage-work and eventually for the market, he says that to these gentlemen and farmers succeeded a race, the purchasers of the forfeited estates, who themselves were very unequal to their new duties, and whose lands, from being cut up into small portions for more easy sale, became gradually less and less fit for any large operations of either tillage or feeding; they had neither skill, nor capital, nor extent of land to maintain that class of animal production:—

'It has followed that where one saw twenty pairs of oxen—large, fat, well-fed, and profitable both for work and for the market, we find now but half or even a third the number—scantily fed, and worked so young and so injudiciously as to impede their growth.'—vol. ii. p. 141.

This deterioration is stated to have increased gradually up to 1840, when we find the butchers of Paris and Lyons complaining of the alarmingly diminished supply and the exorbitant rise of price. Their petitions were referred to a Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, who made a minute and interesting report on the whole matter—concluding that the price had risen to a degree which rendered 'beef inaccessible to the working classes, to their great loss of health and strength;' of this it assigns as causes, that as the human population has gone on increasing, the *bovine* population has been diminishing in numbers, size, and quality—

'from the division of properties and the new species of culture which it has introduced, which diminish visibly from year to year the means of breeding and feeding of all the races of cattle.'—vol. i. p. 149.*

The Committee, we see, laid its finger on the real cause of the mischief; but it dared go no further, and after a long and even eloquent report recommends—not any remedy—but (O lame and impotent conclusion!) 'the extensive and important interests

* The following short account of an experiment recently made in France as to the effect of sea-salt in fattening cattle may interest some of our readers. It is known that cattle appear naturally greedy of salt, and thence it is inferred that it must be wholesome, and therefore nutritious. To test this opinion, M. Boussingault, of the *Académie des Sciences*, took six bulls of nearly equal weight, which he divided into two lots of three each. Lot No. 1 weighed 976 lbs.; No. 2, 916 lbs.: the food given was 3 per cent. of the respective weights, and, in forty-four days that the experiment lasted, lot No. 1 consumed 1330 lbs. of food (hay, it seems), together with 34 *grammes*,—a fraction more than an ounce,—of sea-salt to each animal per diem. Lot No. 2 consumed 1270 lbs., without any salt. At the end of forty-four days lot No. 1 had increased in weight 103½ lbs., while No. 2 had increased 101¼ lbs.; that is, on every 100 lbs. of the original weight the salt-fed lot increased 10·6 lbs., while the other increased 11 lbs. This result was wholly unexpected. Three incidental, but not unimportant, points were also determined. The salt-fed lot drank about 9 quarts of water per diem more than the other. The salted food was eaten up in 3h. 22m., the unsalted in 3h. 37m. = 15 minutes difference: and it happened that one day the food was bad, and was refused by lot No. 2, and by all the other cattle of the farm, but was eaten with the usual appetite by lot No. 1 when mixed with the salt. M. Boussingault is still proceeding with the experiment.

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concerned, to the special attention of the Minister of Commerce'—a reference by which the Committee evaded the responsibility of giving any opinion on either of the great points of the question—the effect of the *morcellement* and the expediency of admitting foreign cattle at a lighter duty.

On the other hand, the advocates for the present system produce with triumph the evidence afforded by the markets of Paris of a continued and even growing abundance of animal food, the quantities of meat supplied to these markets having, they state, considerably increased—for instance, that the consumption of all kinds of meat was in Paris—

	kilogrammes.		lbs.
In 1836 . . .	43,470,000	=	95,851,000
In 1822 . . .	41,325,000	=	91,122,000
Increase . .	2,145,000	=	4,729,000

But this increase proves less than nothing when examined in detail. In the first place, a great and opulent city will be the last place where any species of agricultural distress will be felt; but, in fact, this pretended increase was a real diminution; for it was overbalanced by an increase of 195,000 persons in the population to be fed, which, by the previous calculation, shows an actual deficiency of 9,000,000 kilogrammes = 19,800,000 lbs. on the proportionate population (ii. 154):—the increased supply would afford a small fraction more than an ounce of meat per diem to the increased population. Louis-Philippe's Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, in two speeches delivered in April and May, 1841, admits all these facts, and more:—

'The price of meat has risen considerably in France; the breeding of cattle has not advanced in the same proportion; and, on the contrary, the business and art of breeding are probably less advanced and less perfect at the present time than they formerly were. In 1789 the consumption of meat in the capital was 68 kilogrammes (= 150 lbs.) for each person; it is now but 47 kilogrammes (= 103½ lbs.) of butchers' meat and 8 kilogrammes (17½ lbs.) of pork. So that, while the population has nearly doubled, the consumption has decreased. This is to be accounted for by the revolution which has taken place in the *working classes*—Paris having become the *most manufacturing town* in Europe.'—ii. 158.

This seems a strange explanation. The new population of Paris is to starve on an ounce of meat per diem. How is that? 'Pooh,' says the liberal Minister, 'they are only manufacturers.' This solution will not be very agreeable to those theorists amongst us who confound the extension of manufactures with the welfare and comfort of the working-people. The more candid Minister of Louis-Philippe *assumes* that a manufacturing population

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population must of necessity be worse fed than other classes. But he abstained from stating one of the most remarkable facts as to the scarcity and insalubrity of animal food in Paris—that the Government, finding that a large quantity of *horse-flesh* was clandestinely or rather fraudulently sold, have, on a report of the *conseil municipal*, legalised the sale of *horse-flesh*, and established a particular market for the sale of it, adjoining the *horse slaughter-house*, as they term the *knacker's yard!*—(ii. 196.)

When the Minister was pressed for a remedy for the evil which he admitted, he had nothing to answer but *galimathias*—

'The first requisite would be that agriculture should pass into *a commereial* and *manufacturing* (*industriel*) state, and that capital and credit should be called in to fructify it.'—ii. 158.

This jargon was probably the result of the difficulty which the Minister and his master find of saving the revolutionary principle while dealing with this matter. In the first item of his advice the Minister would fructify land by reducing it to a mere article of manufacture and commerce—just as if it were a bale of cotton to be worked up in infinite detail—while in the next member of the sentence he suggests the employment of *credit and capital* upon it—an obvious contradiction, for no one can pretend that credit and capital can ever be usefully employed in agriculture, unless there be a certain extent on which they can operate. To talk in the same breath of a commercial *morcellement* of landed property, and a concomitant employment of capital in agricultural operations, is mere nonsense, and proves additionally the perplexity of the King and his Minister at a state of things of which they do not venture to find the cause in the revolutionary distribution of property—but the Minister's admission of the facts and his silence as either to cause or remedy are sufficiently indicative of the real opinion of the Government.

The third great animal class—*la race chevaline*—seems to be in a similar state of retrogression—notwithstanding the new and surprising encouragement that horse-flesh has received, by being recognised as an article of Parisian food. France that appears numerically to have 2,000,000 of horses, is so poor in the higher classes of animals, that 'the imports,' say the official returns, 'are above 37,000 horses a-year for her military cavalry.' 'In 1831, 37,038 horses; in 1840, 37,643'—so says a military commission, specially appointed by the Minister at War in 1842 'to inquire into the cause of the growing weakness of the cavalry, and the means of restoring it to its former condition.' This commission gives a very unfavourable report of *la race chevaline*, and specifies the deteriorating causes—first, the confiscations and disorders of the revolutionary conscriptions; and secondly,

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'the division of properties has created a great impediment to the breeding of horses, and dried up the sources of reproduction. The serious difficulties of this state of affairs excited in the highest degree the anxiety of Napoleon.'—vol. ii. p. 97.

It seems admitted (though we do not see any *evidence* of the fact) that there may be an increase—or at least not a decrease—of the number of smaller horses for agricultural purposes. Formerly farm-teams were extensively worked by oxen; there is no longer feed nor room for *them*—the small horse is a handier and apparently, though only apparently, a cheaper animal; he draws a light plough without trespassing on the neighbour's furrow, which a pair of oxen could not—he carries the vegetables to market, whither the ox could only carry himself—he can be kept on food raised on small patches. The numbers of these inferior breeds, their qualities, and the purposes for which they are employed, testify—like the goats and the asses—a dwindled and dwindling state of agriculture; and the single fact of the importation of 37,000 horses a-year for the cavalry is a proof of a radical defect in the agricultural system; and what can that defect be but the same that we have seen influencing every other deficiency or retrogression? The extent of this evil is indicated by some other remarkable facts. The first is the diminution of the number of *sires*, which were in 1789, 3300; whereas the present number is short of 1000. (vol. ii. p. 104.) Another is,

'That the gendarmerie scattered over the interior face of the country—personally and locally connected with the farmers, and therefore having every opportunity of suiting themselves—are nevertheless obliged to import *three-fourths* of their horses.'—vol. ii. p. 103.

It also appears that about 22 departments, comprising one-fourth of the surface of France, are wholly incapable of contributing even half a dozen horses to the supply of the army. 13 regiments of cavalry spread through those districts were lately ordered to recruit their horses by purchasing any that they might find fit for the service, and in six months these 13 regiments found *two!* (ii. 103.) And finally comes a slight circumstance which corroborates indirectly, but forcibly, all the other evidence as to the main cause of this dearth. The number of horses purchased is identical with the number of vendors—in other words, there is nothing like a trade in the animal;—he is reared accidentally, and accidentally sold, and there is but one exception to this fact—and where is that? In Normandy and the north-west—again, the region where the habits of the people and the system of agriculture have offered the greatest resistance to the system of *morcellement*. *There* we have seen the crops are heavier, the beasts more numerous and of

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of better qualities, and the whole condition of agriculture and of the people is superior to any other region of France.

We have thus given our readers a summary, very much abridged as to details, but sufficiently copious in general facts and consequences, of this most curious and important survey of the agricultural, and to a corresponding extent, of the moral and social state of France, and we think it cannot be doubted that,—discarding altogether the bias of M. Mounier, and the more inveterate prejudices of M. Rubichon,—there are on the face of the unquestionable statistical documents strong reasons for the apprehension with which we believe every wise man in France, and especially, if we are not misinformed, the wisest of them all, Louis-Philippe, regards the progressive operation of the subdivision of property. We are satisfied that the more deeply and exactly the state of France is examined, the more certain will be the proof that the dealing with land on the abstract principle of its being nothing better than a personal chattel,—a mere '*objet commercial et industriel*,' as the French minister calls it, and for the alienation, partition, and distribution of which the law should afford every facility and encouragement—is a most pernicious doctrine, repugnant to the universal feelings and common sense of mankind in times past, and now in progress of further refutation by the results (wherever it has been fairly tried and honestly reported) of more recent experience.

The landed interest of England cannot but have observed the activity with which this destructive principle has of late been promulgated in various quarters and in many shapes, from the heavy tomes of free-trade economists to the incendiary sheets of Chartists, Leaguers, and Levellers. The heavy blow and great discouragement which the landed interest received from the late Government was hailed, as we showed in our last number and as the experience of every day further confirms, by the Jacobin party throughout Europe—as the first step to an agrarian revolution. We have specially dedicated a separate article to the urgent subject of the Irish famine, which was seized upon as the opportune excuse for that, as we now believe, long-meditated blow;—but we must say, even here, as belonging to the matter before us, that it has become the practical occasion of many experiments and infinite projects, all having more or less a tendency to the distress and ultimate ruin (if such principles could eventually prevail) of our whole landed system. The press teems with propositions and schemes, some absurd, some plausible, most of them insidious, and all revolutionary. A compulsory extension of allotments,—fixed tenant rights,—charges to be shifted from occupiers to landlords, and with nothing like reciprocal

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reciprocal security,—disruption of entails, and disregard of family settlements,—facilities to mortgagees and incumbrancers,—cheap law to get rid of landed property,—increased difficulties in protecting it,—in short, under a hundred forms, the great French maxim of confiscation—namely, that an equal distribution of the soil is one of the original rights of man,—that landlords and rents are an unnatural usurpation and abuse,—a decrepit remnant of feudality and the rotten root of a proud aristocracy, which this enlightened, liberal, and reforming age should, after the fashion of Mirabeau and Robespierre, *grub out*, in order to clear and fertilise the soil for a new and wider—indeed unlimited—order of peasant, that is in truth pauper, proprietors. We entreat the gentry and yeomanry of the empire to ponder these things, and at the approaching election to consider nothing of so much importance as the sending to parliament staunch and intelligent friends to the landed interest—on the maintenance of which in all its integrity, let us be well assured, depends not merely the maintenance of our political constitution, but the material welfare and actual sustenance of our people.

ART. VIII.—1. *Letter from an Irish to an English Gentleman on the Operation of the Labour-rate Act and the Repeal of the Arms Bill.* 8vo. 1846.

2. *The Industrial Resources of Ireland.* By Robert Kane, M.D. 2nd Edition. 1846.

3. *Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Country, in reference to Free Trade.* By F. C. 1846.

4. *The Repeal of the Malt Tax, and its Effect on Land, Labour, and Commerce.* By H. Ayres, M.R.A.S. 1846.

WE copy from the *Times* of the 16th of December the following picture of the state and prospects of Ireland, which recommends itself to our selection, not merely because it is the most accurate account of the state of things that we have seen in so small a compass, but because that newspaper was one of the most influential advocates of the anti-corn-law policy of last session, for which the former Irish famine was—we may now assert without fear of contradiction—a mere *pretext*.

'We are only now entering on the winter. Before us lie, in all probability, four months of cold, wet, and inactivity; four months in which the ordinary duties of labour will be half suspended, and the average privations of poverty doubled. What is to become of Ireland during this season? We have reached that which some persons call a crisis. It is not merely a crisis—it is, unless we devise some extraordinary remedy, destined to be a normal state. Henceforward, unless the Government and

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and Legislature hit upon a policy such as never has yet been attained in Ireland—the history of that country is to be one of confusion, anarchy, bloodshed, and confiscation. *Human beings dying of famine in the midst of extravagant presentments and unparalleled wages—men wailing for starvation, and yet shrinking from the proffered wages of the landowner and the farmer; clamouring for bread, and expending its price upon fire-arms*—imposture and necessity—conspiracies against the very existence of property, and conspiracies on the part of property to elude its duties—all these things crowd together on the senses, and startle less by the anomalousness of their present combination than by the certainty of their continuance. For who is to put an end to them? What reason is there for expecting that, having once begun, they should ever cease? Does any one of the leading or ostensible powers in Ireland seem capable of arresting the progress of its disease? Is there an Irishman who is able to explain all the anomalies in the condition of his country? Has any one yet satisfactorily reconciled the inconsistency which this autumn has exhibited most glaringly—viz., that of the *abundant exportations from Ireland*, and the non-payment of rent in Ireland? We can understand how the cottier must have been affected by the potato rot; but how, except indirectly, this can have made the superior middleman and comfortable farmer suffer, we do not see. Yet from this class have proceeded remonstrances and refusals of rent as urgent as from others. They have *been exporting abundantly* too, and selling fairly, if not dearly, in the English market. Yet now they are petitioners to the English people for what, under these circumstances, must be called superfluous alms. Again, is there any one who will tell us what the *general purchase of weapons throughout the country means?* Does it augur an insurrection against the Government, or against the landlords? or an outbreak against the Board of Works? Are rents to be formally repealed by Captain Rock, or the Union by Smith O'Brien? or is there to be a general parliament of the Irish labourers for the purpose of *extorting the highest payable wages, and yielding the smallest possible quantity of work?*'

That the repeated failure of the potato-crop operating on a population whose *wages are paid in potatoes*, is the first and in itself sufficiently lamentable cause of this calamity, we have before stated; but we entirely agree with the writer in the *Times*—that it does not of itself account for so frightful a state of things as has been superinduced upon it. The *Times* is at loss to discover the extraneous causes which, by moral, or rather immoral, influences, aggravate and exasperate the natural calamity. We are at no such loss. We find it partly in the indolence and improvidence of the national character, partly in the ceaseless political and sacerdotal agitation of the country—all acted upon and inflamed to more than ordinary mischief by the conduct of the last and the present administrations. Sir Robert Peel, meditating his sacrifice of the landed interest to the Manchester League, committed what, if his fears

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fears were real, would have been a monstrous indiscretion—he exaggerated the coming danger, and condescended to talk such nonsense as the opening, for the *importation of food*, the Irish ports, every one of which was then, and has been ever since, making *enormous exports*. He sent missionaries about preaching famine. He created alarm and enhanced prices both at home and abroad. His prognostics and his measures distracted and disturbed men's minds, and particularly the relations of landlord and tenant, so peculiarly sensitive in Ireland. The small farmers, whose disquiet the *Times* cannot account for, were dispirited and dismayed by the actual depreciation of their corn and the menaced loss of the English market; and in short there was no kind of moral influence that a Government could exercise which was not employed to exaggerate—which, in fact, was to increase—the existing evil. But while thus spreading alarm, there seems to have been so little apprehension of any real or further danger, that we do not recollect to have seen any advice or assistance offered towards protecting the *ensuing crop* from a like visitation; no authoritative or hortatory warning, that we have heard of, to landlords and tenants to diminish their reliance on potatoes and allot more of their culture to grain—in short nothing precautionary was done; and indeed so far does Sir Robert Peel appear to have been from foreseeing any thing like an approaching famine, that his measure *quadrupled the duty* which, under the old law, would have been paid in the event of anything approaching to scarcity; and finally by deserting and dissolving the *great party which had created him*, he shook to its foundation that confidence in public men and that reliance on public principles by which alone nations can be governed; and he handed Ireland over to Lord John Russell, who handed it over to Mr. O'Connell; and the result is—what we have just read in the description of the *Times*.

But Sir Robert Peel, blameable as we hold him to be, and deeply responsible for much of the mischief, is, in our judgment, almost innocent as compared with Lord John Russell. Sir Robert Peel, we have always admitted, entertained the notion that he was, at a great personal sacrifice, doing a great public duty. For the mode in which he executed his object we have no word of excuse or extenuation, but as to the object itself, we repeat our belief that his delusion, however unaccountable, was sincere. We cannot say so much for Lord John Russell. With every disposition to wish success to an *inevitable* government, and to hope that the pressure of experience might have corrected the errors of his former theories, we are grieved—for the sake of the country sincerely grieved—to confess that in the whole of his proceedings we cannot select one laudable or even excusable circumstance,

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stance, except it be the merit of fidelity to his friends and to the principles in which it was his fortune to be brought up. It is indeed remarkable that there should be at once such a coincidence and contrast between the positions and characters of the late and present Prime Ministers. Sir Robert Peel has no faults but those that arise from the disregard and desertion of his party and principles, and Lord John Russell no merit, that we can discover, but a strict attachment to his! As immediately connected with these considerations, and explanatory of the views which Lord John takes of party obligations, we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage from the preface to his just completed publication of the 'Correspondence of John Duke of Bedford;' which, promulgated at the close of 1846 by the Prime Minister of England, must be allowed to merit special attention:—

'Party,' says Lord John, 'has, no doubt, its evils; but all the evils of Party put together would be scarcely a grain in the balance when compared to the dissolution of honourable friendships, the pursuit of selfish ends, the want of concert in council, the corruption of separate statesmen, the caprices of an intriguing Court, which the extinction of Party has brought, and *would again bring*, upon this country.'—vol. iii. p. lxii.

Unfortunately for the country, the party and principles which Sir Robert Peel abandoned were constitutional and conservative—the party and principles to which his successor thus justifies his adherence are revolutionary and destructive.

Lord John's first step in this affair was his celebrated Edinburgh letter, in which he seized on the potato scarcity as an opportunity for political jockeyship: and he too made a pretext of a calamity which, by a just retribution, is now become his terror and his scourge. His next step was a factious combination to expel Sir Robert Peel from power by defeating the Irish Coercion Bill. The Conservatives, who reluctantly joined in that vote, had the apology of doing so to displace a minister whose measures they condemned, and in whom they had no longer any confidence; but Lord John had no such plea, and though we admit that his party, when out of power, had opposed coercion bills, they had always, when in power, introduced and carried them, and sometimes with much more stringent provisions than the Tories would have ventured to propose. This was bad enough, but not so bad as when, finding, on his accession to office, the necessity of continuing the Arms Bill, he announced his intention to that effect, but within a few days, at the beck of his Irish Frankenstein, pusillanimously abandoned it, and left Ireland, for the first time for above a century, without that indispensable protection—a protection which every administration

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since the Union, Whig as well as Tory, Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, Mr. Grattan and Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Perceval and Mr. Canning, Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne—nay, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston themselves—had all successively maintained, and the abrogation of which has rendered the state of Ireland one of the most imminent peril, by spreading through a turbulent and starving population the provocatives and facilities of assassination and insurrection. The shame and mortification that Lord John Russell must feel when he comes to implore parliament to re-enact those laws which he so lately and so rashly rejected and repealed, will be but a very inadequate punishment for the strange combination of weakness and temerity which he exhibited at the close of the session. For our own parts if we saw the possibility of any other ministry (Sir Robert Peel being wholly out of the question), we think that this question of the Arms Bill would alone be sufficient to justify the instant dismissal of such ministers—might we not almost say their impeachment?

In a crisis of such emergency, in the midst of such universal distress and alarm, while private charity and public grants to an enormous amount are draining the resources of the empire to feed Ireland, what do we find going on there? Not merely the extensive purchase of arms, of which we shall have more to say presently, but *Repeal rent* and *O'Connell tribute!*—levies at any time illegal and perilous to the constitution, the peace, and the integrity of the empire, but now assuming the additional character of being a wanton and outrageous defiance of the good feelings and common sense of mankind;—*Repeal rent* and *O'Connell tribute* at a moment and in places where the miserable people are dying in the frozen ditches for want of food!—and it is to Mr. O'Connell, the chief promoter and grand recipient of these indecent contributions, and (next to the modern Priests) the main cause of all the misery and danger of Ireland, that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has, as the public was officially informed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, transferred the patronage, and with it, no doubt, the government of Ireland.

It was on the 17th of August, 1846, a day destined, we fear, to be marked in the history of this country as a deplorable epoch, that Her Majesty's first minister made two important announcements, of both of which Ireland was the subject—one declaratory of the plan and principle on which relief was to be provided for the destitute poor in that country—the other proclaiming that the Arms Bill was abandoned.

The scheme laid down by Lord John Russell for making provision to relieve the pressure of distress was, that the Lord Lieutenant

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Lieutenant should be empowered to summon Presentment Sessions—that is, Sessions for voting money on the county or barony rates (the *barony* being a division equivalent to the *hundred* in England)—that these Sessions *should be required* to order *public works*—that these works should be executed under the inspection of Government officers, at the cost, in the first instance, of the State—and that the public money thus advanced should be repaid, with interest at three and a half per cent. per annum, in the course of, at the most, ten years, by a charge on real property in the barony where it was expended.

The principle embodied in this scheme, namely, that real property should bear exclusively the burden of providing for distress, was a novelty in legislation—as Mr. Labouchere admitted—but he said it was a novelty 'justified by the *circumstances*.' The Right Honourable Secretary was not called upon to explain in what the justification consisted, and he very discreetly spared himself the supererogatory labour of giving an explanation which no one demanded.

We could, we admit, conceive *circumstances* which might justify the imposition of a new tax on one description of property while other property was exempted. If it could be shown that landlords had incurred a liability not provided for in their title-deeds, by having become exclusively the authors of the distress—or even if it could be alleged that, although the distress was not of their creation, they alone had means to relieve it—a minister might plausibly say that circumstances rendered their exclusive taxation, if not just, at least excusable. On the other hand, we will not hypothetically deny that there might be found in the privileges, or the poverty, or the conduct of other classes, circumstances to justify their exemption. But if the case of the moneyed and manufacturing interests cannot—as they assuredly cannot—be thus favourably distinguished from that of the landed, it is equally illogical and unjust to defend a legislative act of partial oppression by a vague appeal to unexplained and even unstated *circumstances*.

But in truth, the real circumstances under which this confessed novelty was hazarded were of such a character as (were there no other objection to its adoption) strongly to condemn it. The speech in which Lord John Russell proposed the innovation bore testimony to the good conduct and good feeling of Irish landlords:—it bore testimony also (but of this the Act of Parliament itself may be received as evidence) that their wealth was not so great as of itself to excuse the exclusive pressure upon *them*; while on the other hand his Lordship alleged no ground of reason, justice, or law, on which the partiality of his

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financial scheme could be defended. The facts disclosed in his statement, as far as they belong to our present subject, were mainly these: a blight had fallen on the potato-fields in the year 1845, which caused severe and widely-extended suffering; the landlords in general took a generous and a Christian view of their duties—engaged in extensive works, for the purpose of creating employment—gave large abatements of rent, and contributed liberally from their resources thus curtailed to augment the funds raised by general benevolence. The blight of 1845 was succeeded by a sterner visitation in 1846. Are the landlords in a better condition to meet the increased difficulties of the second year than they were before their resources were diminished? In 1845 Government, looking equably on the condition of all classes in society, encouraged the landed proprietors in their laudable exertions by the offer of a grant as well as a loan. In 1846 Government insists that one species of property, after the exhaustion of a prolonged struggle with severe distress, must bear the whole burden of the general calamity, and must become mortgaged—to the extent of confiscation, if need be—in order that other estates and conditions may be exempted by parliamentary enactment from their share in a duty which God and nature have imposed on all.

But the most oppressive and partial laws admit of mitigation, and may be administered in such a spirit as to be rendered almost salutary. It was, we were flattered, to be thus with the measure for the relief of Irish distress; the parties on whom its severity was to fall heaviest had an assurance given them that their burthens should not be without compensation. While Mr. Labouchere put in his plea of justifying circumstances, he said—and very probably silenced opposition by the admission—'At the same time it is right that those upon whom the burden and responsibility were thrown should have all facilities and advantages possible afforded them.' Thus the scheme was complete, and the parts seemed to hang rationally together. The possessors of real property were to be burdened exclusively with the charge of maintaining the poor, but they were to be compensated for this injustice by every advantage in the power of Government to bestow. Such was the theory. Had it been realised in all its parts, its consequences might have been so useful as to have palliated the false principle at its root. The public treasury would have been repaid its advances, the landed interest would have been indemnified for its onerous undertaking, and the suffering poor would have been provided with labour and food. When, however, the theory had been condensed into the technicalities of an Act of Parliament, it was found that provision had been made for ensuring repayment of the Government advances, and perhaps, under

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under good management, the distress of the poor might have been alleviated—but the promised indemnity to the landlord was made absolutely impossible, by the strange proviso that the works upon which the poor were to be employed should be of the description called '*public.*'

Common sense as well as justice revolts at such a condition as this. Public works executed at the cost—not voluntary, but compulsory—of private individuals, to relieve a distress in which these individuals were to a very great extent sharers, and in which classes of persons whom the partiality of the legislature exempted from taxation had no part, are monuments—neither of charity, nor justice, nor policy—but of tyranny and spoliation. The *circumstances* in which the measure was dealt to the Irish landlords and farmers were such as to make the inherent injustice more palpable and offensive. There was no case of necessity to palliate the iniquity; the measure was scarcely more mischievous than wanton. The legislature had one great object in view when the *Labour-rate* Act was passed, namely, to make provision for feeding the Irish poor, and every species of employment subsidiary to this national purpose acquired a title to be considered of a public character. The State exhibited itself in a new capacity—it became a contractor and farmer of poor men's labour. In such a relation its duties were simple and plain: if it hired out labourers, the parties of whom it exacted the wages should determine upon the works. To compel from individuals or communities the payment of labourers, from whose toil it forbade *them* to expect any benefit, was incompatible with the character which the State assumed, as well as with the most obvious principles of justice.

Let the British Government be for a moment regarded in its new capacity. It has taken under its charge a very large number of labourers, for whom it must find food and desires to find employment. It will naturally feel an earnest wish to effect its objects with the least possible detriment or disturbance to society at large. It will not abdicate its original functions as a Government, nor renounce its care for any description of citizens. It will not poison charity for the poor with spite towards the rich; but will feel the better satisfied, and account its work better done, if it can so economise and direct its resources that, while they minister to the wants of the destitute, they augment also the available possessions of those who are not so. With such dispositions, the State or its functionaries, when solicitous to find employment for labour, would seek also the means of rendering employment most generally profitable. The process of inquiry would probably be, first to ascertain the amount of labour unemployed, and

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and then how it could be most wisely distributed. The second or rather simultaneous inquiry would commence with perhaps an invitation to all who could entertain labourers with advantage, to make themselves known; and it surely could not, at least should not, be matter of regret if it were found possible to engage the whole unemployed population of Ireland in works of *reproductive* rather than *unproductive* labour. The obligations between landlords or farmers and the State would thus become reciprocal. Both parties would see their interest in the increased productiveness of the soil; the Government, in improved security to be repaid its outlay—the landowner, in increased ability to meet his augmented burdens. By this arrangement, too, the poor labourers would themselves have contributed to raise the food needful for their support, and the whole of the operation would have been conducted smoothly and effectually by the ordinary and well-understood relation between the employer and the labourer, with only this difference (immaterial as to the immediate object), that the employer had borrowed from the State the cash with which he paid his workmen.

'But,' it will be said, 'all the labour in the market could not find this beneficial employment. Many landlords are so disposed or so circumstanced as to be unwilling or unable to take their part in the common enterprise.' This objection opens a large and important question, which never seems to have been thought of, and which, though we cannot enter into its details, we must shortly notice. How were the Irish labourers to have existed if there had been no failure of the potato crop? Were they not to have *worked* for their livelihood? Is it supposed that they were to have slept, as it were, in a species of indolent torpor from potato to potato, as they phrase it—enjoying the paradise described in one of their own songs, and a striking sketch of the national character—

> 'The finest of fun
> That there 's under the sun,
> Is to sit by the fire till the praties is done'?

Indolent as the people may be, and inadequate as the work they do, still they must, had potatoes been ever so plentiful, have done some work. Why then were they not employed on that same work, or work of the same kind and greater extent, and paid such a rate of wages as would have been, under the increased price of every species of food, equivalent to their usual earnings in better seasons? But if we were to admit that *full* employment could not be found for the people in their ordinary occupations—though we do not see why it should be so, particularly if the new and extensive resource of the railroads be taken into account—

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yet still we insist that this course should have been adopted and carried as far as it would go. Good is done by the wholesome absorption of even a portion of any troublesome excrescence—the part which remains unaffected can be more easily restored to a healthful activity. Employ a half or two-thirds of the labour of a country in ordinary and useful works, and it will be found a matter of less difficulty to provide for the remainder. This is the obvious and natural principle; and its application to the depressed state of Ireland would have been, if not a perfect remedy, at least a most beneficial alleviation of a state of things of which we had before had some experience, and which was novel and anomalous only in the unusual extent of the scarcity and in the strange measures that were taken to meet it.

It has been alleged, however, that, had the Treasury been opened to the landlords of Ireland, to enable them to employ their people on usual or extended works, they would have abused the privilege to their own personal advantage or indulgence, and would have disregarded the great object which the State had especially in view. The means of taking precautions against such abuse were obvious. Relief Committees had been formed, wherever distress required their agency, throughout Ireland. They comprised among their members the clergy of all denominations, medical practitioners, magistrates, inspectors of police, and other persons of local information and business habits. Arrangements might have been made, with little difficulty, that officers of Government should pay, at stated times, in the presence of such committees, the labourers employed in their several districts, and thus ensure the arrival of the public grants of money at their proper destination. There might also be a court of appeal for those who might think themselves neglected in the distribution; and, with their neighbours, friends, and natural protectors seated at the board, there could be no rational ground for doubting that the wronged would obtain redress.

In short, there was not in principle, though there might be in degree, any more liability to abuse than in the usual employment and remuneration for labour on the respective farms; more labour than usual, or perhaps more than was absolutely necessary, was to be employed, but the employer, feeling that he must ultimately pay for it, would naturally have laid it out to the best advantage of himself, and of those who were eventually to repay him, the tenants.

It was, no doubt, the reasonableness of considerations like these which prevailed with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and influenced him to supersede, on his own responsibility, the botched piece of legislation which has had such disastrous consequences,

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quences, and to substitute for it a gracious and liberal *interpretation* of its worst provisions. His Excellency's good intentions, however, have had the disadvantage of halting between two opinions, and of marring and being marred by their want of boldness and decision. By his humane *gloss*, draining and fencing, although on private properties, might be comprehended within the term 'public works:' but the conditions on which alone this desirable transmutation could be accomplished were such as, in too many instances, to render the offered extension of privilege unattainable. Why should this be? Why should not every landlord have the aid of Government to provide employment for the poor, when he showed the will and power to give ample security for the repayment of his debt, and left it to the officers of Government to pay the labourers employed, and to discharge the other duties confided to them by the State? Why could not the profitable drainage of a field have been executed under the same checks and control as the unprofitable alteration or creation of a highway? But, further, we would ask, why burden the course of charitable exertion with any of these unnecessary conditions? What need of further inspection than assured a fair day's pay to a fair day's work? Could not the care of the latter point be safely left to the party most interested—the owner or occupier of the soil—the debtor to the State; and the former to the Relief Committees and the paymasters appointed by Government? It was, to say the least of it, rather inconsistent with the professions of a free-trade Government to impose shackles so very cumbrous and costly upon *improving* agriculturists. The trade in provisions is to be free—no rivalry between the State and the shop—no interference with the merchant. 'To interfere in the provision-trade would be,' says the Government, 'to mar the hopes of the people and to diminish the supply of food from abroad:'—but to tease and trammel the parties who are to raise food at home—to thwart, it may be, their wise and well-considered schemes, and saddle them with very heavy costs to pay for the services of inspectors who have only annoyed and injured them—this is the freedom with which agriculture is to be contented. But otherwise, it is said, the advances of Government may be misapplied—the land might perhaps derive no benefit from them. Even so, individuals alone would suffer, and suffer from their own perversity; Government would be secure of reimbursement for its advances; —the poor would be paid for their labour, even should it turn out unremunerative to the landlord; there would be no sufferer but the obstinate man who thought he could direct the draining of his fields better than some *ex officio* superintendent to whom their qualities

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qualities were practically unknown. In his sufferings, even if he did suffer, the freetrade principle would triumph—he was left free, and he abused his freedom. Even this would be far better than the official abuse of his thraldom.

The promptitude with which the landed interest in Ireland had addressed themselves to the duty of making provision for the poor, on the first promulgation of the Act for their relief, was worthy of high praise. Within the month of September proclamations were issued for holding presentment sessions in not fewer than one hundred and fifty-four places, and these places in every province, and almost in every county. Ten were issued for Connaught, twenty-seven for Ulster, for Munster forty-three, and sixty-eight for Leinster. The lavish liberality with which money was voted at these sessions would, under other circumstances, have looked more like madness than generosity; and the rapid increase of expense incurred upon the public works—which, although they extorted remonstrances from the burdened landlords, did not steel their hearts, or indispose them to offer new sacrifices—indicated a very energetic benevolence, prompted by a very mournful extent of want and suffering. The payments to labourers on public works, which did not amount to quite 10,000*l.* in the month of October, very considerably exceeded 300,000*l.* in November, and presentment sessions continued still to be held, and landlords continued to augment their debt to the State, in various instances burdening themselves for the maintenance of the poor to an amount exceeding many fold their net annual income.

But the parties who, with such generous alacrity, submitted to burden themselves, were not blind to the radical errors of the Act of Parliament under which they consented to proceed. Nor were they regardless of the duty which devolved upon them under the difficult circumstances in which they were placed. Deputations proceeded to wait on the Lord Lieutenant from various parts of the country, without concert, but with the same views, and empowered to make, authoritatively, the same representations. The Labour-rate Act, his Excellency was informed, had had the effect not only of *suspending the ordinary labour of the season*, but of discouraging, and actually interrupting and preventing, more extended schemes of private enterprise for the employment of the people. Landlords who had made arrangements, in addition to their usual works, for thorough-draining and the like, on an extended scale, were compelled to postpone, if not abandon, the execution of their plans. They knew not to what amount they might become amerced, under the new Act, for *public* works from which they could derive no advantage; and it became, in

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in consequence, matter of necessity that they should abridge their expenses wherever reduction was practicable.

While representations to this effect were addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, the parties who made them were showing a strong disposition to unite in vigorous action for the defence of their common interests. The landlords were invited to assemble in Dublin, and, throwing aside all feelings of caste or party, to deliberate upon the perils which environed them, and decide on the measures which it befitted men so circumstanced to adopt. Beset with daily applications, menaced with the assembly of a *States General* in Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant took upon himself the responsibility of interpreting (that is to say, altering) the absurd and mischievous Act of Parliament; and it was accordingly announced with authority from the Castle, that the *utility* of a proposed work was not to constitute a ground of *disqualification!* Thenceforth it became possible for a landlord or farmer to have his lands drained under Government superintendence, at an expense *not exceeding* perhaps by more than thirty or forty per cent. what the work, equally well done, would have cost himself, and at the risk of having *squatted* around him strangers, who had no better claim to obtain employment there than poverty, perhaps ascribable to misconduct in their proper localities. Notwithstanding, however, these grounds of objection, social and financial, the viceregal interpretation was accepted as a boon—and presentments for works of reproductive labour would have been passed so as to cover the whole face of the country, had not the Irish Government taken a precaution, by which they were in numerous instances rendered abortive. It was stipulated that, in order to be protected against the cost of useless labour, proprietors must divide among themselves the whole amount charged against their electoral division, the limit assigned by the Act, and must then severally give undertakings to repay within ten years the Treasury advance, and the interest upon it. Wherever (and the instances were but too numerous) proprietors were unable or unwilling to give the required assurance, the graciousness of Lord Bessborough's *interpretation* vanished away, and the Labour-rate Act reappeared in its original inclemency.

It would be a wearisome waste of time to recapitulate the concurrent testimonies which have been offered from every part of Ireland, and from every description of person, to the baneful operation of this enactment. Under its authority money has been lavishly and perniciously expended—public works most disgracefully executed—*ordinary cultivation has been suspended—agricultural*

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agricultural industry paralysed. Every traveller, every letter from Ireland, confirms the monstrous absurdity of the plan adopted. The absence of all method or principle in the scheme, the undefined, indiscriminate, and extravagant manner in which its provisions are applied, have rendered it one of the worst species of Poor Law that the ingenuity of man could devise. There are now 400,000 professing paupers, receiving on an average 11*d.* per day, employed in cutting down hills on the public roads never before complained of, and in filling up hollows scarcely perceptible, thus rendering impassable at this season almost every road, public and private, in the country. Three-fourths of the persons so employed are small farmers, who, but for the invitation of the Irish Government, would have been working on their respective fields, forming composts for their next year's crop, grumbling a little, as in former years, getting some reduction from their landlords, and so passing over the season of distress, as they had been doing for many years past. It is calculated that Government have thus given existence to half a million of paupers in addition to those already existing, and no doubt is entertained that, before the 1st of May next, through the medium of the Labour-rate Act, one-eighth of the entire population of Ireland will be receiving aid from the public purse.

Then there is the staff employed to superintend and direct this work of destruction: there are provincial, county, and parochial inspectors, engineers, surveyors, and measurers, paymasters and pay-clerks, book-keepers and accountants, with assistants in such numbers, that even in that country of place-hunters they cannot be furnished from the ordinary sources, and Government have been obliged to enlist the services of officers of the army on full pay, and the county surveyors and other county officers at extra pay. It is thought by some who have closely watched the progress of the transactions, that if the moneys required to maintain this staff had been judiciously laid out in supplying provisions to the really destitute (numerous as these undoubtedly are), it would have been sufficient for the purpose. We see no reason, quite the reverse, to complain of the mode in which these officers have individually executed duties for the original impolicy of which they are not responsible. As far as we have heard, they have in general conducted themselves with exemplary good sense, patience, impartiality, and benevolence. We owe this tribute to a class of persons whose duties were in many cases of so invidious a nature that their very merits have subjected them to popular reproach. It is, however, to be deplored that there have occurred some instances of unfortunate delay and perhaps of individual neglect in the administration of relief. It is

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is distressing to dwell on the calamitous results whether of accident or of improvidence, and we will not dwell upon them; but it is necessary to state that in many instances labourers employed on the public works have, according to verdicts returned at coroners' inquests, died of famine when the wages of a fortnight's labour owing to them were unpaid. We will not recite the mournful and indignant complaints for which these melancholy accidents afforded a copious theme—nor shall we repeat the resolutions of censure passed—justly as far as regarded their policy, unjustly as regarded their charitable zeal—upon the Government, upon its schemes, its plans, and its materials for carrying them into execution. But we cannot altogether overlook the testimony borne by official servants of the Government to the character of the measure they were appointed to administer. We shall, however, content ourselves with selecting, from the repertories of testimony with which the newspaper-press has supplied us, one or two evidences. At a Presentment Sessions in Tipperary, on Friday, December 4,—

'Colonel Douglas (Government inspector), having been loudly called on, rose and said—I wish to address myself to all the farmers assembled here, be they large or small. I am sent by Government as Inspector of relief committees, and I feel it my duty to explain to you the serious consequences likely to fall on you if you do not in time prepare to meet this crisis. I am also desired to report on the state of the country—what disposition is exhibited by the people on public works. You have now both frost and snow sent by God—excellent manures; and I say, *if you neglect the tillage*, on you must rest the frightful consequences of bringing famine on the land; and if due preparation be not made, in eight months you will all be starving; for this is not a question of money but of food, and *food you cannot have if you do not sow it now*. It is the duty of every farmer, say rather his pecuniary interest, for every twenty acres of land he possesses, to take one man off [the list of] the Board of Works, who will trench in fifty-five days an acre of land, at the cost of about 3*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*., thereby earning from 15*d*. to 18*d*. daily; next harvest the cost will be more than repaid. It is a delusion to think that it is no profit to take men off the public works. Go home from hence, and take the solemn assurance of the Government that they know your wants; they know the quantity of grain in the country. Take men off the public works, employ them as I have stated, and you will *not be under the necessity of paying a foreigner for the food you use*. On Saturday last there were employed on public works throughout Ireland 276,000 men, *absolutely doing nothing but obstructing the public conveyances*. I was in Cashel yesterday, and there the poor-house, built to contain 700 inmates, had in it 850, and to get to the door I had to force my way through 500 persons half famished, waiting for the miserable pittance doled out to them by a poor-law union. Oh! it was a heart-rending sight, and believe me that I speak the sentiments I sincerely feel. To you,

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you, farmers, I now speak; 't is in your power to amend this state of things; take the men off the public works, lend a hand to relieve the distress which now prevails, and all may yet be well. These are facts which cannot be disputed; ponder on them well.'

Such was the wise and sound advice of the Government officer, but such also was his official report of the practical working of the Labour-rate Act — 276,000 (it has since grown to 400,000) men employed on the public works, and '*absolutely doing nothing but obstructing the public conveyances.*' Such is the condemnation by the Government (we may say) of the work of its own hands. 'Farmers, come, take the men off the public works—lend a hand to relieve the distress which now prevails, and all may yet be well.' What a piteous response to the appeal of farmers and landlords against the measure from which they are now solicited to protect themselves and the country! They had anticipated, and predicted, those baleful consequences. In defiance of their expostulations, Government persisted in its adherence to an evil policy, and, while still persevering in it, prays to be protected from its necessary results. It was a procedure of complicated rashness and wrong. Its first move was to withdraw labourers from agricultural occupations, and amerce the landholder for their maintenance; and having thus compelled the farmer to pay heavily for the injury done him, its final act is a recommendation to him to pay over again, in order that the injury it has inflicted upon him do not prove his utter ruin. 'We will bribe workmen to desert you, but you must supply us with the means to bribe.' This was the address of the public Labour-rate—its prologue, before the tragedy began; and when the plot has thickened, and the mischief has been done, its cry is, 'Take off these workmen from us—bribe them to withdraw, to avert calamity and ruin; but this time you must be the direct bribers—you must now find from your own impoverished resources—resources impoverished by us—the means to effect your purpose.' How much better had these workmen been hired out to the landholders from the beginning! How much better had the Government located all the labourers with those who would have employed them to advantage, than to have drawn them away from the improvement of the soil to the destruction of the roads; and then, after pillaging the farmer by this highway robbery, offer him back his workman again! And we must add, that one of the most serious mistakes made by Government, and it was an early one, was this total neglect of *locality* and *vicinage*, and that depôts for grain were not formed in the more remote districts for the supply of those who, by their labour or from relief committees, might procure the means of purchasing; and this has been peculiarly neglected in localities

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localities where, it should have been known, it would be most required.

But there are two aspects to most things, and it might not seem fair, after having recited a confession made on the part of the Government through its official organ, not to give a specimen also of the case made by another Government officer in its defence. We shall quote from a report of proceedings at the Presentment Sessions held in East Carbery towards the close of November (*Dublin Evening Mail*, Nov. 30).

'Captain JONES would propose as an amendment that they proceed under the letter [Mr. Labouchere's letter]. He felt as strongly as any man the impracticability of carrying out the letter; still he thought they would go with a better face before the Government, if they showed a disposition to carry it out as far as they could. If, on the other hand, they continued the present system, it would not alone be ruinous to the landlords, but also to the farmers and labourers, for by it they were handed over to a set of officials who would ruin them all. (*Cries of Hear.*) Things were carried on by those parties in a way that, if any gentleman's steward were to act so, he would be turned out of doors at a half-hour's notice. (*Hear, hear.*) The works were estimated for by the officials themselves—they got the amounts they asked for; these sums were expended, and now the gentlemen said they were insufficient. (*Hear, hear.*) Look at some of the roads, and could anything exceed the waste of money, which was all the result of the inefficiency of the Board of Works, and of the neglect and incompetency of its officers? (*Hear, hear.*)

'Captain HUBAND (Government Inspector) begged leave to remove the false impression which might be created by two or three misstatements, or mistakes, which had been made. It was stated that the estimates were made by the Board of Works. Now, he believed the fact was, that they were made by the applicants and the sessions. As to the inefficiency of the performance, he would merely say, as Captain Jones had referred to certain works which were incomplete—the sums granted being run out—this arose from the fact of the gentlemen of the country sending on the works old women, cripples, and blind persons.

'Captain JONES—There were no women put to work in this barony.

'Captain HUBAND—Perhaps not in this, but certainly there were in some baronies; but undoubtedly in this the halt and blind were sent to the roads, and then, forsooth, it was expected the works would be done within the estimates. (*Hear, hear.*) If the gentlemen of the country sent persons incapable of work to do work, and that these physical incapables were obliged to be paid, who was to blame? Was it the Government? The Government officers? The assistants? Or was it those gentlemen who sent people to make roads who could not crawl, and could do nothing towards road-making unless they sat down and with their nails clawed the earth like savages? He had taken a great deal of trouble—he had besought the gentlemen to protect themselves, and not to act so recklessly with the public funds—funds they would have to reimburse.

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reimburse. But still it went on, and day after day were poured in upon him, until he had upon the lists for employment almost every man in the country. The works were flooded [with labourers]. Where 50 was the greatest number that ought to be put upon a work, there were 300: they were standing upon one another's heels—in fact, if one of them attempted to throw a shovel of stuff, it must be into his neighbour's face. Under these circumstances, how could it be expected that the works could be made within estimate? Last week he was requested to remove from the works persons put on by the relief committee belonging to third and fourth class houses; in fact, the system had increased to such an extent that he believed there were in this riding 30,000 persons upon public works. This being the real state of facts, it was not fair of country gentlemen to stand up in public court and accuse the officers of the Board of Works of inattention—men who were, individually and collectively, night and day doing their utmost to protect the ratepayers of the country from the consequences their own acts must bring upon them. (*Hear, hear.*) The causeway had been spoken of as having been executed in an inefficient manner. Now, what was the fact? It was this —that whoever estimated for the causeway conceived the project in so unprofessional a manner that no engineer could carry it out. He conceived it badly—he estimated for it inefficiently—and consequently its execution was bad. That was not the fault of the Board of Works nor of their officers; and now that the mischief was done, they had only to remedy it in the best way they could.

'Mr. Hungerford—I do not blame Captain Huband.

'Hon. Captain Bernard—Every one must admit that Captain Huband is a most painstaking man. (*Hear, hear.*)'

'Captain Huband was a painstaking man.' Very true; and most of the other Government officers might be similarly acquitted of all personal complaints made against them:—but this acquittal implies condemnation of the system of which they are agents. 'Whoever estimated for the causeway conceived the project in so unprofessional a manner that no engineer could carry it out.' And yet money was expended upon it; and Government, through the instrumentality of its Board of Works, sanctioned the expenditure. 'If the gentlemen of the country sent persons incapable of work to do work, and that these physical incapables were obliged to be paid, who was to blame? Was it the Government? The Government officers?' Most certainly in this respect it was. Wherever lay the responsibility, there lay the blame; and power and responsibility were necessarily associated. The 'gentlemen of the country' had no power to *engage* the labourers, whom the most they could do was to *recommend* for employment. They sent individuals who *desired* employment; they had no power to grant their desire. It must be confessed, too, that, in various instances, looking upon the parade of public works as a mischievous delusion, a scheme from which no good was likely to be derived,

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country gentlemen were indifferent as to the capabilities of the persons they recommended. The poor were to be fed, and they were taxed to provide food for them, and they sent them where only the food was to be had: it was an illusion got up by the Government that those who were maintained should *play at the game of 'public works'*—a very popular *game*, where everybody was to win without risk or trouble at the expense of the gentry—and the gentry were of opinion that no great amount of bodily strength was required for such an amusement. But, whatever country gentlemen thought or did, if Government were serious in its intentions that relief should be strictly measured by work, it ought to have instructed its officers to reject every man, however recommended, who was incapable of doing the work for which he asked to be paid, and turned over the halt and the blind to the care of the ordinary poor-law. Such would have been the strict principle of duty; but we confess we are not disposed to complain that it was not rigorously followed. We cannot regret that, in such a general squandering, a few pence fell into the trembling hands of age and infirmity.

No man, we apprehend, will say or think that, were the works in which the public labourers engaged works of reproductive industry, the landholder on whose property they were employed would admit those incapables whom the Government entertained, or permit the assemblage of those multitudes which rendered useful labour impossible. The island would have worn a different aspect had the Labour-rate Act been devised in a spirit of true wisdom. It would nowhere exhibit those tumultuous *gangs* upon the *road*, which made the solitudes of the *field* seem more painful and more alarming. Labour would have a wholesome distribution; men would be found working near their homes, on perhaps their own fields, with the quietness belonging to the familiar scene, and the animation inspired where the labour is not that of the mere mercenary, but of one who looks to future harvests for the completion of his recompense. Social habits would not have been broken up; the labourer would not have to travel far for the privilege to toil; he would not have to seek a new abode, where he was to be associated with strangers; he would sleep under his own humble roof; he would sit at his own fire-side, with his family grouped around him—he would do as he usually had done in bad seasons, only that he would have received *money wages* or *oatmeal wages* instead of *potato wages*. This was the plan of labour the Irish landholders most earnestly desired, and this was the plan which Government denied them. Who is to blame for the results of the scheme, adopted contrary to all sound policy, and, we might almost say, in defiance of nature?

Nearly

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Nearly one million of money has now been expended in this useless and demoralizing labour—a million of money—and the distress is rapidly augmenting, the demands upon the Treasury are becoming heavier, and the famine-stricken population becoming more disaffected and desperate. Resistance to law has become fiercer and more resolute; armed bands are to be seen prowling along the roads; even in populous towns labourers have presented themselves before official authorities with the spade on one shoulder and a musket on the other; murder has been committed with impunity in the light of day in a crowded street; old favourites of the popular party, high in station, ultra-liberal in principle, not ungenerous in their habits of life, have been not merely menaced but assailed, and have escaped with difficulty from their pursuers. Gloomy as are the deepening prospects of the coming days, cheerless and more cheerless as the destitution of the poor man grows, the *more animated becomes the trade in fire-arms;* shopkeepers in country towns add this new department to their commerce; auctioneers in market-places openly offer for sale gun and sword and bayonet, which gleam out ominously, lifted above the up-turned faces of a multitude stimulated into eager competition; the armourers' shops are busy; and many a time the son who has gone to market with money in hand to purchase food for a famishing household, neglects the commission, and tells his hungry brothers and sorrowful mother that he has made better provision for them in bringing home arms and ammunition.

We can state from the best authority, that in Tipperary arms are vended and purchased at markets and fairs by persons half-clad and apparently destitute—so many as three hundred stand in one day. Every tenant is thus prepared to resist the landlord, agent, or bailiff who may venture to execute a decree or make a distress. If the landlord or his agent happens to reside on or near the property, the hills and valleys resound during the entire night with the discharges of musketry, for the purpose of intimating their state of preparation. There is no security for life or property, nor can either be enjoyed as if the possessor lived in a country where a government existed, or in which law prevailed. We fear the same picture might be drawn of most other counties in the south and west. Even in the north, and particularly where the peasantry are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, fire-arms are publicly offered for sale in the fairs and markets, and greedily purchased. Even while we write, a case has occurred within our own knowledge, of several boxes of fire-arms having been brought into the market of a small town in the north of Ireland, chiefly inhabited by Roman Catholics, and disposed of at the low price of 12*s.* 6*d.* for each gun and

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bayonet. According to the *Carlow Sentinel* of last week, there was a public Auction in that place, at which 500 guns, 1000 pistols, 5000 percussion-caps, &c. &c. were disposed of—and such was the 'anxiety of the peasantry' that 'the supply did not equal the demand.' This Auction was a noticeable feature—but the sale of a very cheap kind of fire-arms by itinerant traders prevails in every county in Ireland, and continues to increase.

We subjoin the advertisement of a vender of arms in a country town, bearing as its motto an extract of Mr. Labouchere's letter.

'TO THE PUBLIC.

'"*The right of carrying arms for lawful objects, which every Irishman now possesses.*"—*Chief Secretary's Letter.*

'Peter Flanagan, locksmith and gunmaker, grateful for past favours, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has just received his winter assortment of fire-arms from Birmingham direct, which he is enabled to dispose of on the most moderate terms.

'N.B.—Guns, pistols, and all kinds of arms repaired.

'27, *High Street.*'

What is to be the end of this? Are we prepared in England to comply with Mr. O'Connell's demand of thirty millions for the cultivation of the small farms from which the occupiers have been seduced by the temptation of Government work? Has any one thought what is to be done with these hundreds of thousands of armed labourers who cannot be turned off or disbanded at pleasure? Will the Government which has evoked this terrible apparition conjure it hence? Has it been inadvertently summoned? Or has it been called up with deliberation and purpose; and is the country to be abandoned to it?

The declaration of Lord John Russell respecting the compulsion to which the holders of real property were to become legally subject, was forcibly dilated on in a manifesto containing Mr. O'Connell's reading of the Minister's bill; and if Mr. Labouchere's letter of instructions to the Irish magistrates (which he ought to have known was wholly superfluous as regarded them, but which might set other parties on inquiring as to the purposes for which arms might be '*lawfully*' carried) were to be woven into one piece with the two preceding notifications, a very consistent scheme could be shaped out—but a scheme by no means favourable to the preservation of peace and good order. The Government had declared landlords legally chargeable with a provision for the poor, and at the same time proclaimed that the restrictions which had embarrassed the mass of the people in their acquisition of arms, ever since the beginning, or before the beginning, of the last century were now removed. This was doing much which agitators could turn to a pernicious account; but

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but when landlords were found, under the double duress of the Government and the mob, to acquiesce in the principle of confiscation—when the poor were found eager in the exercise of their new privilege to make investments in the shape of arms and ammunition—and when the Chief Secretary had volunteered his curious lecture on the legitimate arming of the populace, it would not be irrational to imagine that a *more subtle spirit* than their own guided the cabinet councils of Downing Street and Dublin Castle—a spirit of more deadly hostility against the landed interest of Ireland, and its corollary, English connexion.

There may be a motive more to be dreaded than mere vulgar disaffection. It is manifest that agencies are at work which propose as their end the formation in Ireland of what they call a *national* union, because its essence is hostility to England, into which *all* the parties of old times are, they pretend, to be absorbed. Many individuals of energy and ability have engaged in this design; and, as yet, no person of commanding influence and station has taken a decided part against it. Mr. O'Connell is now applying himself to the assailable points in the great proprietary class, with more dexterity than he needed to acquire influence over the masses; though indeed some of the very topics he at one time urged to make the populace conscious of their power are those of which he now avails himself to convince the gentry that, unless they unite into a compact body, *and unite with him*, to guard themselves against British legislation, they must sink under its oppressive enactments. We shall not be suspected of countenancing such a conspiracy. There is no salvation for either England or Ireland, but above all for the gentry of Ireland, but in the maintenance of the union and the integrity of the empire; but we must say that a course of legislation and government, such as we have been exposing, would explain, if it could not excuse, some desperate resolution on the part of men who, seeing themselves between two imminent dangers, should allow a feeling of indignation to decide them as to which they would brave. Lord John Russell, when withdrawing the Arms Bill, did not disguise

'his sense of the increased responsibility thus incurred by his Government. The condition of Ireland,' he said, 'encourages me to hope that when Parliament parts altogether with these restrictions, we may find that the state of the country is such as to enable us altogether to dispense with them. (Cheers.) But at the same time I should say, as strongly as possible, that Her Majesty's ministers will only consider their responsibility for the safety of life and property in Ireland increased—that whatever measures may be necessary either for the stringent maintenance of the existing laws, or for the enforcement of all the

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provisions of the law for the preservation of the peace in Ireland, *or if it should be unfortunately necessary to demand extraordinary powers to preserve life and property in Ireland*, we will not shrink from our duty (cheers); and that we are determined—hoping and believing as we do that it will be possible not to resort to extraordinary measures which may restrict the liberty of the subject (hear! hear!)—that we are determined that the security of life and property in Ireland shall not suffer. (Loud applause.)'

Such was the ministerial pledge—the time has come for the redemption of it. The concession to which it was annexed had been extorted, it is scarcely necessary to say, by the demands of the Repeal party in Ireland. With his usual prudence, Mr. O'Connell took care that this should be no secret, 'requesting,' in Conciliation Hall, in Dublin, on the *same day* on which Lord John Russell uttered his retractation in Parliament—that same memorable seventeenth of August—'that a petition on the subject of the Arms Bill, containing 50,000 signatures, should *not* be forwarded, because HE had that morning received intelligence that the Government, in *compliance with the wishes of the* IRISH PEOPLE, had WITHDRAWN THAT MEASURE.' The announcement was received with loud cheers, heartier, no doubt, than greeted the ministerial communication in Parliament, and was spread abroad throughout the country, and more especially among the classes upon whom its effect would be most mischievous, far more industriously than the lame and impotent pledge which followed, without, for any practical purpose, mending Lord John's most rash, weak, and mischievous concession. Will the same influence by which the noble Lord was coerced into this humiliating submission, forbid him now to redeem his pledge? Has he more dirt to eat?

It may possibly be regarded as folly and weak fear on our parts to see in this armament the strongest symptom yet exhibited of the possibility of a Repeal of the Union. 'No such result,' we may be told, 'can be reasonably apprehended. The Imperial Parliament will not yield.' We do not undertake to say what the Imperial Parliament will not do, after its permitting the late minister to repeal, in 1846, his own corn law of 1842, and Lord John Russell to withdraw his own Arms Act within ten days after its proposal, and at a crisis when, if there never had been an Arms Act before, it had become indispensably necessary; but we boldly affirm that a most awful responsibility impends over those who have seduced or driven the bewildered Parliament into such perilous inconsistencies.

There is a department of the Irish newspapers, called 'State of the Country,' which statesmen might read with advantage, and

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and which has at this day a feature of novelty to give it additional recommendation. It describes two processes not usually found in close association—one the agencies to relieve suffering by charitable exertion, and the other the violence and crime for which a similar end is made the pretext. One column will contain the benevolent proceedings at petty sessions and relief committees—and parallel to it will be found recitals of lawlessness and barbarity — bodies of men appearing in arms — burglaries to procure arms — robberies — skirmishes, in which the armed peasantry try their newly and 'legitimately' acquired muskets upon the police—murders, attended with all the usual revolting circumstances, the cruelties of unsparing vengeance, the horrors of mercenary assassination. Such enormities, following in the train of such mercies — for charity had the precedence of crime—denote a more than ordinary degree of lawlessness and malignity, or else a purpose of graver ambition that prudent statesmen should be anxious to investigate.

But what should the Legislature and the Government do? This is a question to which we almost think the best answer would be —*undo* all they have done—and this they will have to do. But the question is of more general application, and we have before us hundreds of schemes for the regeneration of Ireland, for which everybody seems, after the hint of Sir Robert Peel, to consider this as a most *opportune* and, so far, *lucky* occasion. The famine, it seems, is a blessing because it affords a necessity for doing something, and an excuse for doing anything. The patient is dying of one acute disease, and instead of confining our attention to that, we are invited to take this moment for curing him of several natural deformities with which he was born, and divers chronic complaints which have been, they say, for years and years accumulating upon him. For our part, we will not condescend to notice the ill-timed quackeries with which our eyes and ears are assailed from all sides. We have reason to fear that some of them will be adopted and propounded by the Government in pursuance of that great axiom of Irish policy—*doing something!* When the Ministers produce *their* 'some new things,' we will deal with them.

We do not question that passing events must throw great and important lights on the state of Ireland, and afford useful data for future and calmer legislation. The calamity that immediately presses upon us has, however, little or nothing to do with the indigenous—we may so call them—evils of Ireland. It is afflicting equally the sober and orderly Presbyterian population of the Highlands; and to set about legislating for the general improvement of Ireland, under the bewildering pressure of the hour, could

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could only be legislating — as Mirabeau said of hasty will-making—'*ab irato, ab imbecilli, a territo, a delirante?*' Nothing but passion or folly could think the moment of a conflagration a fit time for making a new arrangement of the furniture, or a fresh distribution of the offices of a family mansion. When we have extinguished the fire, it will be time enough to think of precautions for the future. The most we can now do is to diligently prepare ourselves for turning to account the information which this species of earthquake will have opened to us. This should be carefully collected for future use.

There is, however, we repeat, a duty by which all other considerations must be preceded, and which applies equally in point of conscience, though differently in degree, to our less importunate and troublesome, but not therefore less interesting and deserving, fellow-subjects of Scotland. Famine claims the first attention. It is God's visitation, and should not be postponed for any less momentous concern. How many human beings are likely to suffer under it? How long will the visitation endure? This is the urgency which demands immediate attention. Then follow the questions—What amount of money must be raised for the sustenance of life? Upon whom shall the burden of repayment be laid? How shall the expenditure needful for the present scarcity be appropriated? To this last and very important question, as respects Ireland at least, the state of the country and the circumstances of the landholders seem to give the true answer. The owners of the soil in many instances are very much impoverished —the poorer classes of the tenantry starving under the blight of potatoes—the wealthier suffering under accumulated burdens, their rents unpaid, their rental taxed, their voluntary offerings also (voluntary offerings which the pressure has rendered compulsory) tending to increase their embarrassments—are they able to till their grounds as they ought to be cultivated, after such a year as the past, in apprehension of the season which is approaching? Imperfection in the measures of the Legislature and Government defeated the project which was once entertained of a system of drainage extended over the face of the country. The mischief thus done can be repaired now only by aiding the agriculturist who needs assistance, on the terms already offered to him, but leaving him free to select the kind and the sphere of labour which he shall prefer. How many labourers will farmers and landlords employ and pay? is the question which Government should now propose; and it should not be regarded as a matter of objection that the sums expended on the soil in spring shall aid in protecting the country against an autumn and winter of scarcity. If all the labour in the market cannot find employment, property of

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of every description should be made answerable for the common duty of all men, and revenue thus raised, to meet a great emergency, should be disposed of with the discretion which so solemn an occasion demands.

This will be the first duty of the Legislature, and we have no doubt that it has already engaged the serious attention of the Government; who, we think, have hitherto shown (except in the grand legislative errors originally committed, and their devolution of patronage and authority into the hands of Mr. O'Connell) a laudable desire to make as little change in the ordinary course of things as was possible—they have, we think, wisely abstained from sounding an ostentatious alarm—they have not assembled Parliament in nervous haste; they have exercised, we have no doubt, their best diligence in providing food, but they have done so with the discretion and quiet firmness of men who command their own fears in order not to alarm others. We wish we could persuade ourselves that they have made up their minds to pursue the same course in Parliament. We entirely reject the painful suspicion which we know has prevailed in some quarters, that they have from the beginning purposed the ruin of the Irish landed proprietors, and the accomplishment of it by such a nefarious contrivance as the Labour-rate Bill. Such motives may perhaps have actuated some of their secret and subtle tempters, but cannot have entered into the hearts of English noblemen and gentlemen of the highest class, and several of them distinguished by personal qualities entirely worthy of their station. We believe that 'cunning suggestion' misled and 'pressure from without' precipitated them into the career which has proved so disastrous. They have not erred beyond recall—they may yet return to safer courses, and even repair much of the mischief they have wrought. Will they volunteer a generous confession that they have erred and are desirous to amend?—or will they persist, until the Legislature compels them to change their course, or until a great national convulsion has been the issue of the guilty experiment? Whatever be the issue, this is a truth which ought to be remembered—Lord John Russell's Government found Ireland, after a year of a severe visitation, comparatively prosperous and tranquil, or only disturbed by the consequences of that deplorable struggle of which *he* gave the first signal. It had ample time, and was assured of ample support in making provision for a second year's scarcity, of which notices not to be misunderstood were numerous and obvious. With such knowledge, and with such power at his command, his Government offered undeniable testimony to the peacefulness of the country in the withdrawal of all restraints on the sale of fire-arms.

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arms. The present state of the country is, therefore, that which the Government has made it, and which it must now endeavour to unmake it.* We do not want quack remedies for doubtful diseases—remedies in the effect of which nobody believes, for diseases on the causes of which no two even of the nostrum-mongers are agreed. We must first endeavour to restore the country to a state of safety. You cannot expect the beneficent influence of resident landlords in a country in which murder dogs their walks and besieges their houses. You cannot expect a fertilising employment of capital on a soil where rent is treated as if it were robbery, and paid by a bullet. You must not facilitate to the reckless peasant the acquisition of the weapon which hangs before him in his idle hour to suggest the facility of crime. We must have a stringent Arms Act—one that can be practically and effectually worked. We must have a real and efficient Coercion Act—one that will vest such discretionary powers in the Government as will enable it on every emergency to afford prompt protection to the well-disposed by placing districts, if necessary, under military law, as well as to extend to them the advantages of a summary enforcement of the ordinary jurisdiction and authority of the laws. These or some tantamount measures are immediately necessary. We must also have a rational and effective poor-law, formed not on abstract theories, but on a conscientious consideration of the very complicated circumstances of the country and the very peculiar character of the people—real and undeserved destitution must be relieved, but the most jealous care must be exercised that public charity does not become a bounty on idleness and, what is certain to be the consequence of any such improvidence, an extensive confiscation of property. All appear to give Lord Bessborough and Mr. Labouchere credit for good intentions; and certainly there cannot be two more amiable and charitable men; but no party seems to have the least reliance on their ability for the government of Ireland at the present crisis. The Lord Lieutenant's submission to Mr. O'Connell's being 'viceroy over him,' with his known deference to other less avowable influences, and Mr. Labouchere's most unfortunate commentary on the expiration of the Arms Act, have deprived them, it is said, of that respect and confidence which would be necessary to conduct the Government of Ireland in much less critical circumstances. For our own parts, we have no distrust of the men, and complain only of the measures into which they have

* It is known to everybody in Ireland, that upon the passing of Lord Elliot's Arms Bill in 1844, the peasants instantly parted with arms to such an extent that the price of them fell rapidly. The rush for purchasing weapons commenced the moment Lord John Russell pronounced the Arms Bill extinct.

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been or may be seduced or forced by the anti-English conspiracy, whose influences their masters in Downing Street seem to obey.

We trust we have said nothing that can aggravate the mischief. We trust the Tories will be the first to hail any good symptoms in the Government. It is the natural policy and inclination of that party to support the Crown in all that is proper, and indeed in all that is even tolerable; and this inclination becomes a duty when, on the one hand, there are great national interests at stake, and when, on the other, the only alternative of the existing ministry seems to be the refuse of the last. We humbly trust that the Conservative leaders will feel as we do, that the first and pressing object is to feed Ireland; the next—if indeed it be not on a line with the other—is to render life and property secure; and then, in due course, must follow some adequate measures for putting an end to the disgraceful and dangerous farce of associations for the Repeal of the Union. These are the urgent objects. The remedies for minor evils, and the consideration of all organic experiments, should be postponed till the great instant peril shall be averted—and we are far from saying that this peril may not be of ultimate benefit in guiding and facilitating future legislation on those many and very important points in the condition of Ireland to which we and everybody else have so often referred.

But while Ireland occupies the first place in the anxieties of the hour, we must not forget that there are here amongst ourselves many momentous topics of concern and alarm. And we cannot, now on the threshold of the concluding session of a parliament assembled, alas, under very different auspices and prospects from those under which it will separate—we cannot, we say, take leave of our readers at this important crisis without venturing to say a few words on a subject which occupies at this moment a great share of public attention, and which we feel to be of vital importance, not merely to the Conservative party, but to the great interests of the country, with which we always consider the Conservative party as essentially identified.

While we strenuously exhort them to resist all propositions for changes in Ireland, we are not less alive to a like danger in England — and we earnestly deprecate any such attempts, from whatever quarter they come. For instance—we have been very sorry to see in many of the most respectable and influential friends of British agriculture a resolution to endeavour, during the ensuing session, to repeal the malt-tax. Well might 'F. C.' predict that the Manchester League would prove a fruitful mother — but for an *Anti-Malt-Tax League,* applauded by farmers, we were not quite prepared. We look upon such a measure

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measure as one of the most fatal blows that could be struck against the agricultural, and indeed all the great interests of the country; and with that strong impression we trust that we shall be, not merely forgiven, but thought to have done our duty, in endeavouring to lay shortly before our readers the grounds on which we most strongly and decidedly deprecate any such attempt. The produce of the malt-duty is about 5,000,000*l.*—nearly the same as the present income-tax. If it be repealed, how can it be replaced? No otherwise, we will venture to assert, than by doubling the income-tax; and can any farmer or landholder, who has thought on the subject, really believe that his share of improvement in the price of barley would compensate him for a double infliction of the income-tax, which falls so much more directly and heavily on land than on professions, manufactures, and trade? Some of the most intelligent witnesses before the Committee of the House of Lords on the Burthens on Real Property thought the repeal would do the farmer no good at all, and that, when coupled with the free import of foreign barley, he would, on the contrary, suffer severely. We need not enter into the details by which these opinions are, to our minds, satisfactorily supported. We are fully convinced that it would not do the farmer the slightest good: he grows comparatively small crops of barley, and only one in four years; but the Income-Tax knocks at the door twice in every year; and the substitution of a tax so very hard to digest as the Income-Tax, for one so easily and cheaply swallowed as the Malt-Tax, would be a most disadvantageous exchange both for rich and poor.

But we take much higher ground. It seems to us that the repeal of the malt-tax would be a direct and fatal advance to the completion of the most mischievous portion of the new free-trade system. Some Conservative newspapers seem to rejoice at the prospect of Sir Robert Peel's joining the malt-tax repealers, and would, it seems, be half inclined to forgive him much of his recent error for such a palinode! We know not what Sir Robert Peel may do, but we wonder that sensible men should not see that the repeal of the malt-duty would be in exact accordance with the worst part of his late proceedings. When in his valedictory speech he congratulated himself that the sons of toil were to 'recruit their exhausted strength with *untaxed food*,' it escaped no thinking man that the tax on malt was the most direct taxation of food, in the larger sense of the word, in the whole schedule of duties, and that it was destined in Sir Robert Peel's mind to vanish before his *untaxed-food* principle—and indeed with more semblance of justice than in the case of repealing the Corn Laws; for the duties on corn were not meant for revenue; by the sliding scale they never could afford

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afford any revenue when corn was dear; and in fact, as we have often shown, they never did make any perceptible difference in the price of bread—whereas the malt-tax is mere taxation, and realises five times as much revenue as the corn-duties—though operating on so infinitely a larger extent—ever did. This therefore may, and indeed must, if he continues consistent in his last year's inconsistency, induce Sir Robert Peel to concur in the repeal of the malt-duty.

But there is another reason on which we lay still greater stress, and which, in fact, constitutes our insuperable objection. Sir Robert Peel, in his celebrated '*Elbing Letter*,' proclaims himself to prefer *direct* to *indirect* taxation, and confesses that with this covert purpose he introduced the income-tax—a stupendous but most manageable machine always in readiness to obey the screw.* Now see how it is to work. The malt-tax is an indirect tax, and one of the best that could be imagined. It is of a wide extent, but light in detail. If the products of malt be soberly used and as aliment, the cost of what a man requires is trifling; if they be abused, the duty helps to check the excess. It raises millions because it reaches millions—and how easily! Except bread there is no kind of sustenance, we believe, in which the whole population partakes so generally as malt-liquor, and the duty per head for that main article of life—at once a necessary and a luxury—is about 6*s.* 4*d.* per annum, or something less than *one farthing* per diem, or—as we learn from the evidence before the Land-Burthens Committee the detailed fact to be—about *one farthing per pint* of *strong* beer or porter. Is not this, then, the perfection of taxation, where the whole people contribute *pro ratâ* of their consumption—cheerfully and in a degree scarcely perceptible to the individual? But if, instead of this universal contribution to the exigencies of the state, we were to substitute *class taxation*, and charge the whole on the 320,000 persons who it is computed now pay income-tax, we believe the agriculturists would find that they had committed little less than suicide.

* There is a slight circumstance which, now that we see the results, explains what at first sight no one understood. When Sir Robert Peel proposed the income-tax at 7*d.* in the pound, or 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* per cent., it was asked at the time, Why these broken numbers? Why not 6*d.* in the pound, or 3 per cent.? No other answer was made than that Sir Robert calculated *exactly* what he wanted, and took his rate accordingly. This, *à priori*, might have been seen to be a very unsatisfactory reason; for *estimates* of produce can never be so certain, between 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* on the one hand and 3*l.* on the other, as to have guided a rational calculation; or if it had, what a wretched calculator is Sir Robert, who estimated his tax at 3,771,000*l.*, when the produce actually exceeded 5,000,000*l.*—an error of about 30 per cent., while affecting to be accurate to so minute a fraction as 1*s.* 8*d.* per cent.!—But may we not now suspect that the real reason was, that *any round sum* likely to become a standard, as 6*d.* in the pound, or 3 per cent., would have been an obstacle to the future turning of the screw—while the vague and irrational 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* would not?

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And it is not even the amount of the *doubled income-tax* that so much alarms us (though that is serious enough) as the abrogation of that great and safest principle of taxation—the taxing all ranks *pro ratâ*, which can only be done by light taxation of articles in universal use. Suppose that a strange coalition between an Anti-malt-duty section of the Protectionists and Sir Robert Peel should force, or perhaps we should say encourage, the Ministry to adopt the Peel principle, what will become of the tea-duties, above 4,800,000*l.*—the sugar-duties, 5,000,000*l.*—nay, the tobacco-duties, above 4,200,000*l.*, which would be, with the malt-duty, a defalcation of near 20,000,000*l.*—besides all the other articles now profitable to the Exchequer, because they reach—though in small individual items—the mass of mankind? They must all be repealed and replaced by another, and another, and still another turn of the screw of the great engine that pumps up income, and will pump it up till the well runs dry!—Quadrupling the income-tax would not meet the deficiency! It is intimated by Sir Robert Peel, and we have on our table one or two pamphlets to prove the proposition, that it would be well to abolish all taxation on consumption, and have a general income-tax. No doubt, if some of the philosophers of Laputa would discover some measure and some means to apportion and collect an income-tax from the whole bulk of mankind who live by their labour, the income-tax might replace all others, though we think very injuriously—as we believe there are great moral and social advantages in measuring taxation by consumption, and indeed hear with astonishment that any grave statesman can advocate a system under which no encouragement whatever shall attend on personal thrift—no *bonus* sustain the grand domestic virtues of care and self-denial;—but even the wildest theorists cannot venture to propose a direct income-tax on those who have no income but daily wages, and therefore, to maintain anything like logic or justice in their economistical visions, they are forced to carry us back to the days of Richard II. and Wat Tyler, and gravely propose an income-tax for all above the hired classes, and for them a POLL-TAX!

'The object being to *compel the lower ranks* as a body to pay their just proportion in the form of a direct tax to the State—substituting in the case of the mechanic, the skilled artisan, the agricultural labourer—all at weekly wages or at daily labour—a tax *per head*—which is in fact an *income-tax called by another name.*'*

As if the farthing a pint on porter was not an infinitely better, safer, less onerous, and more popular *income-tax* than any modifi-

* 'The Income Tax; its Extension at the present Rate proposed to all Classes. By William Ray Smee.' pp. 9, 10.

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cation of a *poll-tax*—the most outrageously unjust and intolerable imposition that ever tyranny devised.

We are, we conscientiously believe, on the brink of a precipice. If the great country party, however justly indignant at the treatment they have received, should forget that their duty is essentially of a defensive character, and should be misled or exasperated into measures of blind vexation and impotent vengeance, they will only help to work out the machinations of their enemies —afford the perhaps reluctant minister fresh temptation to revolutionise landed property in Ireland—and enable Sir Robert Peel to gratify his avowed inclinations by revolutionising taxation in England. If they are deluded into any kind of coalition with those who would derange the ancient rights of property or subvert our ancient system of finance, they themselves will be the first victims; and the repeal of the malt-tax will be another—but a longer and more irretrievable step even than the repeal of the Corn Laws—in a career that must end in a partial, arbitrary, and all-absorbing income-tax, a general confiscation of property, and the overthrow of our present political and social system.

On the other hand, standing between two such adversaries as Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel—who, though professing the same general doctrines, are yet dissevered by their own rival ambitions and the personal interests of their followers—the Conservatives, in and out of Parliament, occupy a powerful position. Even in the House of Commons they are admitted to be an overmatch for either of the factions (we believe that they are an overmatch for both), but their position is *Torres Vedras*—one of resistance, not of attack—in which they should bide their time, conscious of their power, and therefore not impatient for a display of it. Their policy and their duty are to endeavour, by a constant, keen, and jealous attendance, to check (and they will have quite enough to do) the series of innovations—great and small, English and Irish—with which we are menaced. Whether Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel sacrifice their characters by a coalition, or their strength by mutual hostilities—whether they are to appear as allies or rivals—the Conservatives have abundant power, if employed with discipline and discretion, to perform for the rest of this Parliament, and we hope still more so in the next, their great and peculiar duty—to take care *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*

NOTE.—WAR OF THE PUNJAB.

IN an article on the War of the Punjab, in our 155th Number (June, 1846), the following sentences occur:—

'If there had been urgent arguments addressed to ord Ellenborough in favour of a peaceful

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peaceful reign, the wish both of the Directors and of the Cabinet on that head was expressed with increased earnestness to Sir Henry Hardinge.....It is necessary to state all this clearly, in order that the true causes of our seeming unpreparedness to encounter the danger of a Sikh invasion, when it came, may be understood....Sir Henry entered upon the duties of his office more anxious than perhaps any other Governor-General had ever been before him to signalise the entire term of his residence in India by the useful labours of peace. At the same time he did not consider himself bound either to censure or to retrace the steps which his predecessor might have taken in an opposite direction. He found that the attention of Lord Ellenborough had been turned seriously towards the north-western frontier; that all the towns from Delhi to Kurnaul were filled with troops; that the Commander-in-Chief had already surveyed the whole extent of the protected states with a view to make choice of military positions; and that the advanced posts of Loodiana and Ferozepore were garrisoned. Sir Henry Hardinge neither undid anything of all this, nor found fault with it; but he carefully abstained from the discussion in council or elsewhere of topics which might turn men's thoughts to war; and, without neglecting any necessary preparations, bent himself to the arrangement of plans for the better education of the people of India &c.' —pp. 187, 188.

'Sir Henry Hardinge continued throughout the winter of 1844, and the early spring of 1845, to prosecute his plans for the general improvement of India. That he kept his eye upon the Punjab, and was neither regardless of the confusion into which its affairs were falling, nor of the consequences to which this might probably lead, is most certain. He had already directed that the works both at Loodiana and Ferozepore should be strengthened; and raised the garrison of the latter place from four thousand to seven thousand men. The former was held by about six thousand; and at Umballa, where Gough's head-quarters were established, and among the cantonments in its rear, lay about seven thousand five hundred, of all arms. But as Sir Henry certainly did not anticipate that the whole power of the Punjab would be thrown across the Sutlej, he naturally concluded that there was force enough at hand to meet and repel whatever invasion might be hazarded.'—p. 189.

We have received from India documents which prove that Lord Hardinge was not permitted—through the vigilance of his predecessor—to enjoy the degree of exemption from care in regard to the north-western frontier, which he is here represented to have done. The state of preparation with reference to the Sikhs, at the time of his arrival in India, (July, 1844.) did not satisfy him at all. On the contrary, within three weeks of his arrival in Calcutta,—as soon, that is, as he had received from the Commander-in-Chief a correct state of the distribution of the force in advance,—he came to the conclusion hat it would by no means suffice, even for defensive purposes; and that it was wholly inadequate to carry on an offensive war, should such be forced upon him. In like manner the answers to his inquiries relative to the state of the magazines and means of transport, declared, that to assemble 36,000 men—the total amount of troops stationed within a circuit of some hundreds of miles—would require two months after the order to concentrate should have reached Benares. Sir H. Hardinge saw that this state of things would never do; and he began forthwith to reinforce every post in advance—yet did it so quietly, that even in our own provinces the operation passed unnoticed.

His plan was this. He directed the usual yearly reliefs to go on, at the usual seasons; and brought up from the interior corps of all arms for the avowed purpose of enabling such as had been long in the advance to enjoy some repose. But he gave orders that not a man should withdraw from his position till the reliefs arrived; and then, upon

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upon one pretext or another, he kept the whole together—thus doubling, without the smallest appearance of care on that head, his disposable force. Hence Ferozepore, which up to the month of January, 1845, had been occupied by three regiments of native infantry, one European regiment, and a troop of horse artillery, was reinforced by degrees to the amount of six regiments of native infantry, besides Europeans and guns. The same provident care caused barracks to be built for the accommodation of the Europeans; yet managed to carry on the work in such a way as to give umbrage to nobody. They were finished in April, 1845; at which time, also, an entire regiment took the place of a wing in the Loodiana barracks. Similar precautions were taken, with similar quietude, at Umballa:—but the results will be best shown by a tabular sketch of the amount of force in each of the three advanced stations, at two different periods:—

	Men.	Guns.	
July, 1844 . .	4,596	12	Ferozepore.
1 Dec. 1845 . .	10,472	24	
July, 1844 . .	3,030	12	Loodiana.
1 Dec. 1845 . .	7,235	12	
1 July, 1844 . .	4,113	24	Umballa.
1 July, 1845 . .	12,972	32	

Thus substituting on the first line 30,679 men for 11,738.—In addition to these, there were at the hill stations of Subathoo and Kussowlie two European regiments, averaging 900 men a-piece; so that the relative strength of the advanced armies may be taken at—in July, 1844, 13,538 men, with 48 guns; in Dec. 1845, 32,479 men, with 68 guns.

The same care was taken of the stations on the second line. The force at Meerut, which, in July, 1844, amounted to 5,573 men with 18 guns, had grown in December, 1845, to 9,844 men and 24 guns. Hence there were in hand, to meet the anticipated danger, or to carry operations into the enemy's country, instead of 24,000 men, with 66 pieces of cannon, as Lord Ellenborough had arranged—not fewer than 45,500 men, with 98 pieces of cannon.

No army can move, however, and least of all an Indian army, without adequate means of transport; and in the plains that adjoin the Sutlej an efficient cavalry is indispensable. To supply the latter, the Governor-General borrowed from the Bombay Government the 14th Light Dragoons; and procured both from Sir George Arthur and the Marquess of Tweeddale horses for the use of his own cavalry and artillery to the extent of 968. By this arrangement batteries, heretofore drawn by bullocks, were rightly horsed; and elephants being attached to the large guns, brought them up in good time to the Sutlej.

It appears, in a word, that the new Governor-General judged it necessary to rearrange the whole plan of distribution; and we must add, that he did not succeed in getting some of the commissariat officials to see the importance of celerity in their proceedings, till he had shown them that, having been trained in the school of Wellington, he had not forgotten his lessons.

Having

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Having thus endeavoured to do justice to the forethought of the Governor-General—the necessity for which he contrived, while making his movements, to keep wholly out of sight—it remains for us to notice one or two trifling inaccuracies besides, into which we were drawn while writing the article by the documents, apparently of the highest authority, from which we collected our information. For example, at page 190, Sir Henry Hardinge is described as arresting, in November, 1845, the advance of a force which Sir Hugh Gough had ordered up from Meerut, and declining to reinforce the garrison of Ferozepore with an additional European regiment. This turns out not to have been the case. No regiments were ordered to remove from Meerut, so early as the month of November, with the exception of H. M.'s 9th Lancers; and even that corps was subsequently halted at the Commander-in-Chief's suggestion. Other regiments were indeed directed to *hold themselves in readiness*—and that they were in a condition to move so early as the 11th of December was owing entirely to the vigorous measures adopted by the Governor-General in his dealings with the commissariat.

In like manner there seems to have been no difference of opinion between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief on the subject of strengthening the post at Ferozepore with an additional European regiment. The Queen's 80th was actually in movement when hostilities began, the Governor-General having assented, freely, to the Commander-in-Chief's suggestion, and acted upon it. We have advanced these new statements on authority which it is impossible to controvert; and they distinctly show that there existed no desire on the part of the Commander-in-Chief to put the Meerut force prematurely in motion; and that between him and the Governor-General the most perfect unanimity of sentiment prevailed. Neither the one nor the other believed to the last that the Sikhs would cross the river, except for purposes of plunder. They were both assured by Sir John Littler that, let the enemy come in what force he might, Ferozepore was safe; and the results of the campaign have sufficiently shown that the latter gallant officer took a just view of his own position.

It was not, however, by providing men and guns alone that the Governor-General put matters in a train against every emergency. Fifty-six large boats, prepared by Lord Ellenborough, were brought up from the Indus, and reached Ferozepore in September, 1845. The flooring, grappling, cables, &c., arrived likewise complete; and a pontoon-train was borrowed from Scinde, and rendered available. It was this forethought which enabled the engineers to lay down the bridge below Ferozepore in the course of one night and one day; and to do their work so securely, that the whole of the invading force—24,000 strong, with 40 pieces of siege-cannon, 100,000 camp-followers, and 68,000 animals—passed without the occurrence of a single accident.

We have reason to know that our June Number shut the mouths of many who had been in the habit of blaming the Indian Government as if the Sikh invasion had taken it by surprise; and the additional information which we are now enabled to communicate must confirm the impression which it was the object of our Punjab article to make.

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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Memoir of the Life and Services of Vice-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Baronet, K.C.B.* Edited by the Rev. Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester. Lond. 8vo. pp. 652. 1846.

THIS volume, as the editor himself confesses, is far from fulfilling the promise of its title-page. It by no means gives an adequate account of the 'services' of Sir Jahleel Brenton; which well deserved a separate record, more ample than could be expected from any general historian of the fleet. We may hope to see this defect supplied by some gentleman of the admiral's own cloth; but a valuable opportunity has been lost in consequence of the selection of Mr. Raikes for the editorship of his papers. A writer having the free command of these fresh materials, and also the ability and the inclination to do justice to his brilliant exploits, might have produced a biography of deep and varied interest, sure to command a station in every library on the same shelf with Lord Collingwood's Letters and the Life of Lord de Saumarez. The risk now is that while this compilation finds a warm reception among sober and thoughtful circles at home, the comparative poverty of its naval details may prove a grievous obstacle to its circulation among the classes most likely to be benefited by the whole example of such a life as Brenton's. It is much to be regretted that the task had not devolved upon some well-trained officer, proud of the hero, and yet not ashamed of the Christian.

At the same time a few random dips into the chapters—not to mention the homily called a preface—may convey an exaggerated notion of the extent to which the work is really deficient—or, according to the modern phrase, one-sided. The truth is that, although whoever would study sea-fights and naval tactics must consult different authorities, we have here such a view of the admiral's professional progress as may probably satisfy most landsmen; and that, though such matters are throughout subordinated to the exposition of his moral and religious feelings and motives, that exposition is itself calculated to arrest by degrees the interest, the respect, the admiration of every candid mind. There is hardly a line from Sir Jahleel's own pen,

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or the survivors of his family, that any reader would wish to have been omitted. The misfortune is that the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester seems to have been haunted from first to last with—not, what would have been very reasonable, a consciousness that no one ought to undertake the biography of a distinguished sailor unless he be capable of entering with full zest into details of martial achievement—but a sort of penitential misgiving that a dignified ecclesiastic can never be quite well employed on any literary task which is not expressly and exclusively theological; and the readiest device that occurred to him for easing his conscience, was to dock and pare away to the utmost every scene and transaction in which Brenton displayed no qualities but what might have shone out, under the like circumstances, in 'Nelson, Howe, or Jervis,' and to fill the vacated space with reflections and speculations of his own, which it might have been more judicious to reserve for a volume of Sermons. But, happily, whenever the modest hero himself had recorded any scene of professional glory, reverence for the dead, or deference to the living, appears to have restrained the pruning hook: and there are perhaps three hundred pages in this corpulent octavo, for the sake of which we should tolerate the cost of the other 352.

The name *Jahleel* suggests a puritan pedigree; and the Brentons emigrated to America during the troubled period of Charles I.: but Mr. Raikes's narrative includes no distinct mention of their religious tenets. The first pilgrim must have carried some wealth and consideration with him, for within a year after his arrival he was named one of the 'select men' of Massachusetts; and, after filling various other public offices, he died Governor of Rhode Island in the latter years of Charles II. His son, Jahleel II., was collector of the customs in New England under King William; and in the next generation Jahleel III., who seems to have been one of the chief landowners in New England, married the daughter of Samuel Cranstoun, governor of that colony, a younger son of the noble house of Cranstoun. By this lady he had seven daughters and eight sons, one of whom, Jahleel IV., married Henrietta Cowley (of the Cowleys of Worcestershire), who brought him a large family. Their eldest son, Jahleel V., the subject of these memoirs, was born in August, 1770.

The fourth Jahleel in his youth entered the Royal Navy; but had attained only the rank of lieutenant, and was living quietly on the patrimonial estate in Rhode Island, when the fatal disturbances began. He was a man of high character and respectable talents, and had many attached friends among the leaders of the revolutionary

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revolutionary cause. Every effort was made to enlist him on their side; he was offered at once the very highest rank in their naval armament; but no blandishments could shake his loyalty. Persecution was then tried, and with equal success. He at last escaped to a British cruiser off the coast. He seems to have had his two elder sons with him, and some time afterwards his wife and younger children joined him in England. All but a small fragment of a liberal fortune was sacrificed in consequence of this gentleman's adhesion to his duty as a British subject. He served with reputation in the years immediately ensuing; rose to be a post captain, and brought up three sons (all that outlived infancy) to the same profession. It is pleasing to see that his latter days were made comfortable by the appointment of Regulating Captain at Edinburgh, in which office he died about 1800.

It would be interesting to have a catalogue of the eminent Americans whose more direct services to the old country were the result of their attachment to honour and the monarchy. It would include not a few illustrious names in various departments—some of them still living ones.

Mr. Raikes owes to a surviving sister of Sir Jahleel's this anecdote of his first voyage—when he and his next brother accompanied their father in his escape from America to England. Miss Brenton says:—

'My brother has often conversed with me on the subject of courage, and drawn the distinction between moral and physical courage. He felt that his was not natural, but acquired. His first trial was at the age of *seven*, when he first went to sea with his father. A supposed enemy came in sight, and the ship cleared for action. My two brothers immediately sought a secure hiding place, but their father, discovering their intention, called them, and with a stern voice told them, that if they attempted to run from the enemy's guns he would immediately shoot them. The threat was believed, though it was totally in opposition to my father's nature, and the greater and immediate danger superseded the one which had been anticipated. My brothers remained by the side of their father on deck; but the threat was never forgotten, and the dread of disgrace soon became stronger with them than that of death.'—p. 401.

The younger brother of this story was also in after life an officer of distinguished gallantry—the same Captain Edward Pelham Brenton known in literature by his *Naval History*, 5 vols. 8vo. But we must reject the date assigned to the incident. In the voyage of 1778 the father was himself but a passenger, and though he would be sure to prepare for taking a part in defending the ship, we cannot imagine that he would have compelled, or even permitted, two passenger boys, the elderonly

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seven years of age, to expose themselves to the dangers of the deck.

It was not till 1780 that Mrs. Brenton reached this country, and in 1781 Jahleel, now aged *eleven* years, embarked as midshipman in the Queen, of which his father had obtained the command. It was probably in the Queen that the incident just referred to occurred—and perhaps Mr. Raikes has blundered *eleven* into *seven*. At the peace of 1783 the boy was placed in the Maritime School at Chelsea, where he spent two industrious and profitable years. In 1785 he joined his family, then resident at St. Omer's, his father being anxious that he should not miss such an opportunity for gaining command of the French language. In the course of a couple of years he had done so completely—and the accomplishment was of the highest advantage to him afterwards. He had also by that time acquired skill in the use of his pencil—an art which he cultivated throughout his active life, and in which he found a solace for the retirement of his honoured age. His juvenile attainments in this way were indeed so remarkable that, his health being delicate, and a long peace anticipated, his parents proposed sending him to Italy to be trained regularly for the profession of a painter, and the lad himself entered warmly into the scheme. But before he got up next morning, as he was meditating on the projected journey to Rome, his eye rested on the midshipman's dirk suspended over his fireplace; at the sight of it, he tells us, 'old associations and prospects crowded in upon him,' and at breakfast he announced his anxiety to be sent to sea again on the first opportunity—a feeling with which the elder Jahleel was sure to sympathize.

We find him afloat accordingly in 1787, on board the Dido, Captain Sandys; they sailed for Nova Scotia; and during two years Jahleel's principal occupation was in sounding and surveying various bays and harbours of that coast. But he often was ashore, and found friends and relations to welcome him among the many American loyalists who had removed to Halifax. It was here, when still in his eighteenth year, that he formed an attachment for Miss Isabella Stewart, a most loveable creature only six months younger, who at last rewarded a constancy of many years by becoming his wife. We have some details of this genuine romance from his own pen, set down for his children's sake soon after he had buried their mother: but we had better defer them till we reach the period of the wedding. He passed his examination in March, 1790, but saw little prospect of his commission, this country being at peace with all her neighbours. Like several other midshipmen similarly situated, he presently consented to accept the rank of lieutenant in the Swedish service, and repaired to

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to the Baltic to join the fleet of Gustavus III., then making great efforts against the overwhelming encroachments of Russia. But the Swede had sustained a fatal discomfiture before Brenton reached the scene of action, and he and his party of comrades, after some months of hard toil and misery, including a terrible shipwreck, returned home in a state of most wretched destitution; the government at Stockholm never disbursing any pay till some time afterwards, and then only a paltry fragment of what had been earned by these rash volunteers. Jahleel had been tempted especially by Sir Sidney Smith, who took Swedish rank at this time, and who had himself first gone afloat under the elder Brenton; but on this point he does not dwell in his memoranda. There, writing in his old days, he simply says:—

'In after life, when better acquainted with my religious duties, I have felt and acknowledged the guilt of this step, for such it was; but I was led away by the idea of acquiring distinction and eminence, so natural in youthful minds, and so powerfully excited by the biography of those whom the world holds up to admiration for their conduct in arms, without any reference to the cause which alone can render war justifiable.'—p. 40.

It must have been a consolation to the veteran that he had not taken part in any action between Swede and Muscovite. There was no actual stain of blood on his hand. It is plain that if there had been, he could not have acquitted himself to his own conscience of the crime of murder; and we shall ever adhere to the opinion which we expressed when reviewing the history of the Anti-Carlist Legion, that no less is the guilt of every military man who has been accessory to the slaughter of one fellow-creature, otherwise than under the flag or in the avowed cause of his own country.

Mr. Brenton got his commission as lieutenant in the autumn of 1790, and was thenceforth afloat, with hardly an intermission, until the Peace of Amiens, serving under a variety of captains and acquiring the approbation and regard of them all. On one occasion of shifting, it was convenient for him to take a passage from Cadiz in a Spanish man-of-war, bringing treasure to England for settlement of the Nootka Sound business. He says in his *memoranda*:—

'I eagerly caught at the opportunity of seeing the system of the Spanish navy; and my wish being made known to the Spanish commander, he immediately invited me to take my passage with him, in the St. Elmo, where I was treated with the greatest hospitality.

'This ship had been selected as one in the best state of discipline in the Spanish navy, to be sent to England. She was commanded by Don Lorenzo Goycochea, a gallant seaman, who had commanded one of the Junk

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junk ships destroyed before Gibraltar in 1781. I had during this voyage an opportunity of appreciating Spanish management at sea. When the ship was brought under double reefed topsails, it was considered superfluous to lay the cloth for dinner; and when I remonstrated, I was told by the captain, that not one officer would be able to sit at table, being all sea-sick; but that he had directed dinner to be got in his own cabin for himself and me. A few nights before our arrival at Falmouth, the ship having whole sails and topping sails, was taken aback in a heavy squall from the N. E., and I was awoke by the English pilot knocking at my cabin door, calling out, "Mr. Brenton, Mr. Brenton, rouse out, sir; here is the ship running away with these Spaniards." When I got upon deck, I found this was literally the case. She was running away at the rate of twelve knots, and everything in confusion; she was indeed, to use the ludicrous simile of a naval captain, "all adrift, like a French postchaise." It required some hours to get things to rights, and the wind having moderated, we then resumed our course and reached Falmouth. The Spanish posadas are proverbially wretched; and great was the astonishment of the officers of the St. Elmo on reaching Williams's Hotel at Falmouth, by no means at that time a first-rate inn. Still, such was the effect produced by the carpet, the fire, and the furniture in general, that it was some time before they could be persuaded that I had not conducted them to some nobleman's house, in return for their hospitality to me; the *bill*, however, dispelled this pleasant delusion.'—p. 54.

We cannot resist a little scene at Gravesend, soon after the lieutenant had joined his new ship, the Sybil:—

'A boat full of men was proceeding to an East Indiaman, and I, who was at the time walking the deck with the captain, was ordered to take a boat and examine them. I found them sheltered under a regular protection signed by the Lords of the Admiralty, and stated to be in force for three days from its date. The date had been omitted, perhaps purposely; and the paper had probably been procured by a crimp, in order to cover the men he was in the habit of sending down to the ships at Gravesend. The boat, therefore, was brought alongside the Sybil: and the captain, not finding any prime seamen amongst them, was satisfied with taking two healthy-looking Irish lads, Mike and Pat Corfield by name, one about twenty years old, and the other under nineteen. The lads were greatly distressed at being put on board a man of war, of which they had undoubtedly heard many terrible things. It was, however, past twelve o'clock when they arrived, and the pipe had just been given for dinner. The young Irishmen were accordingly supplied with their portion of bread, soup, and meat; when Pat, smiling through his tears, said, "Mike, let us send for mother."

'This little speech was related to the amusement of the officers for the moment, and was soon forgotten; but many weeks afterwards, when the ship was at Spithead, a boat came off, in which were not only the mother, but also the little brother of the Corfields. Their meeting seemed to interest every one in their favour. The whole family were of course to live, while they remained together, upon the allowance of the

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the two sailors; but the officers having interceded with the captain, little Edmund, the younger brother, about ten years of age, was put on the books, which gave a third allowance; in the mean time the two elder had procured and slung a hammock for the mother, and another for the little fellow, and every accommodation was given them by their shipmates, to whom this conduct had endeared them. The mother by washing more than furnished her quota for the mess; and the whole were kept by her care so clean and tidy that they were noticed for their good appearance.'—p. 57.

In the same winter of 1794-5 the Sybil was constantly passing between England and the Dutch coast, and she assisted in bringing home our troops after their disastrous retreat. By this time 'an extraordinary disease' had affected many of the Sybil's marines—a sort of ossification or hardening of the knee-joint, so serious that in several cases the men were lame for life. Colonel Boardman, of the Blues, was now a passenger, and on hearing the surgeon's account of the matter, he observed the marines for some hours with attention, and then hinted that he thought he could point out the cause of mischief. During day-time the marines wore thick woollen breeches and long worsted stockings. After sunset the parade-dress was laid aside, and they encountered the night air in canvas trousers—so that the knee had less than half its former protection, exactly when protection was most needful. The colonel's hint was taken, and no more cases occurred. On the same trip Brenton was amused with this trait of an old quartermaster, a Swede, commonly called Johnny Iceberg. He had a favourite cat which slept in his hammock, and when he had the watch on deck played its gambols in the rigging, leaping from it to the spanker-boom, and thence to the boat slung astern. One night the cat missed the boat, and great was the despair of Johnny. Instantly recollecting himself, however, he caught up a pet dog of the captain's, dropped her into the waves, and giving the alarm lustily, volunteered for the rescue. The 'staid lieutenant' assented. Mr. Iceberg jumped into the boat—picked up puss—and then, at his leisure, looked after Echo.

We must pass a vast variety of minor services while he still held the rank of lieutenant. It is sufficient that while in that station he had earned the warm esteem and affection of two such chiefs as Saumarez and St. Vincent. Being first-lieutenant of the Gibraltar, a huge three-decker, when she most narrowly escaped being driven on an ironbound coast, during a fearful gale which had forced her from her moorings, the command at the very crisis devolved on him in consequence of the captain's being disabled by the falling of a spar—and, to the astonishment

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nishment of all, Brenton's perfect coolness and dexterity were crowned with the ultimate preservation of the ship. More admirable seamanship was never exhibited: his own journal modestly suggests that all efforts might have been fruitless unless the vessel had been of very singular construction—Spanish built, her lower part one enormous mass of solid mahogany: but Lord St. Vincent considered him entitled to instant promotion, and he became captain of the Speedy sloop. Here he soon signalized himself in various gallant affairs off the Spanish coast —and in December 1799 particularly, his repulsion of a French privateer and a whole swarm of gun-boats, with the consequent rescue of a convoy of provisions urgently required at the Rock, a service performed with means apparently quite inadequate and under the eyes of the garrison, was judged worthy of a new promotion. The ship's rigging was so crippled on one side that he could not control a formidable leak, otherwise than by keeping on the starboard tack and so standing across the Strait to Tetuan; but as soon as he had refitted and came into Gibraltar bay again, Governor O'Hara gave out 'Speedy' for the evening parole and 'Brenton' for the countersign. O'Hara at the same time wrote to the Admiralty, urging Brenton's claim to be posted: and as soon as Nelson was informed of the particulars, he also volunteered a like recommendation. Lord Nelson's letter (Palermo, Dec. 7, 1799) is to be found in Sir Harris Nicolas's great collection—the necessary and most acceptable *pendant* to that of Colonel Gurwood. Nelson extols Captain Brenton's 'uncommon skill and gallantry,' and adds, as what ought to give his recommendation more weight, that a younger brother, Lieutenant James Brenton, had but a few days before lost his life, in a service of the most daring sort, off Minorca.

It is entirely hopeless to reconcile Mr. Raikes's narrative of the events following these testimonials with the ascertained dates, some of which he himself transcribes. He rightly tells us that Brenton had a principal share in the two battles of Algesiras, being then flag-captain to Sir James Saumarez in the Cæsar: but he adds that Saumarez, anxious to give him a lift, offered to make him the bearer of the despatches announcing his victory at Algesiras, and that Brenton declined this honour, being determined not to quit the Cæsar while there was any prospect of more fighting, and that he did so at no ordinary sacrifice of his personal feelings, because he knew that exactly at that time Miss Stewart, whom he had not seen since his midshipman days, was on her passage from America to England. Now Mr. Raikes prints Sir Jahleel's own statement that he was married in the spring of 1800, and it is recorded in every history of the war that the

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the affairs of Algesiras were in the summer of 1801. Our readers will see presently how *many* of the dates in Mr. Raikes's own book contradict his gratuitous addition to a romance which needed no such heightening. Meantime, Brenton certainly returned to England in the beginning of 1800—the Speedy, as we suppose, being then paid off—and in April of that year he had the reward of his long-tried constancy to his early flame.

Here is his own account of his love passages, from the Memoranda drawn up for his children in his widowhood:—

'The parents of your inestimable mother had long been settled in America, and she was born at Annapolis in Maryland. There was a considerable analogy in the fortunes of our early days; her father as well as mine having lost the greater part of his property in consequence of his attachment and loyalty to his sovereign, and being obliged to take refuge under the protection of the British arms.

'In 1788 I went out as a midshipman to Halifax. She had just completed her seventeenth year, and I was still in my eighteenth. I felt from the first day of our meeting a delight in her society, and a wish to be in the constant enjoyment of it, to a degree which was quite unusual with me. Our situations in life were too distant from each other for me to form any hope of gaining her affections. Young women take their place in society so early in life, in comparison with what is customary with the other sex, that I saw her placed in a situation far above mine. She might have been justified in looking forward to an alliance with the highest individual in the colony; whilst I had still a long servitude to perform, and a very remote prospect of ever being able to gain that rank in my profession which could authorize me to look up to the possession of her, even were it possible for me to gain an interest in her heart. That I did love her is most certain; but (I thought) it was a love arising from gratitude. I was naturally shy and diffident in society. She seemed to pity me, and to endeavour by every act of kind attention to give me comfort and to promote my happiness. That I did frequently indulge visionary schemes of future felicity, in which she always occupied the front ground, is very true; but they were views which I thought it impossible ever to be realized. I considered it almost impossible, that with such a mind as she possessed—so cherished as she was by all who had the happiness of knowing her, she could long remain single; and when I had attained to manhood, and had established in my mind the firm conviction that this amiable creature was of all others the most likely to ensure my happiness, I did not allow myself to make an effort to obtain her affections, lest I might never have it in my power to place her in such a situation as might be worthy of her; and lest it might prevent her acceptance of the offer of some person more capable of making her happy than myself.

'During eleven years from this period of our separation, in all the varieties of service, situation, and society in which I was placed, these sentiments never quitted me. It was not until I rose to the rank of commander that I thought myself justified in looking to her as the object

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object of my ambition. I had, during the course of this time, in a correspondence with my dear cousin, made our mutual friend the subject of the greater part of our letters; but with little hope or prospect that my wishes could ever be realized. My beloved Isabella however became acquainted, by means of these, with the steadiness of my attachment to her.

'After having been more than a year in the command of the Speedy, and during that period having had the happiness to obtain, in several instances, the approbation of my commander-in-chief, my prospects in the navy seemed so flattering, that although I had not been successful in a pecuniary point of view, I felt myself justified in endeavouring to excite an interest in the affections of her who had so long possessed mine; and wrote to her accordingly. But after writing the letter, in order firmly to establish in my own mind that I was acting from deliberate conviction—that I was not carried away by such visionary schemes as too often haunt the imagination of those who from the nature of their profession are debarred from general society—I kept the letter by me. I had given my father a promise that I would never marry until I had attained the rank of post-captain, when I knew I should have his perfect consent and approbation with regard to the object I had in view; I was therefore resolved not to take so important a step until I should feel perfectly justified in doing so. I frequently read over the letter, and found that my sentiments were daily strengthened; that no alteration was made either by increase of rank; by professional success, which was the cause of it; or by my more intimate acquaintance with the higher classes of society, to which, through the friendship and kindness of my excellent friend and patron, Lord St. Vincent, I was soon after introduced. On the contrary, the rank and honours acquired an additional value from the hope that they would be acceptable to my beloved Isabella; whilst her sweetness of disposition and consistency of character constantly rose in my estimation, by contrasting them with what I met with, however superior many of her sex might have been in beauty of person and in the advantages of rank and fortune.

'Upon my arrival in England I dispatched the letter, and remained in anxious expectation of the result for some weeks. At length the answer arrived; and delightful as the contents were to me, in assuring me that I had long been the object of her affections, the ideas of happiness which it excited in my mind were not to be compared to the real felicity which I subsequently enjoyed during the whole course of our union.'—p. 133.

In amatory fictions the wooing usually extends over three volumes, all but one chapter, which suffices for the winning; and which, with the older class of writers, often includes a Pisgah view of rather remote results. Captain Brenton's leisurely romance seems to have been crowned at last with a rapidity quite *secundum artem*. He reached England, as we have said, in the beginning of 1800—he saw Miss Stewart for the first time after that long interval on the 14th of April—he was married to her on the 19th of April—and exactly 'nine months after that'—on the 19th

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19th of January, 1801—a boy was born, whom he named John Jervis Brenton, in honour of his warm patron Lord St. Vincent.*

The Editor concludes his verbose apology for inserting this pretty episode by saying: 'It is due to those who may be benefited by his example, to let them see the power which may be given to principle, when principle is founded on religion; and the degree in which the tenderness of affection may be combined with firmness, when the whole mind is brought under the influence of the Gospel.' (p. 138.) He then transcribes a prayer from poor Mrs. Brenton's note-book, dated on New Year's day, 1801, in these words: 'To Thee, Almighty God, I return my most hearty and humble thanks for the blessings I have, through Thy divine mercy, been permitted to enjoy during the past year, and also for the prospect of happiness on my entrance into the coming one. Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may so conduct myself as to merit a continuance of Thy goodness; and that as a wife and mother I may render myself worthy of Thy protection; and in the performance of my duty as a Christian, become more deserving of Thy divine favour, through the mediation of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Whereupon Mr. Raikes adds:

'The above prayer is inserted, not as being a model of what prayer should be, for in that respect the discernment of a religious mind will see its deficiency; but rather because it is considered valuable as exhibiting the mild, gentle, and affectionate spirit from which it proceeded, and as filling up the portraiture of her character. At the same time, and to reply at once to similar remarks, the Editor would beg leave to say, that if this prayer seems incorrect in expression, or in any sense to ask amiss, it must not be forgotten that there are seasons and cases when the heart anticipates the head, and when the warmth of feeling and simple piety supply what is wanting in theological knowledge. At this period of their lives, neither the subject of this memoir nor his partner saw things as they saw them afterwards; but they were faithful to the light they had, and they walked according to it; and though that light was as yet but dim, it was sufficient to guide those into the way of truth who were willing to be led.'—p. 139.

We humbly confess our conviction that, unless Mr. Raikes had himself suggested his critical objections, no human creature would have thought of making any 'similar remarks' on this happy young *enceinte* wife's private act of devotion. We must add, that a pious commentator seems more likely to do harm than good by representing even an honest and romantic sailor's constancy to his true love, as a thing only to be accounted for

* By the bye, the Editor, to say nothing more of mere dates, is above paying attention to mere morals—for according to p. 137, the hero's return to England was in '*September*, 1800'—which would have rendered John Jervis's appearance in January, 1801 (p. 140), rather a startling feature in the history of the heroine.

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by 'the whole mind being brought under the influence of the Gospel.' And then how does he reconcile that phrase with what he tells us in the next page about the husband and wife alike having as yet only 'a dim light?' We should have thought that a man, whose 'whole mind' was 'under the influence of the Gospel,' would have been considered by the whole chapter of Chester to have a very tolerable light for his guidance.

This, however, is a trifle—we object to far more than a logical lapsus. But we beg Mr. Raikes to understand that our quarrel is only with the narrow meaning which he affixes to the words 'influence of the Gospel.' If he had expressed his opinion that in the Christendom of our day a love so pure and enduring as Brenton's could not be found in a deliberate infidel, we should have cordially agreed with him. It is only in the diseased imagination of poets or romancers that high genuine love is ever conceived of as existing where humility is not; and the deliberate rejection of Christianity is by far the completest evidence of presumption and conceit that any human being can now exhibit. But 'the influence of the Gospel,' in the sense of Mr. Raikes, is confined to those who have adopted Mr. Raikes's own peculiar doctrinal views—or, by the very largest stretch, to those who have habitually made religious matters the principal subject of their thoughts and contemplations. And it is to this that we demur—for we should have a frightful idea indeed of the world about us, if we did not believe that the influence of the Gospel has exalted and refined the heart and character of many a man who is hardly conscious that such influence has reached him. And so it was with Brenton himself, if the capacity for genuine love is only co-existent with the reception of this divine influence, for we shall find him by and by confessing that down to some considerable time after his marriage the subject of religion had never occupied his mind seriously at all. We think he did himself injustice when he supposed this to have been the case; but certainly down to that time he had not so occupied his thoughts with religion that Mr. Raikes would have pronounced him to be under the influence of the Gospel—far less to have his 'whole mind' under that influence.

Although no one could make out the fact from this book, Captain Brenton remained but a short time in England after his marriage. By April, or at latest by May, 1801, he had been appointed to the Cæsar, of 80 guns, carrying the flag of Saumarez; and in July, as already stated, occurred the double battle of Algesiras.

We need hardly remind any one much interested in the events of the war, how important in its results was the demolition of the brave Linois' squadron, now effected by Saumarez; at any rate, however,

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however, a clear account is at hand in the 33rd chapter of Mr. Alison's History. The first attack (July 5) failed; and the flag-ship had been so grievously shattered, that Saumarez, when after three days he resolved on renewing the attempt, had no hope of her being able to bear the brunt again, and announced his intention of shifting his flag to a smaller vessel. Brenton begged a reprieve—called his company together—and explained the case. The men answered with an universal shout of 'All day and all night!'—and though that was impossible, for three days and three nights the captain himself never lay down to sleep. The Cæsar was ready by the 12th, and as she stood out, Brenton says:—

'A small boat was seen, with two men in white dresses, pulling off to the ship; and on coming alongside they proved to be two of the crew, who had been wounded on the 13th, and sent to the hospital. Having applied to the surgeon for permission to return on board, and being refused on account of their wounds, they ran away in their hospital garb, and finding a boat on the beach, took possession, and pulled off to join their Commander.'—p. 120.

In announcing his victory to the Admiralty, Saumarez says: 'I feel it incumbent on me to state to their Lordships the great merits of Captain Brenton of the Cæsar, whose cool judgment and intrepid conduct, I will venture to pronounce, were never surpassed.' (p. 109.) For full details of the action itself, we may refer to his brother's *Naval History* (vol. iii. chap. ii.); but we must transcribe another sentence from his own diary: 'On visiting the hospital on my tour of duty a few days after the battle, I observed a poor fellow who had lost both his arms above the elbow. I asked what were his wishes for the future; whether to be sent to Greenwich, or to have a pension for life in the place of his nativity. He replied, "I hope, your honour, it is not so bad with me yet; I know the cook of the ——: he has lost both his arms—but there is not a handier fellow in the fleet."' (p. 120.)

Brenton continued in the Cæsar for nearly two years; and never was a happier ship's company—for the admiral and his captain were united in cordial friendship, and sympathized fervently in the endeavour to promote the comfort and the improvement of all under them—being rewarded, as we have seen, by the most affectionate and devoted attachment.

Our readers will thank us for resting a moment on the assistance which both received from the chaplain of the Cæsar—Mr. Evan Holiday. Sir Jahleel writes thus in his Memoranda:—

'In the first place his conduct was so correct, and so accordant with his sacred functions, in his intercourse with his messmates, that the same guarded and decorous manners were preserved by them whilst he was present in the ward-room, as though a lady had been present; and that

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that alone was a great point where so many young and high-spirited men were collected together, in all the thoughtlessness and buoyancy of early life; whilst at the same time he never assumed authority or discouraged innocent mirth; and on the contrary, was upon the kindest and most intimate terms with all. His public duties were most carefully and religiously performed. It was thought, and perhaps correctly, that his preaching was too exclusively moral; but it was according to the light he had acquired; and was most conscientiously given, as the best instruction he had to impart. His sermons were generally, it might almost be said always, applicable to existing circumstances, and had reference to some event, or some person, which it seemed expedient to advert to. He was most successful also in preventing the infliction of punishment, as well as in preventing the crimes which called for it. No sooner was a man put into the master-at-arms' list as a culprit, than Mr. H. was in communication with him; got at his character, his motives, and the circumstances which had led him to commit the fault. It thus often happened that he found out such favourable points as enabled him to recommend the culprit to mercy, and to induce the captain to pardon him, on such recommendation coming from such a quarter; when otherwise he could not have done it without wounding the feelings of the officer who had made the complaint, and doing injury to the discipline of the ship. One remarkable instance may be named as an exhibition of his general practice. One of the seamen of the Cæsar, who had been on shore on liberty at Gibraltar, was brought off under a military guard, charged with robbing his messmate in the guard-house, whilst lying asleep there in the preceding night. Captain Brenton, knowing the man accused to be one of the most correct characters in the ship, as well as one of the best seamen, was greatly surprised at the charge; and expressed his astonishment to the man himself, that he, of all others, should be so inculpated. The man strenuously denied being guilty, but the evidence against him was so clear and so consistent that it was not possible to disregard it. Addressing the prisoner therefore, he said, "Lewis, I cannot think you guilty, nor will I take it upon my own responsibility to act upon so awful an occasion: think well upon what has passed, for if you adhere to the protestation of your innocence, I must write for a court martial to be held upon you." The accused replied, in the most respectful manner, "Sir, I never can acknowledge being guilty of a crime of which you may well suppose me incapable; but as I have no witness to bring forward in my own behalf, I fear I must be condemned; and therefore I request you will cause me to be punished on board my own ship, as I feel convinced my punishment will then be less severe than what would be awarded by a court martial." The captain replied, that he would never take upon himself the risk of punishing an innocent man, and again urged his confession of guilt; and then consigning him to an arrest wrote the letter; and before presenting it to the Admiral, showed it to the accused, who however persisted in maintaining the charge to be false. The chaplain, who had attended this examination, requested to speak to the captain in private; when he said, "Sir, there is something so very extraordinary

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extraordinary in this affair, particularly as it involves such a man as Lewis, that I take the liberty of requesting that you will withhold the letter for the court martial until I can investigate the affair; and if you will allow me I will immediately go on shore for the purpose." He accordingly went, and came off the following day in triumph, having detected a most abominable combination amongst some of the soldiers of the guard, by whom the charge had been fabricated, and who had themselves robbed the sleeping sailor. This was clearly proved to the entire satisfaction of the officers of the regiment. The real culprits were punished, and poor Lewis resumed the high character he had formerly borne, to the great joy of every one in the ship, and none more than Mr. Holiday.'—p. 125.

'He was succeeded,' adds the Editor, 'by a man of a different character. Hints were given, advice was tendered, but nothing produced any effect; the chaplain, contented with the formal discharge of his Sunday's duties, took no interest in the moral condition of the men, and as he knew nothing about their state, was never able to advocate their cause effectually or to befriend them. On his leaving the ship Captain Brenton entered into a long and faithful exposition of the deficiencies in his conduct; and stated his conviction that three-fourths of the punishments inflicted during the term of his chaplainship might have been avoided, had Mr. Holiday's paternal practice been maintained.'

During the Peace of Amiens Captain Brenton spent his time happily with his wife at Alverstoke, and the moment that hostilities seemed again inevitable he applied for service. In March, 1803, accordingly, we find him at Spithead in command of the Minerve—a fine frigate, originally French; but in fitting her for sea her new captain sustained a most severe injury by the fall of a block, which produced inflammation of the brain, and wholly disabled him for a couple of months, during which another officer was substituted for him. He was, however, most impatient to resume his position, and he did so long before his doctors thought him able for it. In May, the war just opening, he reached Thornborough's squadron off the Texel, but was immediately detached in quest of some cruisers, and having gallantly captured several, joined the fleet blockading Cherbourg—in the highest spirits though still feeble in health. Within a few days more a very grievous misfortune befel him. He pursued and took a French vessel of strength superior to his own, and having sustained considerable damage, put in under a thick fog—close, as both he and his pilot supposed, to the Isle Pélée, but in reality under the very guns of the Fort de la Liberté, on the other side of Cherbourg Bay, and in the midst of a shoal, from which, when the fog cleared, he found it impossible to extricate the ship. Two armed sloops and a swarm of gun-boats soon neared him, and placed between their fire and that

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that of a powerful fort, he continued for several hours to make most heroic resistance and every possible effort to haul clear of the sand—but all in vain. His brother gives an anecdote of this day, which Mr. Raikes could not be expected to copy:—

'A British sailor who had both his legs shot off while the Minerve lay under the fire of the batteries was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts, "Then, d—n the legs!" exclaimed the poor fellow, and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slacked his tourniquets, and bled to death.'—*Naval History*, vol. iii. p. 213.

The Minerve yielded on July 3, 1803. Buonaparte, having received the dispatch announcing the capture whilst in the theatre at Brussels, immediately rose and said, 'Messieurs et Dames, la guerre navale a commencée sous les plus heureuses auspices.* Une superbe frégate de l'ennemi vient de se rendre à deux de nos bâtimens canonniers'—not a word of the batteries or the shoal. Captain Brenton's captivity continued till the end of 1806; but it is needless to say that he was, when the time for trial came, not only honourably acquitted, but most warmly thanked for his conduct on the day of his calamity; and there is much reason to think that the calamity itself saved his life to the service, for if he had remained at sea his exertions must have exposed him to the utmost danger in the then shattered condition of his frame. His misfortune, moreover, was in not a few of its immediate effects a signal blessing to others. The period of his detention in France forms, in fact, the most interesting feature in the life of Brenton: and fortunately, we have it pretty fully recorded by himself.

The crew of the Minerve were ordered to proceed in the first instance to Epinal—the men one day's march a-head of the officers, and each party guarded by gendarmes. Though the officers were put on their parole, the orders of Buonaparte enjoined that they should be watched and restricted exactly as if that were not the case. The men had a ration of bread, a truss of straw, and three-halfpence each allowed them per day—the officers no more, unless they could find funds for themselves. Before starting, therefore, they converted what little trinkets they had about them into cash; but the Cherbourgers took advantage of their strait, and the captain himself, for example, was offered only five guineas on a gold

* Mr. Raikes quotes this, and yet places the date in 1801!

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watch recently purchased in London for thirty. He turned from the circle of shopkeepers, and was accosted by a fellow-traveller at the door of the inn:—

'Captain Brenton, expecting a similar offer, answered, "Yes, but you will not buy it." The stranger replied, "That is more than you know; let me see it." Upon examining the watch, he asked the original price of it, and being told thirty-one guineas, he said, "Were I to buy your watch, I would only give fifteen; but as I only mean to take it in pledge, I will let you have twenty-five." Captain Brenton, surprised at so novel a mode of making a bargain, said, laughing, "You are an honester fellow than I took you for; give me the money, and take the watch." The stranger's name was M. Dubois, a merchant of L'Orient. He came back in a few minutes, saying, "Sir, I shall never forgive myself for having accepted a pledge from an officer suffering from the fortune of war. Take back the watch and give me your note of hand." This being done with due acknowledgments, M. Dubois again left him, and in a short time again returned with twenty-five louis more, saying that he had been examining his purse, and found that he had that sum more than was necessary to carry him to L'Orient, and begging that he would accept of that also. Captain Brenton says each time that the kind merchant returned, he exclaimed, "Monsieur, ma conscience me pique," striking his breast; and the last time, "Ma conscience me pique encore!" The captain observed that it must be a most unreasonable conscience not to be satisfied with what he had done; but he rejoined, "No, Sir, I ought not to have taken any security from you."'—p. 153.

This was by no means a solitary example of French kindness and liberality. With few exceptions, the commanders of the detachments on the road and the governors of towns were disposed to relax the barbarous system of their despot; and the inhabitants on whom the officers were billeted in almost every case received them with humanity—in many, treated them as friends, and would accept no compensation for good suppers, beds, and breakfasts. The little midshipmen were at first surprised—'See the French general kissing our skipper!' Now and then a commandant of the real Buonaparte breeding occurred. One said to Brenton, 'Je me moque de votre parole d'honneur—what is that?' 'Sir,' said the captain, 'it is with English officers a thing stronger than any prison you have in France.' The ruffian scowled, but did not execute his threat of making the gentlemen pass the night in the jail. At Caen Brenton wrote to the great Parisian banker M. Perregaux to ask him to discount his and his officers' bills on our Admiralty, and he had a most handsome answer—500 louis instantly in gold, and permission to draw for 2000 more if needed before the arrival of credits from England. Still the journey was long,

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fatiguing, and, for the poor improvident men at least, full of severe hardship and suffering. During the intermediate part Brenton obtained from a succession of gentlemanlike commandants the indulgence of moving with his officers in advance of the men instead of in their rear, and then he got the money into his own hands and made such arrangements that on reaching their *gîte* the poor fellows found decent quarters and fare awaiting them; but in the early stages and again towards the close the Consular regulation was enforced. The sailors, before the day's march closed, had spent their *sous* on brandy—often had sold even their bread, and had nothing for it at night but to starve in a jail or a deserted house or shed. Once and again Brenton found numbers of them in nakedness—all the clothes sold for drams;—he clothed them anew, but if a week passed before there was another general halt, they were as forlorn as ever—the dismal *souterrain*—the wet straw—even the nakedness just as before—and when they reached the appointed depôt it was near the close of a most inclement December. Captain Brenton extols their orderly and decent behaviour whenever he could be near them, and speaks with great tenderness of their gratitude for his paternal care of them on all occasions; but, as he truly says, 'Seamen even of experience, and of sterling abilities in the exercise of their profession, are but children of a larger growth when on shore.'

On approaching the Meuse the officers were finally separated from the men, the former being allowed to reside on parole at Verdun, while the others were distributed among different fortresses, chiefly in the same valley. Once at Verdun, Brenton made it his immediate business to take every step for rendering the detention as innocuous as might be—if possible to render it profitable—for the young officers, of whom he considered himself as, under such circumstances, the natural guardian. Holding himself aloof from all the social temptations that necessarily surrounded a gentleman of his rank and character, where so many of his equals were assembled in enforced seclusion from the active duties of life, he found a new line of usefulness opened for him, and to that he devoted himself with all the ardour and perseverance of his conduct at sea. He assembled the young gentlemen—offered to act as the *locum tenens* of their parents—and they thankfully pledged themselves to follow his directions with a filial submission. He found out respectable French houses into which one or two might be admitted, to mix in the domestic circle, provided that its rules and hours especially were observed: thus offering every facility for the acquisition of the language, of which these young men had already witnessed the value to him and, through him, to themselves; for when they landed at Cherbourg the skipper

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skipper alone of all the company could speak French, and how helpless must they all have been in their journey had he also wanted the accomplishment! He then got the lieutenants to undertake each some department of instruction —arithmetic, mathematics, English and French history, and so on—while he himself instituted a dinner mess, at which he collected them all about him every day, conversing with them freely on the subjects of their studies, walking with them in the evenings, superintending them at their sports and exercises, and, in short, doing everything that he could have done for sons and nephews of his own. He watched their manners and their morals — read the service of the church to them on Sundays—until a clergyman came to the place who was willing to organise and conduct an Anglican congregation—and acquired such a gentle but efficient influence as could not but make itself recognised by all about him. It was admired even by the most reckless of the *détenus:* — of whom so many had their habits permanently deteriorated, not a few their whole careers utterly blasted, in consequence of that unrighteous detention, the meanest of all the many mean crimes of Napoleon — according to M. Thiers's own magnanimous admission, 'a rigour liable to ruffle public opinion.'*

'At Verdun,' says Mr. Raikes (and the passage is a very favourable specimen of his part), 'all the English *détenus* were assembled, forming perhaps one of the most extraordinary groups of character that had ever been collected in the same spot. There were many highly respectable and exemplary persons, some of whom had been travelling in France for their pleasure, some for the purpose of educating their children, and some for economy. There were others whose sole object was curiosity or dissipation. There were many skilful artificers who had brought their talent to a French market, and were engaged in setting up manufactures that might rival or surpass their own country. There were many who, from seditious conduct, had found it necessary to take shelter in France. There were fraudulent bankrupts and broken tradesmen. There were many who had fled from their creditors, and even some who had fled from the gallows. With this motley assemblage the prisoners of war were involved, enveloped in one measure, subject to the same proscription and the same parole. The amalgamation was not very favourable to the latter, particularly to the younger branches of the service.'—p. 179.

It was extremely fortunate that Brenton was among the first of the superior officers of either service that reached Verdun; for some others, when they arrived and saw what he had been doing, were led to imitate his example. But the earliness of his efforts, and the extent to which they stimulated

* Consul. and Emp., iv. p. 83 (English trans.).

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those of other gentlemen of like standing, had due weight with the English Admiralty. Such was the impression made there, that Brenton was requested to receive and distribute all the money allowed by our Treasury for naval prisoners in France, or collected by private subscription for their behoof—and, in fact, to consider himself as invested with a general supervision, as far as it might be found possible to exercise it, over them all; and by degrees he was able to carry out the intentions of the Government to a very great extent. The effects of his influence, as respected discipline and general tranquillity at Verdun, commanded the warm acknowledgments of the civil as well as military authorities of the town and its neighbourhood, and they stretched accordingly to the utmost every indulgence that might be likely to facilitate his operations. Presently more than one of Buonaparte's ministers at Paris showed a sense of their value; Mr. Raikes specifies M. Decrès, Minister of Marine, and we must add the name of M. Cambacérès.* Captain Brenton was allowed accordingly, while the tyrant was busied with the 'Armée d'Angleterre' at Boulogne, to make journeys, with the attendance for form's sake of a single gendarme, to the poor sailors of his own crew, and then, with courtesies increased upon every successive experiment, to the various stations where other prisoners of the same class had been collected. Without the salary or even the name of an office, he was one of the most useful functionaries in the service of his country.

Upon his return from one of these expeditions, which had occupied more time than usual, he found that some of his midshipmen had been inveigled to the gaming-houses which the French Government had licensed 'exclusively for the English,' that studies had been grievously interrupted, and moral habits disturbed and damaged. He applied, therefore, to Admiral Decrès for permission to remove with his immediate charges to the pleasant village of Clermont, some twelve miles off, and Decrès granted his request. The change answered all his expectations. It is most melancholy to add that the boon was ere long withdrawn, in consequence of the evasion from Verdun of a 'British détenu of rank.'† This personage contrived to accom-

* M. Thiers admits (*ubi supra*) that Buonaparte's original command was, that no *détenu*, unless holding a military or naval commission, should be allowed to be on his parole at Verdun: all the private travellers were to be kept in strict imprisonment, like the poor common sailors! Cambacérès, as Thiers says, 'with difficulty obtained the relaxation' of this atrocious order; and he is known to have on many subsequent occasions united his influence with that of Decrès towards the benefit of the unfortunate *détenus* of every class.

† Many of our elder readers will be able to fill in the branded name, and the subsequent history attached to it.

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plish his escape, and wrote from England in terms of triumph. Meantime, Brenton and his party, and all others who had obtained any similar indulgence, had been recalled to the main depôt:—and although—the shameful example not being followed—a renewal of the relaxation was by-and-bye conceded, the magic of the *rouge et noir* had by that time rendered several of the young men impervious to his appeals. His journal dates from that day 'a permanent falling off.'

But he turned the leisure that hence accrued to good account.

'I had indeed (he says) long been in the habit of attending to the form of religion, particularly from the period of my having served under that exemplary character, Sir James Saumarez. It had been habitual to me, on the approach of danger or battle, to offer up a mental prayer for support; but upon a more deliberate examination I came to the conclusion that *Christianity made no part of my religion;* that it was almost entirely confined to the first sentence in the Prayer-book, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," &c. I had always felt some indefinite purpose of doing this, and of amending my life; but then it was only done in trying myself by the letter of the commandment; and when there was not a decided breach of duty, I felt perfectly satisfied. With regard to the New Testament, it hardly appeared to me as of any importance; it was seldom read, and less meditated upon. I was scrupulous in performing a certain round of duties, in the cold and heartless manner which may be supposed; but they were all tasks performed in fear, and none in love. The only light which seemed to break through the thick mist of utter darkness arose from occasional glimpses of the working of Divine Providence. I had very long been in the habit of attributing my successes, and my preservation from danger, to Omnipotence, and not to second causes; but this is the utmost amount of religious feeling to which I could lay any claim.'—pp. 194, 195.

We have already hinted our suspicion that in these confessions the good man did some injustice to himself. But, however that may be, Captain Brenton adopted at this time the more serious views of religion which he ever after adhered to. A life hitherto at least amiable, upright, and benevolent, continued thenceforth to be also one of devout and fervent piety.

When allowed to resume his tours of inspection, the alteration which his views had undergone was manifested in many things. Especially he now asked leave to carry with him on such occasions some one of the clergymen of our church who were numbered among the motley groupe at Verdun; and joyfully were his proposals seconded by those gentlemen, in particular by a Rev. W. Gordon, of whose subsequent history we are uninformed, the Rev. Launcelot Charles Lee, who died a year or two since 'at his rectory in the vicinity of Oxford,'

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Oxford,' but above all, by the Rev. James Wolfe (now also no more in this world), who, after many visitations in company with Brenton, ultimately made up his mind to devote himself entirely, if his friend could procure leave for him so to do, to the pastoral care of the prisoners in the great and hitherto most unhappy fortress of Givet. Brenton's influence with Decrès proved sufficient;—and Mr. Wolfe, apparently a young man of some fortune, who had been arrested at Fontainebleau while on a trip with his bride, and who might have enjoyed a comparatively cheerful existence at Verdun (where the principal thoroughfare was already dubbed *Bond Street*), was graciously permitted to make this most generous sacrifice of himself and (a very serious addition) of his young wife's comfort. Mr. Raikes copies many pages from a little pamphlet, neglected, he says, on its appearance, and long since quite forgotten, in which this worthy clergyman recorded the results of his undertaking. We must content ourselves with a general reference to this chapter (pp. 218—234), and a transcript of some few of Mr. Wolfe's paragraphs. He thus describes Givet when first inspected by him in company with Brenton:—

'I found the depôt in the most deplorable state. In a moral point of view, it would be difficult to conceive anything more degraded and miserable. As regards religion, every appearance of it was confined to some twenty methodists, who were the objects of the most painful persecution, and often the innocent cause of the most dreadful blasphemies. The bodily privations of the prisoners were equally distressing. In the hospital, the sick were mixed with prisoners of other nations, and were in a shocking state of neglect, and covered with vermin. Not a single prisoner was allowed to go out into the town, and even the interpreter was accompanied by a gendarme. It was almost impossible for any of them to get anything from their friends, for there was no one to receive it for them; and the little that did come was subjected to a deduction of five per cent. by the maréchal des logis. And so great was their distress at that moment, that unable to satisfy the cravings of hunger, they were seen to pick up the potato-peelings that were thrown out into the court, and devour them.

'It appears to be the natural tendency of misery and want to foster vice, and encourage the worst feelings of the human heart; and that effect, in its fullest sense, was produced on this occasion. The little money that was received by the prisoners, instead of being applied to the relief of their wants, and to make them more comfortable in food and clothing, was spent in riot and excess. On these occasions sailors are, of all other men, most ready to communicate, and never think of to-morrow; and, left as they were entirely to themselves—no one caring for their souls, no one having the desire or the power to restrain them, either by force or by persuasion—in the midst of the real distress which they experienced, the depôt of Givet was, perhaps, at that moment the most reprobate spot that can be imagined.'

Captain

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Captain Brenton's *quasi-official* superintendence had produced a considerable amelioration as to the physical mischiefs, before Wolfe went to reside there; but any interference for the better regulation as to money was by no means palatable to the lower functionaries about the depôt—nor, it is miserable to add, even to the commandant himself—an officer of high military rank:—

'The Commandant, and those that were under his orders, from the time I arrived at the depôt, viewed me with a very evil eye. They had all a share in the spoil of the poor prisoners: and my interference on their behalf, and the opportunities which I had of detecting their extortions, enraged them exceedingly against me. Whenever I made an attempt, as I frequently did, to put a stop to the exactions upon the money which was sent in to the men, or when any complaint was made of the meat or the bread, these officers were loud in their threats of denunciation; and for the first two years of my stay in that place, I never went to bed without the impression upon my mind that, ere the morning, I might be suddenly marched off.'

But see the gradual effect of Mr. Wolfe's devotion:—

'In the end, what was done spoke for itself. The men saw that every means in the power of prisoners, like themselves, were used to prevent them from being oppressed. The Commandant felt that my being there was a great check upon the rapacity and avarice of his people, and they, and often he himself, were excessively enraged. But the moral and religious feeling which was manifested among the men rendered them so much more peaceful and sober, more satisfied, and even cheerful in their conduct, and so much more faithful to their word and engagements, that I really think he felt it a sort of personal security to himself, and upon the whole, an advantage.

'A room perhaps a little larger than the others, where was an oven for the purpose of baking bread for the barracks, was converted into a chapel. A small plain desk was made by one of the men, which served also for a pulpit; and the clerk made use of a common table and stool. What was wanting, however, in accommodation, was made abundantly up by the spirit which soon was manifested among the prisoners; and the Lord wrought powerfully among them. The place was crowded to excess, and the oven, which reached so near the top of the room that the men could not sit upright upon it, was always covered with them, lying in a most painful position from want of room.—Schools also were immediately established; and though the funds for all these objects were, at that early period of our captivity, but scantily, and with great difficulty, obtained, we were yet able to carry on a system of education, which, for extent, usefulness, and the rapid progress made by those that were instructed, has perhaps seldom been equalled. It is indeed wonderful at how small an expense a number of persons, generally amounting to between four and five hundred, were taught to read, write, go through the highest rules in arithmetic, navigation in all its most difficult branches, construct charts and maps, and work at the practical part of their profession, as far as it can be learned from the form

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form of a vessel, which had been admirably rigged for that purpose. Yet the small sums given to those among them who were capable of instructing their fellow prisoners, as masters or assistants, were very useful. The immediate results arising from this employment of their time were beneficial in a degree, at least equal to the professional advantages which they might hope to experience in their future prospects. While they were thus receiving instruction and edification, their thoughts were diverted from dwelling upon their misfortunes, which had the most pernicious effect, not only in a moral and religious point of view, but often as it regarded their health and spirits. And thus the fear of God, and the influence of moral duty and instruction, even in those who were not decidedly religious, reciprocally acting upon their minds, preserved them from that mental debasement, and those habits of depravity and vice, which are ever contracted and induced by ignorance and want of employment.

'The number of boys was comparatively small; the greater number were men grown; and some of those even that were advanced in years were anxious not to lose this opportunity of learning to read, at least, their Bibles. In the mean time, a great sensation was created in the prison; and, as in old time, some mocked, while others for the first time saw before them an invisible and eternal world, compared with which all the things they could desire were less than nothing and vanity. Many were enquiring into the things which accompany salvation; and in many the word of truth took deep root, and they continued seeking the grace of Christ. Nor have I the least reason to doubt that the Lord fulfilled to many his gracious promise, "Seek and ye shall find," and that even now, some have entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and others are still so running that they may obtain.'

All this good work at Givet, and whatever of the like kind Brenton was labouring to promote at the other depôts, was thwarted continually in consequence of Buonaparte's determined efforts to seduce the prisoners from their duty to their country. Sometimes the plan was to drive the poor men to desperation by new rigours of confinement, abridgment of allowances, interruption of the charitable supplies whether of our Government or from private subscriptions in England; at other times, every artifice of seduction was employed, and in this latter department the tyrant found ready instruments among certain renegades of the Wolfe Tone persuasion. Adroit, plausible Irishmen in gaudy uniforms, and with the decoration of the *Legion of Honour*, beset the prisoners with every flattery, scattered money freely among them, and invited them to follow their example, and hope for promotion and rewards like their own. They had considerable success among the Irish sailors, not a few of whom enlisted for the flotillas at Boulogne and elsewhere; but more, it seems, became substitutes for army conscripts of the easier classes of society, and were soon drilled and equipped to participate

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ticipate in the forced marches and bloody battles of 1805. It is a striking circumstance, that only one of the sailors of the Minerve yielded to these artful crimps, and that he, happening to be recognized by Brenton, when on the march with a detachment of troops for the Rhine, entreated to be allowed to converse for a moment with him, and, with many signs of agitation, said he hoped to be excused, for that, in truth, he was by birth an American.

This system, which Mr. Wolfe durst hardly oppose at all except by the general inculcation of truth and honesty in his sermons—for on pretext of being Protestants themselves some of the crimps took care to attend in the prison chapel—and the chaplain had no doubt that the least indiscretion on his part would be followed by his own immediate transference to the dungeons of Biche — this system was persisted in until after Napoleon received the tidings of Trafalgar. From that date there was a great alteration in his views and proceedings. Thenceforth, as M. Thiers is forced to confess, he regarded the French Marine with angry contempt—and the English with a bitterness of hatred which he manifested in a style worthy of his nature. Utterly careless thenceforth as to the multitudes of French sailors of all ranks who were in England, he refused to exchange officers—relaxing only on rare occasions, when he fancied he had it in his power to gratify an English family whose influence in parliament was used in opposition to the war—or when the fate of some Frenchman in our hands was of immediate concern to a favourite of his own camp or court. Buonaparte added the almost inconceivable meanness of an express prohibition to French bankers to discount any more bills for English officers. With regard to Brenton himself, however, this last malice was innocuous; for MM. Perregaux instantly wrote to him that their house would still be happy to advance whatever he needed for his personal purposes, and wait for payment until he was at liberty, or the war had closed. So much for officers. As respected the common men, Napoleon interdicted all supplies of money whatever from home—sternly confining them to *his* allowance of the bit of bread, the truss of straw, and the three sols per day—and abandoning, of course, his own people of the same class here to whatever regulations the English Government might think fit.

It was the rule of our Government throughout the war to send home at once all prisoners who had received such injuries that they evidently could never serve again. In this way, as M. Dupin admits (vol. i. p. 177), we restored to the *France of Napoleon* more than 12,700 mutilated seamen. Brenton could not believe but

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but that in the very plainest cases at least the French would follow the same principle. He found, one day at Verdun, an English sailor *en route* for Givet—an old coxswain of Collingwood's, whose eyes had been scorched in battle, and had since dropped out of his head. Captain Brenton forwarded to Paris a petition for his release. The answer—we may be sure not from Decrès—was in these words:—'On n'accorde pas la pétition de Monsieur Brenton. Que son aveugle file avec les autres.' (*Naval History*, iii. p. 228.) But to return to the sweeping edicts of 1805:—

'No sooner,' says Sir Jahleel, 'had the prisoners in general been deprived of the assistance and countenance of their officers, than the old system of suttlers and wretchedness was renewed; and this state of things, aggravated by hopelessness, was the lot of the increasing numbers added to the depôts by successive captures from 1805 to the end of the war in 1814.'—p. 282.

Such were some of the German rescripts of that great conqueror and great sovereign, that gigantic genius with the heart of a Corsican hangman—of whom his panegyrists so often boast that in the midst of his camp he could find time to direct personally the smallest details of administration in the interior of France. One immediate consequence was the total cessation of Captain Brenton's functions as the visitor of depôts and distributor of allowances, with which he had combined that of a moral guardianship of the unfortunate captives of his own profession. The English Admiralty showed a great anxiety for him on this occasion. They paid him the compliment of offering in exchange for him the celebrated Captain Jurieu, one of the very foremost names in the French Navy—and paid Jurieu the compliment of making himself the bearer of the offer to Paris—he of course pledging himself to return in case of failure. M. Decrès warmly seconded the proposition. It was referred to Napoleon himself, and he rejected it. Jurieu submitted, and prepared to return to his captivity; but on asking for a passport, he was informed that he must without delay proceed to Brest, and that if he attempted to redeem his parole by repassing the Channel he should be instantly shot! The high-spirited Jurieu remained in France, but nothing could induce him to serve again under the flag of Buonaparte.* And there have been English poets to hymn the *chivalry* of Napoleon! 'It was said,' says Brenton, 'and it is probably true, that he declared he never would consent to my exchange,'—the special motive, no doubt, being his belief that Brenton's influence had been the main obstacle to the seduction of the English sailors. Baffled on this point, Admiral Decrès very kindly offered to do whatever mere ministerial power

* Naval History, vol. iii. p. 277.

could

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could do towards the alleviation of a captivity which was now, it seemed, to last as long as the war. Brenton made known his domestic circumstances, and Decrès had influence enough to obtain passports for Mrs. Brenton and her child. On landing at Rotterdam, she found that M. Decrès had taken means to provide everything for her accommodation; a well-bred naval officer received her into his own family, and Brenton himself was allowed to meet her on the road and conduct her to Clermont.

A fond wife of thirty-four, to rejoin her husband after two years' separation, undertook on this occasion a voyage of fifty hours and an easy post-chaise journey of a week. Hear the voice from Chester!—

'If it be true—*as no member of the* CHURCH OF ENGLAND *will deny* —that matrimony was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity, we cannot but feel that the purposes of this merciful ordinance were *singularly realised* in the case before us.'—p. 210.

It was a happy meeting, and captivity would have ceased to be any grievance to one so blessed in his domestic relations, and with so many mental resources, but for the ardour of his professional spirit—his unsubduable repugnance to see month after month pass away, others earning honour in the active service of their country, he wearing out the prime of his life in a French hamlet. His health, never robust, had been damaged by toilsome travelling and exposure during his late superintendency of the depôts—and now, after a little space, the brooding over Buonaparte's cruel treatment, and the hopelessness of his prospects, told severely upon him. He fell into a feeble condition, and his wife apprehended a total decline of his physical stamina. His boy, too, was delicate. Physicians urged an application for leave to spend the winter in a milder climate, and M. Decrès' unwearied kindness again interfering, Captain Brenton was allowed to remove to Tours. Here he took a small villa close to the city; his health and his child's also began to mend; and in the society of his amiable partner, who soon participated in his more serious views of religion, his time glided away more equably.

After the lapse of another year, a certain Captain L'Infernet fell into our hands, who being nephew to Massena, a special application was made on his behalf to the English government; and the answer was that he might be exchanged—but only for Brenton. Brenton was released accordingly in December, 1806, after three years and a half of exile. Admiral Decrès had the thoughtfulness to communicate the official order to M. Perregaux, and the liberal banker took care that the captain should receive along with

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with it a final advance of 100 louis, in case of any delay to the journey home. It is delightful to contrast such generous traits, so worthy of the old character of the French gentleman, with the impish malignities of their imperial *sbirro*. But all this part of the narrative abounds with proof how deep was at that time the secret abhorrence of the tyrant—how general the anxiety of the respectable people of all classes to show that they recognized in the maltreated English prisoners, a body of fellow-sufferers oppressed by the same iron hand against which they themselves durst not rebel. On one occasion Brenton witnessed a striking display of the popular feeling. He was in the theatre at Tours, when the bulletin of Jena arrived and was read from the front of the stage. A loud voice responded, 'Encore une victoire pour lui—encore une conscription pour nous!'—the audience rose and broke up in silence. In the view of almost all but his minions and accomplices, he was still the apostate of Egypt, the poisoner of Jaffa, the assassin of Toussaint, he whom Louis-Philippe openly denounced as 'the murderer of his kinsman.' He is now the demigod of the nation; and the domains of Condé, as well as the sceptre of Henry IV., are in the hands of Bourbons who crown his statues and canonize his bones.*

Brenton reached London early in January, 1807. The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (but yesterday severed from the society he had very long enjoyed and adorned) was at this time First Lord of the Admiralty, and from him the Captain had the reception he deserved. The formality of a trial for the loss of the Minerve being gone through with all dispatch, Mr. Grenville offered him the Spartan—a splendid new frigate—which he joyfully accepted. He was at the same time presented with some remuneration for his extraordinary services in France: the sum is not stated, but Mr. Grenville signified that he felt it to be an inadequate one, and hastened to make amends. Although the custom of allowing to captains a commission of ½ per cent. on cash conveyed in ships of war had been for some years laid aside, it was at this moment revived, on Mr. Grenville's request, by the Treasury; and the Spartan was instantly ordered to Malta with 700,000*l.*—the per centage on which would be 1100*l.*

Having deposited the money at Malta, the Spartan steered for the squadron off Toulon, but on her way she had an adventure which seems worthy of extract:—

* They are even capable of having their vanity gratified by a smuggled participation in his monuments. The decorations of the great Arch of Victory at the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, begun forty years ago, have but recently been opened to the public inspection. Of the two principal sculptures, one represents Napoleon at Austerlitz—the other Louis-Philippe at Jemappe.

'When

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'When between Corsica and the Italian shore, he fell in with an American ship, the Urania, Hector Coffin master, and Greene of Rhode Island supercargo. Captain Brenton, on sending a boat to examine this neutral ship, gave particular directions to his lieutenant to pay every possible attention to the feelings of the people, and to avoid giving offence to the master or crew. The search took place, and as there was some deviation from the regulations laid down for the conduct of neutrals by his Majesty's orders in council, Captain Brenton sent for the master on board the Spartan, requesting he would bring his log-book with him. On his coming on board Captain Brenton explained to him the necessity of this measure; with which the master and supercargo expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, as well as with the kindness and delicacy with which they had been treated by the visiting officer. It was at this time nearly calm, so that no detention took place; and when the breeze sprang up, the American voluntarily steered for some time the same course with the Spartan. This was on the 27th of April.

'On the 8th of May the Spartan again fell in with the same ship between Sardinia and the Island of Ponza; her being so near the spot where she had been eleven days before having excited surprise, she was again examined; and on looking over her log-book, Brenton was surprised to find a detail of the 27th of April,—stating that on that day they were boarded by the Spartan, had been forced out of their course, that the master was dragged on board with his papers, and that the hatches were broken open, &c. On remonstrating with the master and supercargo upon the unmanliness of inserting such falsehoods in the ship's book, for no other purpose than that of exciting enmity between the two countries, and reminding them of the declaration they had both made on the day alluded to, they both appeared overwhelmed with confusion, acknowledged the justice of Captain Brenton's observations, laid the blame upon the mate, whom they charged with having inserted the offensive passage without their knowledge, and promised that it should not be made public in America. It is not likely that a neutral trading among belligerents should pay so little attention to a document of such vital importance as the log; and that neither the master nor supercargo should suspect it.'—p. 296.

The following passage from his correspondence while off Toulon will please the reader of his French story:—

'You may remember how determined I was to wreak my vengeance upon the whole nation. At Malta I was senior officer, and I found a number of French prisoners. I did not exactly order them to the Appel twice a day, as used to be the case with us at Verdun. A colonel had been taken with all his family a few days before, and had lost his wife at sea, leaving him with three dear little infants. You may stare, but I gave him leave to return to France with his family and physician. This I meant as a small token of remembrance to M. Decrès, but firmly resolved that the others should remain until all our friends at Verdun were liberated; but like other good resolutions this was not a lasting one. A deputation of captive ladies waited upon me. "Messieurs

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"Messieurs les Anglais sont des gens pleins d'honneur, qui ne font jamais la guerre aux femmes ni aux enfans." "Eh de grace, Mesdames, retournez dans votre patrie, je ne vous empêche pas." "Hélas, mon Commandant, sans mon mari? Le déserterai-je dans le malheur? Que deviendrai-je, s'il succombe sous le poids de l'adversité? Sa santé est chancellante, et Monsieur n'ignore pas la douceur d'être dans le sein de sa famille." "Madame, je me rends à vos raisons; partez-vous et votre mari." "Et le mien aussi, Monsieur?" "Vite, vite; allez, allez!" In this manner I was coaxed out of a dozen; they all set out vowing eternal gratitude, &c. I told them they might thank M. Decrès for it, and I hope he will hear of it, as I shall never forget his kindness.'

About the same time he had a most narrow escape from another capture. Chasing some merchant vessels towards Elba, he suddenly, on rounding a promontory, found himself within a short distance of a French squadron—one ship of the line, two frigates, and several corvettes. He sustained their fire with but little damage during more than two hours; and after one broadside he kept the guns of the Spartan silent—for a good and sufficient reason, which his surviving sister explains:—'I have often heard this exciting circumstance mentioned, and the impatience with which the sailors obeyed my brother's orders not to fire in return for the enemy's shot; observing, as he says, that their fire deprived them of the breeze. The sailors were heard to say that they did not so much care for themselves, but it was too hard their poor captain should so soon be shut up in a French prison again.'—p. 300.

In the later part of that year Brenton had several misadventures, and on one of these occasions his Journal acknowledges that he was to blame. In the course of another run to Malta, he rashly sent his boats into a creek to seize what seemed a mere merchantman, but turned out to be a polacre of formidable strength; and in a short time he saw them return with the dead bodies of four and twenty of the finest young men in his crew. His Journal has a pretty story in connection with this sad event:—

'The coxswain of the barge, reported among the killed and wounded, was a very fine, active young man, and had been indulged with the permission to bring his wife on board. She was very young at this period, and the attachment between the couple was remarkable, as well as the respect they obtained from all on board from the correctness of their conduct. On the boats returning, and the report of Bodie's death, his poor little wife was frantic with grief. When the dead were placed on the main deck, she flew to them, uncovering their faces, and calling out for her husband. She then ran up, and took her seat on the coxswain's box, in the barge, which had now been hoisted in, calling for her husband: and from thence to the captain on the quarter-deck, imploring him to let her see the body. Calling for some of the people who were in the

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the barge, upon whom the greatest dependence could be placed, I desired to know how Bodie had been killed; when one of them said, "Sir, we were boarding the vessel together on the starboard side, and were getting into the main chains, when I was wounded and fell into the boat, and Bodie at the same time was killed, and fell between the boat and the ship." The wife was present at this detail, and at length seemed convinced of her dreadful loss. The greatest attention was paid to her by all on board, to alleviate as much as possible her sufferings; on the arrival of the Spartan at Malta a subscription, amounting to 80*l.*, was made for her; and she soon after sailed for England in a transport, with a letter to Mrs. Brenton at Bath, by whom she was received, and remained with her for some time, previous to her departure for Ireland. A month or two afterwards the Spartan boarded a Genoese trader, and her people mentioned that a polacre had arrived there some weeks previous, which had been attacked by the boats of an English frigate, and had succeeded in beating them off. When the firing had ceased, the cries of a man were heard under the stern, and an English sailor was found hanging on by the rudder chains, and wounded. On taking him on board he proved to be the coxswain of the frigate's barge; he stated that he had been severely wounded in endeavouring to board the polacre, and had fallen between the ship and the boat, but as he passed astern he had caught hold of the rudder's chains, and hung on until the action was over. The story added, that on the vessel's arrival at Genoa, the man was sent to the hospital; and on his wound being cured, had been marched into France. No doubt now existed as to the correctness of this statement, and I immediately wrote to Verdun, requesting my friends to make inquiries as to the depôt to which Bodie was sent; and on ascertaining his safety, that information might be immediately sent to Bath. In a few weeks a letter reached Mrs. Brenton from the Rev. L. C. Lee, informing her that Bodie had reached that depôt, and was no sooner known to have been Captain Brenton's coxswain than the greatest interest was manifested in his behalf, and permission was procured for him to remain there, where every care would be taken of him, and that he had quite recovered from his wounds. These joyful tidings were soon in the hands of Mrs. Bodie, at Cork, whose happiness may be easily imagined.'—pp. 307-10.

It was soon after that calamitous attack on the polacre that Brenton first saw Lord Collingwood,—and his admiral received him but coldly. Some other mischances followed, and though as to these there could be no blame, Collingwood, who remembered the Minerve, and was not free from the superstitions of his cloth, used to say, 'Ah! poor Brenton again!—he is the child of misfortune.' In the course of a few months, however, this prejudice, to whatever it had amounted, was entirely got over, and we think it very probable that a discovery of Brenton's deeply religious views may have had its share in the work of conciliation; but certainly the noble Collingwood had neither a braver nor a more useful officer under his flag, and there had ensued a variety of brilliant

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brilliant services which might well suffice. We must not dwell on these affairs, which occurred chiefly off the coast of Italy in company with Lord Cochrane, or when Brenton had the command of a light squadron co-operating with the Austrians on the coasts of Dalmatia, and finally in the reduction of the Ionian Islands. In July, 1809, Collingwood writes to the then head of the Admiralty board, Lord Mulgrave—'I cannot say too much of the zeal and talent of Captain Brenton; of these he gives proof whenever he is employed, and he seems to be everywhere. At Lussin he undertook and accomplished a service which would have established a reputation, had he never had another opportunity; and now at Cerigo his conduct has not been less distinguished.'

His sagacity and prudence and vigilance won the applause of Collingwood—his quickness of eye, decision of purpose, and daring gallantry commanded the ardent admiration of Cochrane. For an officer who never rose to the command of a fleet, what more could be said that would enhance our sense of his merits? But passing over many tempting scenes of enterprise, we must come to May, 1810. At this time we find the Spartan and a smaller frigate entrusted with the watch of the Bay of Naples, where Murat was collecting forces of all sorts for an expedition to Sicily. Brenton, in two most gallant actions, defeated the Neapolitan squadron, in numbers and strength immeasurably surpassing his own, and on one of the occasions supported by the batteries near Terracina. These services were crowned with the complete demolition of Murat's shipping, which influenced very importantly the general course of events in the Mediterranean; but the latter day may be said to have terminated the active career of the victor. In his Journal, meant only for the eyes of his children, he says—'In going down to the enemy I put up a short but fervent prayer to the Almighty that he would receive your beloved mother and yourselves under his holy protection, and bless you, and that he would enable me to do my duty to my country. At no one period of my life do I ever remember to have been more serene and tranquil; and when my excellent friend Williamson, the surgeon, as he left the deck to go to his station, said in a low voice, as I shook him by the hand, "Now, sir, here is victory or Westminster Abbey for you," I experienced a feeling of animation which is not usual with me on common occasions.'* Standing aloft on the capstan, as the only spot from which

* His sister gives here in a note the story of the boyish tremours and the paternal rebuke; and adds—'He has often told me that in going into action, he had always an anxious feeling till the first shot was fired; but from that moment he thought of nothing but the cause in which he was engaged.'—p. 402.

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he could have a full view of all his numerous assailants, he was struck down in the middle of a two hours' hot action by a grape-shot which hit him on the hip joint; and falling utterly helpless, but without momentary pain, he called to mind the death-wound of Nelson, and doubted not that his own was a similar one. His recovery was slow—in fact, it was never completed. The very day after the battle he received his admiral's letter appointing him to the command, as commodore, of the squadron in the Adriatic, which had been for a year past the highest object of his ambition—but too late. The wounded captain proceeded first to Palermo, then to Malta, and at last reached England towards the close of autumn. He tells in his domestic Journal by what accident his wife received a hint that he might be looked for anon —and adds:—

'Your mother with her three darlings flew to Portsmouth, and, extraordinary as it may appear, almost at the same moment that she alighted at the inn I anchored at the Motherbank. It is customary for ships from the Mediterranean to be kept in quarantine till the return of the post; but the Admiralty, in kind consideration of my state, ordered the ship to be released by telegraph, and I landed the following morning, experiencing in the meeting with all I held dearest to me in the world sensations of delight which amply repaid me for all the sufferings and fatigue, both of body and mind, to which I had been exposed since my separation from them. Of pain I was no longer sensible, acute as it had been during the passage. My sufferings had, indeed, been so great that the latter hours of the day were passed in looking at the movements of my watch, impatiently waiting for the appointed hour when I was to receive my accustomed dose of laudanum, from which I could expect a temporary suspension of pain. Now I no longer required laudanum; my spirits were composed and happy, and although incapable of moving I was insensible of confinement. Fearful of agitating me too much in my weak state, your mother had come into my room alone, but she was soon followed by my sweet cherubs, full of health and joy. We had the comfort of procuring the same house at Alverstoke, near Haslar Hospital, where we had formerly lived; and happy as those early days of our marriage had been, they were not so much so as the time which we now passed there; although I was so weak as to be confined to my bed, or my chair, walking a few steps occasionally with my crutches. Whenever I look back upon the past events of my life this period always starts forward as pre-eminent in happiness. My mind was entirely free from care; all was peace and, I hope, gratitude. I had received the most flattering testimonies of the approbation of the Admiralty, particularly in that most delightful instance of it, the appointment of my brother Edward to succeed me in the command of the Spartan. The joy and affection which beamed from the eyes of my beloved Isabella during her unremitting attendance upon me would, in itself, have been a source of the most perfect happiness. She felt, as she has since informed me, the deepest anxiety from my dangerous situation, but she never allowed me to perceive it. To her tenderness and care,

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under the blessing of Providence, I owe my recovery. Her society had before changed captivity into happiness; she now dispelled all the weariness attendant upon languor and confinement.'—p. 405.

Besides the gratification of hearing that his only surviving brother had been appointed to succeed him in the Spartan, he now received a very flattering letter from the King of the Two Sicilies, accompanied with the decoration of St. Ferdinand—a grant of a pension of 300*l.* per annum from his own Government (his wound being considered equivalent to the loss of a limb)—and an assurance that his name would be included in the first creation of baronets—meaning, as soon as the restrictions on the power of the Prince Regent should expire. He had besides laid by some prize-money in the course of his last four years' hard service; so, as soon as his condition allowed of removal, he provided himself with a house at Bath and settled there to abide the completion of his recovery. But he had not been there for many weeks ere he was called on to endure a new and most unlooked-for distress. Among the vessels which he had seized in the Mediterranean were two neutrals (Americans), laden with sulphur, and found under such circumstances that he had no doubt they were conveying munitions of war to the enemy. The Judge at Malta declared them fair prizes; but Captain Brenton had been cautious enough to give strict directions that the proceeds should be transmitted to his agents in London, and by them invested in the funds in a separate account, in case of the Malta decision being appealed from. The appeal had been made—and he now heard to his discomfiture that the Court of Admiralty here had reversed the adjudication, and that he must not only disburse the value of the sulphur, but the costs of the appeal. In his Journal he says —'The Court of Admiralty is a political court:'—and Mr. Raikes adds that he always thought he had been sacrificed to the anxiety of the Government at that moment as to our relations with the United States. We believe nothing of the kind. Even Sir William Scott was not infallible: but he was as incapable as Brenton himself could have been of allowing considerations of the sort here stated to have had the weight of a feather with him in the decision of a legal question. We have little doubt that the Americans were knavish neutrals—but none that Brenton's advocate failed to produce adequate proof of their knavery. Sailors are not very nicely skilled in the law of evidence; and as the Captain probably knew little or nothing of Sir William's character, we can pardon the uncharitableness which he for once betrayed. The reversal was bad news indeed.—But at all events the money for the sulphur was safe in the funds! Not so:

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so: the captain of the Spartan had not read the 'Tales by a Barrister;' he had fallen exactly into the error which makes the subject of one of those stories*—he had given a general instead of a limited power of attorney—his agent had invested the money, not in Brenton's name, but his own—the agent just at this moment declared himself insolvent, and the whole of that 3000*l.* was gone. This loss and the law expenses were more than sufficient to sweep away all his little fortune—but for the assistance of a kind friend, Mr. Henry Abbott, he must have been reduced to the extreme of difficulty. As it was, he had to dispose of his house and furniture at Bath, and retire to a small lodging at Paddington, restricting his expenditure to the narrowest amount, in the hope of being able out of his half-pay and pension to liquidate gradually the debt he had incurred to Mr. Abbott.

To all this he and his wife submitted with admirable resignation. The great surgeon, Cline, took him under his care, and in the course of a year pronounced him so far recovered that, though not fit for sea-service, he might discharge some useful duty on shore. He was offered accordingly a commissionership at Bombay; but, tempting as the offer was, his professional spirit was still alive—he declined it, and said he clung to the hope that he should ere long be able for a ship again. And early in 1812 he flattered himself that he might safely apply for a command:—on which he instantly was appointed to the Stirling Castle, of 74 guns, intended ultimately (at his own request) for the Mediterranean, but attached in the meantime to the Channel fleet. He had a noble ship and a first-rate crew, and anticipated a fresh career of honourable activity; but in the course of a few months new exfoliations began in the wounded limb, and the conviction was forced upon him that he could not encounter a long cruise—nay, that in all likelihood he was never again to be fit for such service. He resigned his ship—on which occasion the promised baronetcy was conferred upon him; and soon after Lord Melville, who had long felt a deep interest in his character and lamented his pecuniary losses, embraced the first opportunity of mending his situation without danger to his health by appointing Sir Jahleel to be Resident Commissioner in the Balearic Islands. In this position of comparative ease, enjoying the society of his family in the fine climate of Minorca, and gradually improving in his general health, he continued until the pacification of 1814, when our Government ceased to need a Commissioner in that quarter. But Lord Melville continued his concern for him, and in 1815, when the affairs of the harbour at the Cape came to be of additional

* See an Article in our last Number.

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importance in consequence of Buonaparte's residence in St. Helena, Sir Jahleel (now also a K.C.B.) repaired thither as Commissioner of the dock-yard.

Here he remained for seven years—that is, till after the death o fNapoleon in 1821, when all the establishments at the Cape underwent a reduction. Here he had the heavy misfortune of losing his beloved Isabella (July, 1817), and soon afterwards his eldest son. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of his grief and his submission in his private Journal; modest as it is, it affords also some notion of his exertions while at Cape Town on behalf of the Hottentots and negroes. We have likewise narratives of lengthened excursions along the coasts and into the interior, undertaken in his official capacity with a view to the establishment of new harbours and a better system of commissariat for the fleet. To the general public many of these details would have been more interesting five-and-twenty years ago than they are now. In every page, however, some charming trait is added to the portraiture of the man, and the religious meditations set down from day to day, under circumstances of bereavement and distress which could not damp his ardour in the cause of humanity, and amidst strange scenes of barbarous or semi-barbarous existence, are so touching in their simplicity that we wonder anybody could have the heart to imbed them in a commentary.

He in 1818 made a very serious representation to Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London, on the religious state of the colony. No answer is here preserved, but we may be sure there was one, and that Sir Jahleel's suggestions were not carried out in consequence solely of the lukewarmness at that time of both our Government and our legislature. We believe a bishop has at last been appointed to the Cape, or is about to be, and that is a good beginning; but it comes late in the day. Mr. Raikes justly observes:—

'Had the suggestions which Sir Jahleel addressed to the Bishop of London been then adopted, had some large and comprehensive scheme for the religious organization of the colony been introduced, it is hardly necessary to say that the affairs of the Cape would have stood on a very different footing; and that the painful and insurrectionary movements which have retarded its advance, and which have sown widely and deeply the seeds of future trouble, might have probably been avoided. Had schools and churches been generally built and provided for at the time of which we write, the population would by this time have assumed a more stable and advanced character. Settlers of a superior quality and in larger numbers would have been attracted. The old inhabitants would have been more attached to the British Government, and the Hottentot population would have been reclaimed. The transition from slavery

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slavery to freedom in their case would have been more completely accomplished, and with less disturbance to the prejudices of the Boors. The influence of law would have been generally felt throughout the province, and civilization would have proceeded more rapidly, while it was pressed on principles which all could recognize, and which all felt to be beneficial to themselves.'—p. 594.

When Sir Jahleel returned home in 1822 he was in the fifty-second year of his age; but he found himself surrounded with a family who greatly needed maternal care, as he himself, with health never firmly restored and with his habits of all sorts, must have felt the need of domestic support. He was so fortunate as to marry his cousin, Miss Brenton, who was the affectionate partaker of his subsequent fortunes, and survives to lament him.

In 1823 he became Colonel of Marines; and in 1829 he received the command of the Donegal, guard-ship at Sheerness—but lost it in 1830 on his promotion to be Rear-admiral. In 1831 he was offered the lieutenant-governorship of Greenwich Hospital, but did not accept it until he had been requested to do so by King William in person, who gave him a verbal assurance that in his case the usual regulation should be departed from, so that he might not by accepting the place lose his claim for professional advancement and employment hereafter. When kings meddle personally with the business that belongs properly to their official servants, there is always some hazard of mischance:—it is so even when, as in this case, the royal character is one of the purest integrity and honour. And in all *business*, be it public or private, nothing so dangerous as the omission of the *litera scripta*. It would seem that the gracious King, in his anxiety to meet the wishes of an old brother sailor, spoke words as to which he should have previously consulted the first Lord of the Admiralty, and that his Majesty had in the hurry of affairs neglected to make a memorandum of what he said, for the future guidance of that board. Sir Jahleel left St. James's Palace with the understanding that he was to be included in the next flag-promotion—and retain Greenwich as Vice-admiral. Nevertheless, on the promotion at her present Majesty's coronation in 1838 he was passed over—and he felt this as a grievous injustice;—but the Sovereign was changed, the Board of Admiralty was changed, and there was no document to produce. His place was worth 800*l.* a-year, with a comfortable residence, &c., and his duties were delightful to him, and such as no man could have discharged with more benefit to others. The care of the old men, and the organizing of better schools for the future defenders of the wooden walls, were occupations made as it were on purpose for a mind and heart like his. The omission, however, could not be got over. A good-service pension dropping on the

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the death of his old ally Sir Sidney Smith in 1840, Brenton immediately proposed to exchange Greenwich for that; this was agreed to, and then—we cannot doubt, regretting the mistake that had occurred—the Admiralty sent him notice that his name was inserted on the list of vice-admirals, and in the place which it would have already held there if he had not been lieutenant-governor of Greenwich in 1838.

It was, however, time for Sir Jahleel to retire. His brother Edward's death in 1839 had been a sad affliction, and as they had been united in love and often in duty, so their ends were not to be far asunder. He retired first to Westmoreland and then to a cottage in Staffordshire—gratified his feelings by writing and publishing a brief memoir of his brother's active and useful life, and died tranquilly at Elford in April, 1844, in the seventy-third year of his age. His memory will go down in honour, as among the first naval Captains of the Revolutionary war; and the example of his pure and pious character, and his untiring benevolence, may, we hope, benefit many of the rising members of his noble profession.

In case of a new edition being called for, we hope Mr. Raikes will at least give himself the trouble to read over some one secular history, so as to know the dates of such events as the battle of Algesiras and the Peace of Amiens. There are two lesser omissions also which we beg to see supplied—a portrait and an index. We know very well there is no use in wishing and praying to have the clumsy ship cut down to a tight frigate. If, however, she finally escapes foundering, it will be due, more entirely than in the case of the Gibraltar, to the solid mahogany at her bottom.

ART. II.—1. *The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere.* Edited by Charles Knight. 7 vols. royal 8vo. London, 1843.

2. *The Works of William Shakespeare. The Text formed from an entirely new Collation of the Old Editions; with various Readings, Notes, a Life of the Poet, and a History of the Early English Stage.* By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. 8 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

3. *Remarks on Mr. J. P. Collier's and Mr. C. Knight's editions of Shakespeare.* By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. London, 1844.

IT is a singular fact that Shakespeare, who wrote for the multitude, and has usually been their darling, has furnished more matter for the commentators than any author whose works are couched in a living language. A long line of able or industrious

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trious annotators and critics have failed to clear up all the difficulties and develope all the beauties of a dramatist who appealed to the understanding and won the admiration of the masses of mankind. Corrupt readings, obsoleteness of language, of customs, of fashions, may have dimmed our perception of thoughts which were obvious to contemporaries; but to the author and not to time is due a very large part of the obscurities which have sorely taxed and often baffled the ingenuity of his editors. His high notion of his calling, that it was scrupulously to hold the mirror up to nature, prevented him from becoming, like less consummate artists, his own interpreter through the mouths of his characters. His *dramatis personæ* speak nothing which they might not be supposed to say under the actual circumstances in which they are placed; and if the spectator is unable so far to identify himself with their mood and feelings as to follow the workings of their minds, Shakespeare, with a proud faithfulness to his own genius, preferred that his meaning should be lost rather than deviate a hair's-breadth from truth. A vast deal that is most admirable in him has for this reason been overlooked, or misconceived and censured, and is only by slow degrees dragged forth to light. His fellow-players, who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of his instruction, may, by their action and emphasis, have rendered his design in places more apparent than it was to succeeding generations—but generally where it is not upon the surface it lies beyond the reach of such helps; while the numerous passages perplexed by what his warmest idolaters must admit to be faults—his mixed and violent metaphors, the imperfect development of ideas, the disregard of grammatical exactness, and the peculiar senses in which he uses words—these are, as Hallam has remarked, as intelligible to a reader or an audience of the present day as they were to the subjects of Elizabeth and James;*—except, perhaps, that the close and reverential scrutiny bestowed upon every phrase, and the desire to vindicate interpretations from captious objections, may have created needless hesitation and scruple among the moderns, as to places where the meaning is rather to be felt than coldly deduced from any rigorous construction of the language.

With thus much that from the first was past intuitive comprehension, he was relished and applauded beyond all his competitors by the motley assembly of a theatre; and Johnson, reflecting on

* See *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 557. Every word in this masculine writer's sections on Shakespeare—or indeed on any great poet—deserves to be diligently weighed by the student. His philosophical analysis is combined with a lively and true sensibility; and the novelty he often introduces, even where the subject might have seemed most exhausted, is never announced with the slightest air of arrogance.

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it, observed that it was not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors had added to his power of pleasing. But their office has not been quite so thankless. Although, whether as a poet or delineator of life, he was felt to be matchless; though he struck upon every chord of the heart by turns—moved to laughter, to tears, to horror, with equal ease; could with equal perfection be sublime or tender, gay or terrible, thoughtful or trifling; though he delighted and astonished by the variety of his characters, of which the interest and originality surpassed hope—each unlike the other—each drawn at once with the breadth and the distinct truth of Nature herself—portraits both the most individual and the most just—the most superhuman and the most human; though when he had 'exhausted old words' he could 'invent new,' give being and consistency to imaginary monsters, or to the sunny creatures of an airy fancy; though he charmed the ear with the music of his numbers, the mind with the unequalled strength and sweetness of his images, with the depth, the beauty, and propriety of his ideas; though all this, and more, he could and did bring home to men's apprehensions—yet does it not follow that, *because* that which was universally and at once understood put him at the head of all names past and to come, he would not be read with even higher pleasure and deeper admiration when obscurities were cleared up, and hidden excellences brought out to day—just as the sun, which is the brightest of luminaries though shaded by clouds, is brighter still when the clouds are driven away. Whatever flaws later criticism may have detected in Johnson's own magnificent preface, it helped to make Shakespeare better appreciated. His notes accomplished the same end. He had, unfortunately, but little sympathy with the ideal parts of poetry—nor had he patience always to penetrate into his author's design, which required a stronger belief than he entertained of Shakespeare's approximation to artistic infallibility—but his great general powers enabled him to paraphrase into perspicuity many an involved and ænigmatical line—to stamp with a more legible impress many a noble specimen of worn or corroded coinage; and few things are more disgusting than the disrespect with which his Shakespearian labours generally are treated by the parrot sentimentalists as well as the minnow antiquists of later times. Subsequent annotators, who had neither judgment nor taste, increased the delight in Shakespeare of those who had the happiness to be endowed with both. They painfully raked up the forgotten and worthless literature of his generation to recover meanings that Time had left behind him in his course; and the puerile disquisitions, the ludicrous absurdities, the monstrous criticisms in which they indulged ought not to deprive them of the

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the credit of having held up the torch to numerous passages that were wrapped in darkness—but led to something. Yet the illustration of isolated sentences is of small importance compared to the insight into the general scope of Shakespeare's views; and had Johnson lived to our day, he would have confessed that the studies of Schlegel and Coleridge, and some others both here and abroad, had immensely heightened the wonder and delight with which Shakespeare is perused. What comparison is there, for instance, between the pleasure with which Johnson contemplated the character of Hamlet, whom he supposed to have been drawn, through negligence or unskilfulness, an inconsistent procrastinator, and the pleasure with which he is contemplated by a person who recognizes in that procrastination a principal merit of the piece—one of the most striking testimonies of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the inmost workings of the human soul—the very circumstance in all his works which seemed to Goethe the most admirable?

After all the assistance that Shakespeare had derived from his commentators, it was yet undeniable that much remained both to be done and to be undone. An edition was wanted, which, preserving what was good in the old editors, and rejecting what was worthless, should reflect the knowledge and feeling of the present day. Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have contended for the honour of supplying the deficiency, and have still, it must be confessed, left the field open for a third competitor. The labours of both these gentlemen are useful and commendable, but it is not likely or desirable that either one edition or the other should long remain the standard edition of Shakespeare.

The principal task which Mr. Collier assigned himself was to collate the early copies of the plays, and record their readings where they differed—an office which, often as it had been undertaken, had never been completely and accurately performed. He has discharged this arduous and essential service in a manner much to his credit. Mr. Knight had previously traversed the same ground with the same view, and got rid of several errors of the press, and inconsiderate alterations which repeated impressions had authorised till no one dreamt of calling them in question; but he did not execute the task with minute accuracy at all equal to Mr. Collier's. We are sorry to have to add, that both these gentlemen have revived corruptions with one hand, while removing them with the other. In their zeal for restoration they have restored indiscriminately beauties and errors. The result is far from identical, for they started with different opinions concerning the model that deserved to be worked by. They are partisans of different editions; and whereas Mr. Knight is resolved,

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solved, if possible, to torture into sense the merest nonsense of the folio, rather than adopt a reading from a quarto, Mr. Collier, whenever he can venture, puts up with a doubtful, or worse than doubtful, reading from a quarto, rather than admit the version of the folio. In one point they are agreed—they often prefer an obvious misprint to the substitution of a conjecture which is too certain to deserve the name. The punctuation of the old editions is beyond the defence of antiquarian idolatry, and here they have allowed themselves greater latitude, which it is to be wished they had exercised more wisely or not at all. It is incredible into what pitiful stuff their tasteless innovations have converted passages which, as they stood before, were as clear as they were admirable. Mr. Collier, who is a less offender than Mr. Knight, has generally been led astray by the evil suggestion of some mischievous interloper. He would have done better to have kept the editing of Shakespeare in his own hands, and turned a deaf ear to the foolish fancies of officious correspondents. But if the skill with which the materials have been used falls short of the diligence with which they have been collected, it may be said of both editions, and especially of Mr. Collier's, that they carry with them their corrective. However bad may be the choice of the text, the bottom of the page supplies the antidote.

Mr. Collier is very sparing of explanatory notes, and even Mr. Knight has left hundreds of knotty passages in their native obscurity which some of his predecessors had perfectly cleared up. When he follows in their track he is ambitious to rewrite what is incapable of improvement. The majority of Johnson's notes no judicious editor would attempt to supersede. For brevity and force they are not to be surpassed, and the only course for sense and modesty is to transcribe them. Of the interpretations which are exclusively the property of Mr. Knight, it is impossible in the main to speak with respect. The notions he has propounded are too often worthy of the slovenly, inaccurate English, if English it can be called, in which they are expressed. Had Shakespeare really given utterance to many of the ideas which Mr. Knight has imputed to him, he could have had no title to be, what Hallam has justly pronounced him, 'the greatest name in all literature.' It is curious that an editor, who professes for him an enthusiasm that overpowers his judgment, should have supposed him capable of thoughts that are condemned by their inherent absurdity, and which are frequently, in addition, at variance with the context and the position of the speaker. It inspires a doubt whether any real appreciation of Shakespeare can co-exist with an admiration of readings so meaningless or absurd, that even a Malone was obliged to brand them as spurious—and a preference for explanations

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nations of the dreamiest silliness over the most felicitous hits of critical genius in a Warburton or Johnson.

A neat introduction is prefixed by Mr. Collier to each of the plays, in which he details with precision the source of the plot, the supposed date of the original representation, and the number and nature of the early editions. Mr. Knight has gone further. He has indulged in a variety of conjectures which are sometimes ingenious, and which it might be right to state with conciseness. But he can do nothing without a mixture of extravagance. He builds on them fanciful and elaborate theories, which are again made the foundation of fresh deductions, and which may be just as readily contradicted by opposite theories of equal plausibility. His confidence gathers strength in his progress. What was at first supposition he refers back to as proved; and proved it is as anything else may be proved that we take for granted *was* because it *might* be. He appears to forget that truth is single, and that possibilities are infinite; that some facts derive their value from their certainty, and that serious doubt is equivalent to ignorance. He has carried the system to the utmost pitch in his 'William Shakspere, a Biography,' which might be more properly spelt and entitled 'William Shakspeare, a Burlesque.' It is a laboured attempt to guess at the life of a man whose life is unknown. Incidents which are insufficient to fill a couple of pages have expanded in Mr. Knight's imaginative brain into a massive volume. Yet with all the aids of fancy the name of the work is foreign to its contents. Like the general exordiums which the Greek Orator kept ready for any occasion that might arise, two-thirds of the matter would be every bit as applicable to the life of any single man, woman, or child whose lot was cast in the Elizabethan era. It was inevitable that a big book about an individual of whom little else is recorded than that he lived, married, wrote, acted, and died, should diverge from its hero. The interest of a digression is destroyed by its being misplaced, and what is valuable or amusing in its proper position in Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes,' or the 'Topographical Dictionary'—not to mention the historians of England from Holinshed to Hallam—is tedious and repulsive in a biography of Shakespeare. If the example is followed, every Life will be an Encyclopædia, though not a penny one. Mr. Collier, in a sober and sensible account of Shakespeare, has strained our information quite as far as it will go.

An important feature of Mr. Knight's edition is left unattempted by Mr. Collier—the critical estimate of each separate play. It is in these supplementary notices that Mr. Knight appears on the whole to the best advantage: they show that he has read diligently, and often thought happily for himself. They abound

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abound in absurdities, however, and indeed might not rarely be taken for a designed caricature of the rhapsodical paradoxes to which Shakespeare had already given pretext. Their vague and flowery diffuseness is apt to tire; and though in parts they are otherwise well written, they too often drop back into the same loose phraseology and ungrammatical barbarisms which deform the notes. With such defects they please and provoke by turns. But the former emotion carries the day, and we forgive the faults for the sake of the warmth and sensibility they display. It is very honourable to the bookselling profession, that it can show in its own ranks such a man of letters as Mr. Knight. He should submit his essays to a stringent revision—study compression, correct the grosser vices of his style, and endeavour to believe that Shakespeare was human.

Mr. Dyce's volume of rémarks is devoted to pointing out some of those aberrations of judgment evinced by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight in the selection of their text. He attempts few discussions which are not purely verbal, and those few are not such as to make us wish for more. But he shows an excellent tact in the choice of his readings, and his work will be a useful appendage to any edition of Shakespeare. It is a pity he has thought fit to pervade his comments with a tone of scorn—for it really leaves more ridicule on himself than on anybody else. Satire, which has laughed away graver vices, is lost upon note-makers. There is something in their occupation which proves too much for human vanity and human temper. They still continue 'hot in a cold cause,' and assume a self-importance which is in the inverse ratio to the dignity and difficulty of their labours. Mr. Collier, to his honour, has treated every one with courtesy or silence. His notes are not a vehicle for vain-glorious contempt, private pique, and petty jealousies; and if his forbearance to others of the craft critical could not suggest similar civility, it should have been felt that respect was due to long and meritorious toil in the elucidation of our dramatic literature. Mr. Knight is not so abstinent. He speaks of several of his forerunners with arrogance and unfairness. He attacks Steevens in particular, to whom he lies under greater obligations than he has always acknowledged, with a venom and pertinacity that savours more of a personal quarrel or a living rivalry than a difference about words and commas with the dead. He would be wise to remember that his own house is one of glass—and that a malicious critic disposed to overlook the real services he has rendered to Shakespeare might find in his volumes materials, and to spare, out of which to furnish 'laughter for a week and a jest for ever.' That Mr. Knight should take a review of Steevens's labours was natural and proper.

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proper. But—besides that he has done him injustice, and in many cases most glaring injustice—to keep up a running commentary of abuse was to imitate Steevens in one of his worst propensities—and here it is without the redeeming wit which deprived Steevens's malice of half its offensiveness. How lucky for Mr. Knight that Puck *was* dead!

The editors of Shakespeare, in presenting, with one or two exceptions, a broad front for mirth and sarcasm, have nevertheless deserved the gratitude of the public; and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier may fairly lay claim to an average share. 'Not one,' said Dr. Johnson, 'has left Shakespeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information.' The observation continues true. Shakespeare is like a vast country from which no persevering voyager returns without affixing his name to an islet or a creek which had eluded former explorers. What escaped the penetration of the most skilful navigators may reward the diligence of some far less accomplished successor. Hermann published a treatise in which he amended a passage in each of the seven plays of Æschylus, and at every emendation boastfully exclaimed, 'Yet none of the editors saw it.' It is thus that the editors of Shakespeare have exulted over one another; and it is thus that future editors may continue to exult, unless they have modesty to make the allowances they will stand in need of themselves. But though no one can hope to gather the whole harvest into his own garners, it seems possible that every fresh step should be taken in advance, or not retrograde at worst. Were commentators better versed in that

> 'science little known,
> T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own,'

we should not see so many banished corruptions brought back with triumph—so many old interpretations which are unquestionably right displaced by new ones which are unquestionably wrong. The lumber of yesterday would not be swept away for no better end than to make room for the lumber of to-day, nor would the errors of those who carped at Shakespeare be succeeded by a blind antagonistic admiration as fruitful in errors of an opposite description. What was once recovered, allowing for incurable differences of opinion, would be cheerfully retained; what was original would be the result of an unprejudiced judgment less solicitous for novelty than truth.

In hopes of stimulating some worthy scholar to yet another edition, we intend ere long to enter upon a more detailed examination of the labours both of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. Meantime,

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time, a single play may perhaps afford sufficient illustration of the truth of one assertion that we have now hazarded, namely—that Shakespeare presents a wide field for further discovery. None of his dramas have been more studied than Hamlet, and yet it contains, in our opinion, entire scenes which have been only partially understood, or not understood at all. There is considerable difficulty in imparting the interior meaning of a dialogue which must be broken up into fragments and commented on piece-meal; for it is not till the evidence is complete, the disjointed parts connected, and the whole viewed in its unity, that the full force and truth of the interpretation can be expected to appear. But without dreaming that all our convictions will be shared, or claiming originality for every remark it may be necessary to make, we do not despair of succeeding in the attempt to throw some new light upon one detached page more of that wondrous genius, at once the most and the least transparent in the popular literature of the world.

Every word which drops from the lips of Shakespeare's personages is the appropriate expression of their inward feelings; and owing to that characteristic we have mentioned of the mighty master—that he will not stoop to be his own expositor in violation of nature—we miss the spirit in which they speak unless we note accurately their particular position at the time. It is from the neglect of this precaution that the opening of Hamlet, which is alive with excitement, striking contrasts, and the most delicate touches of nature, seems to have been taken by the editors, old and new, for nothing more than an unimpassioned conversation between two sentinels. Twice had Bernardo been encountered on the platform by the Ghost of the King, and he is now for the third time advancing at midnight to the scene of the apparition, in the belief that he will again behold the dreaded spectre which had 'almost distilled him to a jelly with the act of fear.' In this state of mind he would be startled at every sight and sound—at the sighing of the wind, and the shadows cast by the moon. Thus alive to apprehension, he hears advancing footsteps; and the question, 'Who's there?' is, to our ear, the sudden instinctive exclamation of uncontrollable alarm, and not the ordinary challenge between one sentinel and another. Fear, by concentrating the senses, endows them with a supernatural acuteness; and Shakespeare was not unmindful of the fact when he made the listening, breathless Bernardo to be first conscious of their mutual approach. Francisco, the sentinel on duty, not recognising a comrade in the terrified voice which hails him, replies,—

'—— Nay, answer *me*; stand and unfold *yourself*.'

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But the moment Bernardo, reassured at hearing him speak, calls out the watch-word, 'Long live the king!' in his habitual tones, the sentinel knows his fellow and greets him by name. What follows is an exquisite specimen of Shakespeare's attention to the subtlest minutiæ. He shows us Bernardo eager with expectation, feverish to anticipate the appearance of the Ghost, and to keep the secret from extending further, by a circumstance that would be the certain consequence—that he goes earlier than usual, and arrives at his post with unwonted punctuality. 'You come most carefully upon your hour,' says Francisco. And how nicely true to nature is the rejoinder of Bernardo, that it has already struck! He wishes to repel the notion that he is before his accustomed time; for with a guilty feeling he fears to be suspected. He then bids Francisco get to bed; and in the answer of Francisco we have another slight trait which strikingly exemplifies how careful Shakespeare was to preserve entire consistency in the conduct of his characters:—

> '*Fran.* For this relief much thanks. 'T is bitter cold,
> *And I am sick at heart.*'

And *because* he is sick at heart, absorbed in the contemplation of his individual griefs, he has not remarked the ill-concealed agitation of Bernardo. With a mind at ease, his attention would have been excited and his curiosity roused. As he is going, Bernardo asks, with an off-hand air of assumed indifference, 'Have you had quiet guard?'—an inquiry he dared not make in a formal way, in direct conversation, lest he should betray his anxiety. The assurance he receives—'Not a mouse stirring'—in relieving him as to the hours past, fixes his thoughts the more exclusively on the coming moments. He has no wish to be left alone. He is impatient to be joined by his companions, and his parting word to Francisco is—

> 'Well, good night.
> If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
> The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.'

Francisco has scarcely left Bernardo when, hearing Horatio and Marcellus coming, he challenges them:—'Stand, ho! Who is there?' The few words which pass in the next half-page, common-place as they appear to the inattentive reader, are strokes of character the finest and the most expressive. Marcellus had been Bernardo's associate on the two preceding nights, and he shares Bernardo's solicitude. Horatio is sceptical about the Ghost, and maintains it to be a delusion. The difference of their emotions is seen in their replies to the interrogation of the sentinel.

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tinel. Horatio, light-hearted and disengaged, is the first to answer. He calls out quickly and buoyantly, 'Friends to this ground.' With slow solemnity Marcellus adds, 'And liegemen to the Dane.' His mind is upon the mysterious phantom. He marvels what it forebodes. His vague suspicion that it portends some treason or misfortune to the state leads him to join to the careless exclamation of Horatio a protestation of their loyalty. Following the current of his thoughts, he is lost in meditation; he is unconscious of the presence of Francisco, who has come up with them; and when the latter says, 'Give you good night,' he exclaims, like one awakened from a trance, '*O!* farewell, honest soldier!' On any other supposition the ejaculation would be unmeaning, and it is conclusive to show what Shakespeare intended. The reverie of Marcellus once broken, he turns from fruitless speculation to the business of the night; and in the same breath in which he bids Francisco farewell, inquires who has relieved him, that he may be satisfied it is no other than his own partner Bernardo. Francisco goes his way. Marcellus shouts 'Holloa! Bernardo!' 'Say,' returns Bernardo, without stopping to reply directly to the salutation, 'What! is Horatio there?' Horatio is the scholar that is to accost the Ghost; he is the superior on whom both place their reliance, and Bernardo is all eagerness to learn that he has not failed his appointment. Horatio speaks for himself, and continues to manifest his incredulity in his jocular rejoinder, 'A piece of him.' Bernardo, overjoyed to be relieved of his solitude, receives them with such rapturous warmth—'Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus!'—that Marcellus imagines from his excited manner that the Ghost has visited him already. 'What,' he says, not so much inquiringly as taking it for granted—'What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?' The answer of Bernardo, 'I have seen nothing,' brings Marcellus to Horatio's disbelief of the whole story:

'Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,' &c.

The compression of the scene is wonderful, and there is perhaps no passage in any drama which exhibits equal variety in the same space. The fright of Bernardo, his suppressed emotion, his dislike to be by himself, the unconsciousness of Francisco, the levity of Horatio, the abstraction and highly wrought feelings of Marcellus, the intense excitement in the greeting with Bernardo, are all brought out clear and well-defined in about twenty lines. Condensed and rapid as is the dialogue, it is complete. Nothing is omitted that was proper to the occasion. Nor is it the least remarkable part of the art that, in the midst of so much

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much animation, and the play and conflict of so many passions, there is not a tinge of exaggeration. The soberness of reality is preserved throughout.

We are carried from the platform to the palace; and must proceed to remark, that when the King, surrounded by his courtiers, endeavours by bribes and arguments to dissipate the Prince's gloom and resentment, of which he dreads the contagious effects, Hamlet only breaks the sullenness and silence with which he treats these advances, to lash the King's hypocrisy, and not, as is generally supposed, to give vent to the affliction of his own soul, which is the last topic he would gratuitously broach before such an assembly. His mother consoles him for the loss of his father with the reflection that death is common; and, on his assenting, rejoins—

> 'If it be,
> Why seems it so particular with thee?'

He wilfully misunderstands her, as though she had accused him of feigning, that he may have the opportunity to draw a sarcastic contrast between his own real woe and the emblems of it which constituted the sole mourning of the royal couple. His repudiation of the 'inky cloak' and 'customary suits of solemn black,'—

> 'these, indeed, seem,
> For they are actions that a man might play'—

are taunts aimed at the lofty sinners before him. Personal satire is a predominant characteristic of Hamlet.

We pass to the assumed madness. Some change in his deportment is inevitable. A show of respect to his mother and submission to her husband is no longer possible. He cannot so far condescend to play the hypocrite. But since he is unable to do that violence to his feelings, he fears that his harsh and altered demeanour will excite suspicion. Worse than this, his passion for Ophelia stands in his way. A blighted man, he can never hope to indulge it more; and it is incompatible with the fulfilment of his vow to wipe clean the table of his memory for the register of one command. But he can give her no explanation of his inconstancy. Must he leave her to break her heart with humiliation and disappointment? The garb of lunacy affords the solution of the difficulty. It will account to Ophelia for his estrangement, to the King and Queen for his rudeness. It is a mask, from behind which he can watch others and remain impenetrable himself.

The feature of the greatest interest in this acted madness,

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that in which Shakespeare displays the most inimitable address, has been very dimly seen,—the double aspect that much of it is intended to wear, having an appearance of disordered intellect to those who are not in his secrets, and a connected meaning to the audience who are. The commencement of his antic disposition is exhibited to Ophelia. His demeanour to her would have been consistent with perfect sanity, had it been accompanied with explanatory words. The gazing on her face, the shaking of her arm, the bowing of his head, the sigh so piteous and profound, are merely his final, and surely not exaggerated, leave-taking of the lady of his love. It is the first and hardest sacrifice that he makes to his destiny. He is next brought into contact with Polonius. The officious old man attacks him in the pride of fancied penetration to probe the cause of his derangement. Hamlet is sufficiently acquainted with his character to see through his design; and when Polonius, addressing him as one bereft of understanding, inquires, 'Do you know me, my lord?' he answers with a covert sarcasm, '*Excellent well*; you are a *fish*monger:'—a courtier come to *fish* for information at the bidding of your master. The courtier's non-comprehension of the first sally gives additional point to the second. 'Not I, my lord,' protests Polonius: and Hamlet retorts, 'Then I would you were so honest a man:'—as honest as the fishmonger you suppose me to mean, for yours is not so respectable a trade.

The imputation on Polonius leads to the celebrated passage upon which the commentators have exhausted their ingenuity without any result that need discourage one guess more. Hamlet's faith in human virtue, shaken by the marriage of his mother, is destroyed by the revelations of the Ghost, and his mind is constantly brooding over the universal sinfulness of the world. Hence, to the remonstrating interrogatory of Polonius,—'Honest, my lord?'—his misanthropic reply, 'Aye, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand;' and he proceeds to assign a reason why it should be so;—'For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good, kissing carrion'——Here he breaks off with the sudden question to Polonius, 'Have you a daughter?' He was well aware that the effect of his interview with Ophelia would be to persuade her father that he was distracted with love; and finding that he has got into a logical discussion inconsistent with madness, he turns abruptly to a topic which will confirm Polonius in the delusion. The difficulty is to fill up the reasoning which Hamlet left incomplete. 'An honest man'—we take his meaning to be—

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be—'is a rare being, one of ten thousand, and it cannot be otherwise in the very nature of things; for if the sun, which is a good, when it kisses carrion breeds only maggots, what issue is to be expected where both are vile, when man breeds with man, corruption with corruption?' The analogy is somewhat fanciful, but not therefore out of keeping with Hamlet's prevailing humour. He then ingeniously adapts the language of this unfinished argument to the newly started subject of Ophelia. 'Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.' The sun, which produces maggots in the dead dog, produces desire in mortals. Let her not walk in it. She may conceive under its influence; and though conception in itself is a blessing, yet as your daughter may conceive, you had better look to it. It is not unlikely that the word 'maggots' is intended to be mentally supplied when Hamlet stops short at 'conceive,' since it is the phrase suggested by his preceding illustration, and might be used metaphorically in the present instance for a fallen sinful offspring, such as Hamlet has complained form the bulk of the world. Elliptical sentences that are to sound incoherent to Polonius, yet be intelligible to the spectators, can scarcely fail to miss one or other of their contradictory purposes,—to be too perspicuous for the former, or too enigmatical for the latter. So the result has proved. No one, except Warburton, has extorted a meaning from the passage which speaks of the sun breeding maggots, to which the alternative of considering it a jumble of nonsense would not be preferable. Warburton read 'a god' for 'a good'—and maintained that the design was to answer the objections raised against Providence from the existence of evil. Johnson has said of the Bishop's note, that it 'almost sets the critic on a level with the author'—an eulogy which must have proceeded from Johnson's admiration of the ingenuity displayed, coupled with the delight it always afforded him to extract a moral sentiment from the text, and not from any belief in the justness of the explanation, which everybody repudiates. A stronger example could not be found of that for which Johnson censured Warburton in his Preface,—his proneness 'to give his author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits.' In fact, he displayed in his notes the same pride of paradox which distinguishes his great work. He had the childish vanity to spend his strong and sagacious mind in devising perverse interpretations, sometimes to evince his acuteness, and sometimes out of opposition to more ingenuous commentators, whom he loved to contradict with dogmatic insolence. But, with all his faults, it may be truly said

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of him, that no one was ever more plausible when he was wrong, or more conclusive when he was right.*

There is something exceedingly ludicrous in the muttered musings of Polonius when Hamlet introduces Ophelia. 'Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone—far gone.' It is not a little diverting at the outset, when he has been loudly vaunting his insight into Hamlet's lunacy, and pushes forward with bustling self-importance to verify his conjectures, to see him made the butt for wit which he has not the sense to understand, by a man whom he takes for mad. The merriment at his expense rises to its height when he repeats the hidden sarcasm to himself, and draws from it a confirmation of the total overthrow of Hamlet's mind. His continued plying of the Prince with questions at length provokes a retort that is on a level with his capacity. Teasing him to know what it is he reads, he gets for an answer, 'Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards,' &c. &c. &c. Warburton pedantically asserts that by the satirical rogue is meant Juvenal. But the book from which Hamlet reads is none other than Polonius. An abstract description of age, glancing obliquely at the ancient lord, would not have half the force and humour of this individual portrait, this faithful copy of a living original, who, while being drawn at full length, stands exposed to the gaze and laughter of the audience.

Polonius retires to make way for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These former friends of Hamlet are sent by the King to worm themselves into his confidence. They have heard nothing of his interview with Ophelia, which does not reach the ears of the King till after he has instructed them in the part they are to play.

> 'What it should be,
> More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
> So much from the understanding of himself,
> I cannot dream of,'

is all the clue he affords them. Their own sordid natures lead them to infer that he is mad with vexation at the loss of the crown. They openly tax him with ambition, and this ruling idea † gives

* Mr. Knight, following a hint of Coleridge's, takes *good* for not a substantive, but an adjective. With him the *dead dog* is a 'good kissing carrion,' that is, a carrion good at kissing—a productive carrion. This is clever—but it renders the sequel meaningless.

† Shakespeare affords us another hint in a subsequent scene that such was their belief. Foiled and discomfited in the present interview, they are compelled, if they would earn their wages, to return to the charge; and when Rosencrantz intreats Hamlet to confide to him the cause of his distemper, Hamlet, who likes to foster each man in his own delusion, answers, 'Sir, I lack advancement.'

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the tone to the commencement of their conversation. Hamlet's warm welcome, 'Good lads, how do ye both?' is answered by Rosencrantz, 'As the indifferent children of the earth;' and Guildenstern immediately follows it up with, '*Happy in that we are not overhappy.*' They think to wean him from his aspirations by panegyrics on the felicity of moderate station. Conscious that he must be deeply impressed with the knavery that has supplanted him, they reply to his question, 'What news?' with the same clumsy artifice, 'None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.' Hamlet is a very penetrating observer. When he asks Horatio what brings him from Wittenberg, and Horatio, out of reluctance to broach the tender subject of his father's funeral, pretends 'a truant disposition,' he instantly sees that it is an evasive answer. 'I know,' he rejoins, 'you are no truant,' and reiterates his demand, 'But what *is* your affair at Elsinore?' Much less is he imposed upon by the craft of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Their forced reflection is evidently directed to an end; and the playful style of his conversation changes to searching inquiry. 'Then is dooms-day near;' for nothing short of impending judgment could have worked a reformation in the world. 'But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?' He divines who has employed them; and his disparagement of Denmark is to unmask their real sympathies. But it is also his genuine opinion. The iniquity of all mankind has become his settled creed, and he calls Denmark 'a prison,' not solely because his distressed and wearied spirit would fain flee away and be at rest, but because, in his morbid imagination, it contains only criminals. He looks upon the kingdoms of the earth as so 'many confines, wards, and dungeons,' peopled by evil-doers,—'Denmark,' which holds his murderous uncle and incestuous mother, 'being one of the worst.' It is another of those Janus-faced speeches that he delights to utter. The King's sycophants misunderstand him. It seems to them a proof of their conjecture that his disorder is ambition,—that he frets and chafes at the limits set to his advancement. Hamlet vehemently disclaims the notion. 'O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.' They again of necessity miss the dark allusion to the revelations of crime which are the key to Hamlet's disgust, and pertinaciously descant upon ambition and its vanity—till Hamlet, tired of their moralising, cuts them short with—'Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.' They express their intention of constituting themselves his attendants; but, not choosing

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choosing to be dogged and spied by them, he puts them off with an excuse. 'No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.' The pretence, whether well founded or not, is happily selected. To the persons to whom it is addressed it would sound of a piece with his general discontent. But the principal point is in the *double entendre*, which we have no doubt was marked in the original acting. The dreadful attendance to which he referred was the being followed by *them*, and the honesty he professed was the telling them so to their faces. It carries him back to the treachery they are practising towards him. He again assails them to know what brings them to Elsinore. Their assertion that it is to visit *him* calls forth anew one of his scornful ambiguities. 'Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you.' He cannot genuinely thank them for perfidy, but he thanks them formally. 'And sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.' They have journeyed, he intimates, with better expectations, and for a higher reward; and then he pursues them with question upon question, in breathless succession, till his unflagging irony finishes their confusion, and defeats their resolution to sustain the deception. Hamlet, when he has wrenched from them the confession that they are the agents of the King, acknowledges his melancholy, and bursts into the majestic description of the beauty and glory of all created things, which, seen through the medium of absorbing grief, have, in spite of their magnificence, ceased to charm him. When he winds up his panegyric on 'the paragon of animals' with the question, 'And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?' and replies, 'man delights not me, no, nor woman neither'—the addition, 'nor woman neither,' is drawn from him by the remembrance that pleasure has deserted him even in that form which had been the dearest to his heart. As he pronounces the words, 'Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither,' he catches Rosencrants and Guildenstern exchanging a significant smile. Their thoughts are not of Ophelia; for, as we have remarked, they have not been put upon that scent, nor does Hamlet so understand them, since when he demands the reason of their mirth he omits all mention of woman, and simply inquires, 'Why did you laugh when I said, *Man delights not me?*' Their laugh has a different source. They continue the dupes of their original delusion. They fancy that Hamlet is preyed upon by ambition, and they smile at what they deem his affected disregard of his fellow-creatures,—*his*, whose sole desire is rule and dominion. Unable to assign the real reason, Rosencrants is driven to frame a lame excuse, and to pretend that he was thinking if Hamlet delighted

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delighted not in man, what poor entertainment the players would receive from him. The discourse shifts to the players. On hearing their approach Hamlet welcomes the friends to Elsinore, giving them to understand, in his artful way, that it is a welcome of ceremony, and not of the heart. He winds up the colloquy with a two-sided speech, that, while it seems to tell, to their uninitiated ears, of the physical cause of his malady, does in reality portray the moral cause that is at the bottom of the mystery.

'*Ham.* You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw;'

that is, I am but mad when the wind is galling; when it is gentle I am strange no longer: it is hellish wrongs that put me beside myself; in the even tenor of life I am the same as others.

The account which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern give of this interview to the King is inconsistent with the facts, for they say of Hamlet that he was

> 'Niggard of question; but of our demands
> Most free in his reply.'

To make their version harmonise with the truth, Warburton decrees *ex cathedrâ* (in the teeth of every copy) that the poet 'certainly wrote it just the other way:

> '*Most free of question;* but of our demands
> *Niggard* in his reply.'

It is surprising that neither he nor any subsequent editor should have observed how entirely the misrepresentation befits the base nature of these sponges. Hamlet's questions have touched them to the quick, reduced them to shame and silence, laid bare their double-dealing, and rendered it hopeless that they should ever insinuate themselves into his favour to betray him to the King. If the truth is known, their occupation is gone; and, smarting under the lash, it assuages the wound to keep out of sight the weapon that inflicted it. It is the revenge of little minds to compensate for their defeats by lying narrations.

The arrival of the actors brings back Polonius, impatient to be the first with the tidings. 'I will prophesy,' says Hamlet, 'he comes to tell me of the players;' and, assuming a deranged manner, he assents by anticipation to his announcement. 'You say right, sir: o' Monday morning: 'twas then indeed.' Polonius, unconscious that he has been forestalled, cries out with hasty importance, 'My lord, I have news to tell you.' 'My lord,'

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lord,' replies Hamlet, 'I have news to tell *you*;' and he begins a story of ancient days, which he parallels for novelty with the news of Polonius:—'When Roscius was an actor in Rome'——. At the mention of an actor Polonius snatches the words out of his mouth:—'The actors are come hither, my lord.' 'Buz, buz,' says Hamlet,—an exclamation applied to both stale news and an idle rumour. Polonius, confident that he is the first to bring the intelligence, takes it in the latter sense, as proceeding from disbelief of his information, and begins to asseverate 'Upon my honour'——Here Hamlet interposes, and uniting this unfinished protestation to the former speech of Polonius, which are only separated from each other by his own interjection, he chooses to suppose him to have said, 'The actors are come hither, my lord, upon my honour'—to which Hamlet responds, playing on the word 'upon,' 'Then came each actor on his ass:'—if they came upon any part of you, they came upon an ass. Polonius, always blind where blindness is possible to the drift of Hamlet's ridicule, fancies that he is speaking in disparagement of the actors, and he launches into a tedious and pedantic panegyric of their merits: 'The best actors in the world,' &c. &c. His harangue ended, Hamlet revives the subject of Ophelia. He calls Polonius Jephthah, because—quoting an old ballad—he had

> 'One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which he loved passing well.'

The dialogue continues:

'*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
'*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I ove passing well.
'*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.
'*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?
'*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot;* and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was.*'

By 'Nay, that follows not,' Polonius imagines Hamlet to mean, that is no just inference. Hamlet, to confuse him, employs 'follows' in the sense of continuation, and asserts that what Polonius has said is not what comes next in the ballad, but 'As by lot, God wot,' &c. The song, still extant, was familiar to the audience, and what bewildered Polonius was humour to them. Whatever opinion may be formed of the quality of the *equivoques*, which, like a blade blunt at one edge and sharp at the other, are either nonsense or satire, there can scarce be a question that

Shakespeare

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Shakespeare intended the 'method' we have pointed out in the madness of Hamlet.

The ridicule that attends Polonius throughout shows beyond dispute in what light Shakespeare wished him to be viewed. Coleridge, who denied that he was the silly buffoon he is ordinarily considered, said that 'Hamlet's words should not be taken as Shakespeare's conception of him.' But it is not merely that Hamlet despises him,—his own sayings and doings render him despicable. He is brought before us, conceited, boastful, dogmatic—

'Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong.'

His confident conjectures are ridiculously false; his assumptions of sagacity proclaim their folly in their utterance. His language is as puerile as his ideas. He mistakes pedantic phraseology for learning, scholastic forms for argument, a jingle of words for wit, an empty prolixity for eloquence. He is too dull to comprehend the sarcasms of which he is the subject, and sees only madness in the broadest allusions, which are yet too finely drawn for his gross capacity. With all his outward pretension he is in substance a trifler. His essence is to be a busy-body and a gossip. He never appears on the stage except to be laughed at—even his tragical end excites less pity than contempt. His character could never have raised a discussion or a doubt, were it not for the advice he gives Laertes, which is too just, too terse, too happily expressed to be the product of imbecility. Johnson's theory is, that Shakespeare intended to represent 'dotage encroaching upon wisdom;' that the mind of Polonius, which is now weak, had once been strong, and that his precepts are the preserved fruit of his better days. But though Polonius is advanced in years, and his faculties have lost their original freshness, he is not progressed so far towards childishness that a total revolution has been effected in his mind. The stream is the same, though it flows in a weaker and shallower current. The maxims of Polonius are, on the contrary, of another order of understanding. Their simple and polished conciseness has no resemblance to the affected verbiage that is habitual to him, and if ever there was a time when his style had the smallest tincture of the style of the precepts, his whole manner of speech must have undergone an absolute transformation. We believe Warburton's notion to be the correct one,—that Shakespeare's design was to make him retail what he had met with in his reading, or heard in conversation. The worldly prudence of the maxims was just what would hit his fancy, and such as his observation of life, superficial as it is, must have

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have abundantly verified. It tends to confirm this view that, with one exception, we have remarked all the precepts in earlier authors, and some, we suspect, had grown into proverbs. Whatever their origin, the effect is to throw additional ridicule round the character of Polonius. His conduct stands out in such laughable contrast to the majority of his injunctions, that Hamlet himself could not have invented more bitter irony. Polonius had, we all know, prototypes among the statesmen and courtiers of the day, who showed, as much as the saw-hoarder of the dramatist, with how little wisdom the world may be governed—how well the language of virtue may be echoed from the lips of meanness.

Hamlet continues his play upon words on the appearance of the actors. He says to one whose beard has grown since he saw him last, 'Com'st thou to *beard* me in Denmark?' To the young lad who performed the parts of women he says, 'Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the *ring*;' that is, cracked by advancing manhood in the *ring* of its tones or notes. The allusion to the gold, which was considered uncurrent when cracked beyond a ring stamped on the surface, has been often explained; the punning application, which is necessary to the sense, has been curiously overlooked. A momentary gleam of unclouded gaiety appears to visit Hamlet for the first and last time on his interview with the actors.

The painful part of the acted madness still remains—the scene with Ophelia. Its sadness and misery are inherent, but the harshness disappears on a close observation of the connection of the ideas. That his language should sound rough to Ophelia, in her ignorance of what is working in his mind, signifies nothing. She imputes it all, he is well aware, to his derangement. But that he should have really suffered a hard thought of her to enter his heart, or a taunt of designed insult to escape his lips, would be a blot in Shakespeare's conception to which no subtlety of explanation could ever reconcile us. Shakespeare, we are convinced, meant nothing of the sort. He has drawn Ophelia so artless in her innocence, that Hamlet retains his confidence in her when determined in his mistrust of all female virtue besides. He enlists her purity to pray for him—

> 'Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd;'

and in the mournful dialogue that ensues there is not a syllable to qualify this opening salutation. Ophelia brings to him the offerings of his abandoned love. He denies that he gave them, because the topic is one on which he must not enter. His impulse is to crush by a contradiction that will pass for lunacy a discussion

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discussion which is forbidden to him. Ophelia in answer recalls his former professions. He sees that her attachment to him is unabated. He wishes to wean her from it,—to impress her with his own overwhelming sense of the worthlessness of mankind, himself included, and the misery that must result from an alliance with the best. Divested of the wild and rambling form into which Hamlet purposely throws his reasoning, in order to preserve the semblance of madness, which he can never venture to lay aside in the presence of Ophelia, the argument runs in a perfectly connected train. 'You are honest and you are fair. Then let your honesty prohibit any one from paying court to your beauty.' Ophelia's misconception of his meaning turns him for an instant aside to comment on her question, 'Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?' 'Ay, truly,' he says, 'for beauty will sooner tempt honesty to lust than honesty will translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof'—alluding to the honesty of his father, which could not render the beauty of the queen temptation-proof. He returns to his admonition. 'I loved you once;'—his present love, however much it may be tearing his bosom, he is obliged to suppress;—'but there mingled with it such sin and selfishness that it deserved not the name of love. And though men's vows could be trusted, why should you wish to marry when the result would be to perpetuate sinners? I am as honest as others, and nevertheless I am so wicked that it were better my mother had not born me. What good do such as I do crawling between heaven and earth? Another dissuasive from marriage is, that perfection itself would not escape calumny; or if you *must* marry, marry a fool who is ignorant of women's vices; for be you as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, you will be confounded with the rest of your kind, and wise men know well what monsters you make of them.' Hamlet has now got upon the frailty of women, and he seems by his personal address to Ophelia to include her in the sweeping denunciation. But in the torrent of passion that seizes him when the guilty doings, of which his mother is an example, rise up into his memory, it is natural to employ the 'you,' and 'your,' for 'your race,' 'your sex.' His final words are a brief summary of all he has been aiming to convey,—'I say, we will have no more marriages. To a nunnery, go.' When once the thread of his argument is caught, it is apparent that it runs unbroken through the mimicked irregularities of a mind o'erthrown, and no less is it evident that, in endeavouring to teach Ophelia resignation to her fate, it was far enough from his intention to be slanderous and unfeeling to *her*. There is some coarseness in the dress, which was not felt to be coarseness

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coarseness in Shakespeare's time; but whatever else there may be of apparent railing was incident to the cruel task he had to perform—to impart to Ophelia, under the guise of an unhinged understanding, a conviction that marriage was impossible for him and impolitic for her.

We forbear to dilate on a variety of minute and unconnected points which it would be proper to mention in an edition of Shakespeare; but there are two trifling sentences that defied the acumen of Johnson, and, as far as we are aware, of all succeeding commentators, which we notice for the illustration they afford of the difficulties which beset even easy passages when they are viewed through the medium of some wrong idea. When Rosencrantz and Guildenstern inquire of Hamlet, on behalf of the King, where he has bestowed the body of Polonius, Hamlet replies, 'The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.' 'This answer,' says Johnson, 'I do not comprehend;' and he proposes an emendation to get rid of the contradiction. We think there are two ways in which a meaning may be extracted from the words of the old copies. First, it is possible that the Doctor and his successors have erred in supposing that Hamlet spoke of the body of Polonius, whereas, according to his custom, he may be playing upon words, and under the term of 'the body,' may designate the King. The body of his uncle occupies the throne of Denmark, and in this sense the body is with the King; but he is a usurper, and not a legitimate monarch, and therefore the King is not with the body. Another, and perhaps a still simpler interpretation, which leaves Johnson's primary idea untouched, is this. By 'the body is with the king,' may be meant that the corpse of Polonius is in the king's palace; and by 'the king is not with the body,' that the usurping murderer himself is not yet a corpse, as he deserves to be.—The second passage is from the affected euphuisms of Osric, and relates to the fencing-match between Hamlet and Laertes. 'The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine.' On which Johnson observes: 'This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine.' Johnson would not have missed the meaning if he had remembered that Osric never stoops to use the language of ordinary mortals. 'He hath laid on twelve for nine' is not he has laid twelve *to* nine, but he has wagered for nine out of twelve. The King backs Hamlet. Laertes, who is the celebrated fencer of the age, is to give the Prince great odds:—the King stipulates out of the twelve passes for nine hits

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hits from Laertes without his being declared winner. So also in the former part of the sentence, 'he shall not exceed you three hits,' does not mean that the sum of Laertes' hits over Hamlet's shall not be more than three. In a dozen passes six hits each would place them on a par, and Osric calls Laertes' excess the number of hits that he makes above his own half. This, the King bets, will not surpass three, rendering the total amount nine, which tallies with the other form under which the bet is expressed.

Amid the endless discussions raised by the character of Hamlet, there is a perfect unanimity as to his mental supremacy. 'The play,' says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, 'is a singular example of a piece of great length, resting its interest upon the delineation of one character; for Hamlet, his discourses, and the changes of his mind, are all the play. The other persons, even his father's ghost, are important through him; and in himself it is the variation of his mind, and not the varying events of his life, that affords the interest.' The simplest criticism is commonly the best. There are few remarks on Shakespeare's plays more just and admirable than this. The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He passes without an effort 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,'—from his every-day character to personated lunacy. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him, fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities; is equally at home whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden raillery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirising while he talks it; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness—probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the churchyard are on the trite

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trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense, unmitigated gloom! It is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life.

So far, we imagine, all are agreed. But the motives which induce Hamlet to defer his revenge are still, and perhaps will ever remain, debateable ground. The favourite doctrine of late is, that the thinking part of Hamlet predominated over the active—that he was as weak and vacillating in performance as he was great in speculation. If this theory were borne out by his general conduct, it would no doubt amply account for his procrastination; but there is nothing to countenance and much to refute the idea. Shakespeare has endowed him with a vast energy of will. There could be no sterner resolve than to abandon every purpose of existence that he might devote himself unfettered to his revenge; nor was ever resolution better observed. He breaks through his passion for Ophelia, and keeps it down, under the most trying circumstances, with such inflexible firmness, that an eloquent critic has seriously questioned whether his attachment was real. The determination of his character appears again at the death of Polonius. An indecisive mind would have been shocked, if not terrified, at the deed. Hamlet dismisses him with a few contemptuous words as a man would brush away a fly. He talks with even greater indifference of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whom he sends 'to sudden death, not shriving time allowed.' He has on these, and, indeed, on all occasions, a short and absolute way which only belongs to resolute souls. The features developed in his very hesitation to kill the King are inconsistent with the notion that his hand refuses to perform what his head contrives. He is always trying to persuade himself into a conviction that it his duty, instead of seeking for evasions.* He is seized with a savage joy when the play supplies him with indubitable proof of his uncle's guilt. His language then to Horatio is—

'is 't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm?'

* His reasons for not killing the King when he is praying have been held to be an excuse. But if Shakespeare had anticipated the criticism, he could not have guarded against it more effectually. Hamlet has just uttered the soliloquy,

——— 'Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.'

In this frame he passes his uncle's closet, and is for once, at least, equal to any emergency. His first thought is to kill him at his devotions; his second, that in that case Claudius will go to heaven. Instantly his father's sufferings rise into his mind; he contrasts the happy future of the criminal with the purgatory of the victim, and the contemplation exasperates him into a genuine desire for a fuller revenge. The threat relieves him from the reproach of inactivity, and he falls back into his former self.

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He wants, it is clear, neither will nor nerve to strike the blow. There is perhaps one supposition that will satisfy all the phenomena, and it has, to us, the recommendation that we think it is the solution suggested by Shakespeare himself. Hamlet, in a soliloquy, charges the delay on—

> 'Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on th' event.'

The oblivion is merely the effect of the primary cause—'the craven scruple'—the conscience which renders him a coward. His uncle, after all, is king; he is the brother of his father, and the husband of his mother, and it was inevitable that he should shrink, in his cooler moments, from becoming his assassin. His hatred to his uncle, who has disgraced his family and disappointed his ambition, gives him personal inducements to revenge, which further blunt his purpose by leading him to doubt the purity of his motives. The admonition of the Ghost to him is, not to taint his mind in the prosecution of his end; and no sooner has the Ghost vanished than Hamlet, invoking the aid of supernatural powers, exclaims—

> 'O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
> And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—'

But the hell, whose support he rejects, is for ever returning to his mind and startling his conscience. It is this that makes him wish for the confirmation of the play, for evil spirits may have abused him. It is this which begets the apathy he terms oblivion, for inaction affords relief to doubt. It is this which produces his inconsistencies, for conscience calls him different ways, and when he obeys in one direction he is haunted by the feeling that he should have gone in the other. If he contemplated the performance of a deed which looks outwardly more like murder than judicial retribution, he trembles lest, after all, he should be perpetrating an unnatural crime; or if, on the other hand, he turns to view his uncle's misdeeds, he fancies there is more of cowardly scrupulosity than justice in his backwardness, and he abounds in self-reproaches at the weakness of his hesitation. And thus he might for ever have halted between two opinions if the King himself, by filling up the measure of his iniquities, had not swept away his scruples.

ART.

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ART. III.—*Gallus, oder Römische Scenen aus der Zeit Augusts Zur Erläuterung der wesentlichsten Gegenstände aus dem häuslichen Leben der Römer.* Von Wilh. Adolph Becker, Prof a. d. U. Leipzig. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1838.

2. *Charikles: Bilder altgriechischer Sitte. Zur genaueren Kenntniss des Griechischen Privatlebens.* Von W. A. Becker. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1840.

3. *Gallus; or Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German by Frederick Metcalfe, B.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. London. 1845.

4. *Charicles; or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursus.* Translated from the German by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 12mo. London. 1846.

FROM very childhood we have been accustomed to look up with admiring wonder at the mighty nations of Greece and Rome, as exhibited in pages of history or blazoned by the poet. We there behold the hero in his battle-field or his triumphal procession; the statesman in the senate; the orator in the forum; the philosopher in his school, his portico, or his garden. But in these volumes we track the actors home—get a pleasant peep into their retired vales of life—where every one is alike engaged in that round of small concerns which, with some curious modifications and varieties, constitute the every-day existence of us all. We may hope here to contemplate *the People* generally in their domestic habits, their social circles, their private amusements; to find materials for judging of the individual relations of man to man, and how woman fared among them.

Through such scenes we could not have a more agreeable or more faithful guide than Professor Becker. To a very extensive research he has brought the most patient industry and minute observation; compelling every collateral matter and every incidental expression to converge for the elucidation of any given point—

'Nec desinit unquam
Secum Graïa loqui, secum Latina vetustas.'

But he has by no means contented himself with the written records of antiquity. He has ransacked the ruins of empires, and rummaged the museums of existing governments; where monumental inscriptions and bas-reliefs, statues, paintings, fictile vases with their encaustic figures, coins, gems and medals are often

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often made to speak more plainly than the most luminous descriptions found in books.

Others, from the like sources, had endeavoured to investigate similar subjects; and their labours are noticed in the preface, and occasionally, in elaborate discussion, throughout the notes: sometimes with merited commendation—but often also with unmerited censure. For it is admitted, as a reason for undertaking the work—we consider *Gallus* and *Charicles* as parts of one production—that its object has not been made the especial purpose of any preceding author. Those, therefore, whose professed design embraced only a part of M. Becker's—and those again of whose professed design *his* only included a portion—should not be rudely censured for deficiency, where completeness was never pretended. And such strictures are less excusable in one who, professing at the outset to give a complete view of his subject, yet acknowledges having left some matters imperfectly treated, because elaborately discussed by former writers; and confesses to have omitted altogether, as of too wide a scope for his undertaking, the public games and festivals of Greece—the shows, circus, and amphitheatre of Rome—and the theatres and drama of both countries—though these respectively exercised, in each, the most powerful influence on their moral and physical condition; no small part in the '*private life*' of a people. M. Becker, in short, has as much need, as any whom he censures, of Columella's very pertinent apology:—'Neque enim est ulla disciplina aut ars quæ singulari consummata sit ingenio: quapropter, ut in magnâ silvâ boni venatoris est feras quamplurimas capere, nec cuiquam culpæ fuit non omnes cepisse: ita nobis satis abundeque est tam diffusæ materiæ quam suscepimus maximam partem tradidisse, quippe cum in eâ velut omissa desiderentur quæ non sunt propria nostræ professionis.'—*De Re Rust.* 5, 1, *ap. init.*

In the plan of the Professor all idea of a romance is anxiously disclaimed: only so much fiction being employed as to give a pleasant personal interest to details which, as isolated facts, would weary any but the most dogged antiquary. Both stories are simple in their structure; but ingeniously devised to collect in clusters, like crystals round salient points, the particulars required for illustration; which is effected with considerable elegance both of fancy and expression; forming, as his preface to Gallus characterizes it, a piece of marquetry [Zusammensetzung eines Mosaikgemäldes], the fiction being the plain ground, serving to connect and give relief to the coloured pieces of the picture. This is said of what may be called the text of the work, independent of the multitudinous and proportionately voluminous digres-

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sions; which prove the impracticability of involving in a narration —without smothering its interest and deforming its beauty—the mass of minutiæ required for critical disquisition. Readers, therefore, who seek only amusement, must fix their eyes on what we have called the text of the tales, and never advert to the notes or the digressions (excursus, as they are somewhat pedantically called): and this the German reader will more easily do than the English; for the translator has placed the notes in the same page with the text.

For the purpose of the author, Gallus is a personage well selected. There is a halo of celebrity about his name, which gives the interest of reality; whilst there is an obscurity with regard to the details of his life, leaving a licence to fiction without the risk of historic incongruity. Gallus was a favourite of Augustus, and one in that poetical constellation which illustrated his reign; but, like one of those stars whose disappearance from the firmament puzzles philosophers, his splendour is now only heard of; his works have perished. He was the admired friend of Virgil (whose most celebrated Eclogue bears his name); noticed with honour by Horace, Cicero, Pollio, Propertius; and Ovid, in allusion probably to his military and political importance as well as to his poetical fame, thus characterizes him and his mistress:—

'Gallus et Hesperiis et Gallus notus Eöis,
Et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.'

These lines have furnished an appropriate motto to the German edition of the Gallus; but the few words of Plutarch prefixed to Charicles would have served equally well for either story:—'A slight circumstance, or expression, or joke even, will often convey a clearer idea of national character and manners, than the account of a battle where ten thousand men have perished.'*

The Roman narrative opens with Gallus (such as we have described him) returning home late at night from a party. Of his family, his was only the third generation who had enjoyed the honour of Roman citizenship, and they had, according to usual practice, assumed the name of Cornelius, as that of the patron to whose influence they were indebted for the franchise. Yet his mansion exhibits all the external insignia and internal decoration that would seem to indicate an ancient and illustrious descent: just as we see our upstarts assuming the armorial bearings of any noble family whose patronymic happens in whatever way to be also theirs. Gallus, however, has distinguished himself both in

* Πρᾶγμα βραχὺ πολλάκις καὶ ῥῆμα καὶ παιδιὰ τὶς ἔμφασιν ἤθους ἐποίησε μᾶλλον ἢ μάχαι μυριόνεκροι.—*Plutarch. Alexand. ap. init.*

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warfare and civil administration; and in these, and especially in his prefecture of Egypt, had amassed a princely property.

This minion of fortune was attended, as usual, by a train of adulatory friends and envious maligners; as usual, too, in this latter class the bitterest was a brother poet.

> Τεκτόνοιν θ' ὕμνοισι ἐργάτειν ὄνοιν
> Ἔριν μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν. (*Eurip. Androm.* 475.)

This man, Largus,* observing some interchange of tart expressions between Augustus and Gallus, conspired with others to excite the despot to further proofs of displeasure; and aware of Gallus' impatience of injustice, of the generous impetuosity of his character, and especially of the failing which Ovid imputes to him—

> 'Linguam nimio non tenuisse mero' (*Trist.* ii. 446)—

cunningly draws him on at a festive board to a treasonable defiance, and even menacing, of Augustus. Gallus is condemned by the servile Senate, and dies what is called a 'Roman death;'—that is, one in which a pusillanimous anticipation of prolonged suffering inspires the coward with a momentary courage.

Such is the tragedy of Gallus; which is followed by Charicles, we will not say like the farce, but like the 'entertainment' in a modern theatre; for the story is of the very simplest construction. That period is chosen when, Greece being under Macedonian domination, and men less occupied in public affairs, the characteristics of domestic life became more prominently distinguishable: and this forms the author's very sufficient reason for selecting a private individual to give name and personality to his work. The hero is introduced as travelling (about midsummer of the year 329 B.C.) from Argos to Corinth, on his way, after six years' absence, to Athens for claiming his inheritance there. He has just emerged from the class of ephebi, and attained his legal majority of twenty years. He is of powerfully active form, of gallant bearing, with amiable and refined physiognomy. He is mounted on a noble steed, and followed by a running footman, —a slave of about thirty years of age, sweating under a carpet-bag (*στρωματεὺς*), supplementary to the horseman's portmanteau (*πήρα*). They stop at a pleasant spot (pleasantly described) to breakfast; and are joined by an unattended pedestrian traveller who recognises Charicles as an old schoolfellow—if fellows they could be called, one of whom was the son of a high-born burgher, while the other earned his instruction in the school by performing menial offices for keeping it in order. Charicles, however, by

* Celebrated by Ovid, Epist. Pont. iv. 16. 17.

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what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'reminiscential evocations,' is delighted to acknowledge Ctesiphon, the friend of his boyhood; who, though by two years his senior, had been a good-natured playmate and often assisted him in his lessons.

The friends proceed to Corinth, where they part for a while; Ctesiphon going to a friend's house and Charicles to that of Sotades, to whom he had been recommended as a respectable person willing to accept money for accommodating a stranger.

Venus, as all know, had one of her grandest temples at Corinth; and the city, so lauded by lascivious poets, became in plain English the brothel of Greece. Hence M. Becker represents the elder of the youths as cautioning the younger in what some construe the true sense of the proverb—

'Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthon.'*

But the character of Corinth does not depend on the construction of a proverb: it is wrought into the very language of Greece, in which the debauched were said Κορινθιάζεσθαι. Here, then, Charicles finds his 'respectable' host is the pander to his own daughters, by whose wiles the youth is snared, and from whose bullies he is rescued by Ctesiphon. They proceed by sea to Athens, where Charicles finds Phorion, his father's friend and depositary, faithfully ready to surrender his trust: and the young Athenian citizen is soon established in his family mansion. He falls in love at first sight with a lady dabbling her feet in a brook, and grows very moody on discovering her to be married. Polycles, an old friend of his father, has been struck by apoplexy on the very day of his nuptials with Cleobule, a beautiful girl of sixteen: hearing, however, that the son of his old friend had arrived in Athens, he wishes for an interview before he dies. Charicles finds him nursed by the lovely bride, whom, at the first glance, he recognises as his nymph of the brook; and her present perturbation convinces him that she had been no less impressed

* Strabo, 8. 6. 20, is here cited by M. Becker. Some, however, apply the proverb to elucidate the difficulty of attaining any object, in allusion to the notorious difficulty noticed by Suidas of navigating the approaches to Corinth. So Horace in Epist. i. 17, 36—for the whole epistle is a lesson to Scævola how to work his way into the harbour of court favour. Gellius, on the contrary, says the proverb originated in the price at which Laïs, the Corinthian courtezan, sold her favours. Others, again, derive the proverb from the general luxury and extravagance of Corinthian life. It is odd that Erasmus, in his Adagia, has not noticed the proverb at all. Luxury and effeminacy, however, were the general character of the Greeks, long before they came into national contact with the Romans; except from acquaintance with the Sybarites and other Greek colonies in Southern Italy. And the reproach continued long after the Romans were only less refined, and not less luxurious, than the Greeks—'Dies noctesque bibite, pergræcamini,' &c. Plut. Most. i. 1. 21; and Cic. Ver. l. 26, 'Invitatio ut Græco more biberetur.'

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than himself at their former meeting. The husband leaves his wealth to the virgin widow. In the mean time, by the common trick of tokens left with an exposed infant, Charicles is discovered to have been a supposititious child, palmed by a barren wife on a credulous husband. The real father, as the executor of Polycles, has the disposal in marriage of Cleobule, and, of course, bestows her on Charicles.

The reader will readily imagine that the circumstances constituting even this very general outline of the two stories must afford many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the respective nations: and the ingenuity of the Professor is most successfully exerted in filling up the pictures with various and interesting details, dexterously dovetailed into the narratives. After all, however, we do not become acquainted with the *national* private life of either Greeks or Romans, but with that only of their higher classes. Nor is the author at all in fault. The remains of classical antiquity, literary, numismatic, or monumental, reflect hardly a gleam of light into that deep obscurity, where unheeded millions, from generation to generation, passed away; whether in comfort or in misery excited no inquiry. Philanthropy, in its extended sense, formed no part of heathen virtue—and no question in the schools of heathen philosophy. The Christian revelation was required to teach men that all are fellow-creatures of one God—all children of one father. The heathen substitute for this sublime principle was patriotism; a contracted kind of virtue at best, and upon which (especially with regard to classical ages) a most undue meed has been conferred. It is quite true that our active duties are first required for those with whom the laws of nature and of society have more immediately connected us: for if *we* do not serve them, *who* will? and, besides, we can in that limited sphere best judge of the requirements for good, and of the means of effecting them; therefore true patriotism, where selfish interest is sacrificed to public weal, is a noble virtue. But the question arises, what is the good contemplated? Is it the happiness of the general mass of the society, or only the prosperity of that dominant portion of it which monopolizes political power?

The patriotism of antiquity was exclusively of this latter description—and though, by gusts in the same direction, modern patriots may be warped from the right track, still they have a star in Heaven, by which all are agreed they *ought* to steer: even self-interest, therefore, will prevent a total aberration.

How wide the occasional divergence may be, is seen in the long prevalence and unquestioned toleration, in modern times, of public and domestic slavery. But the principle of Christianity, not

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not based like heathenism on the shifting sand of tradition, but on imperishable Scripture, proclaiming the filial equality of men in the sight of God, gradually wrought upon the human heart, till slavery became first modified, and at length, in the most enlightened part of Christendom, wholly abolished.

Various have been the definitions given of slavery, and Cicero's has been often cited as the best. 'Servitude,' he says, 'is the subjection of a broken-down and abject spirit deprived of the exercise of its own will.' The feeling with which this is obviously written seems to have procured it acceptance.* But it is a mere euphemismus for heathen slavery, where the master could with impunity torture or kill, or, in his tenderest mercy, sell the slave at his pleasure:—in brief, that state of social relation in which a man became the *chattel* of his owner, who might use or abuse, sell or destroy his property, and exclaim without any to gainsay him, 'I do as I will with my own.' The amount of misery which under such licence furious or malignant tempers might produce, cannot be calculated, but imagination can hardly overrate it; and even the indirect influence of habitually unbridled passions must have been painfully felt in all the relations of domestic life and of social intercourse.

The system however was considerably modified by the characters and institutions of different nations, or peoples (like the Grecian states) of the same nation. In barbarous countries, as in the barbarous times of the Greeks themselves, slavery generally prevailed with all its atrocities; and these were exhibited in the most exaggerated form at Sparta, where Lycurgus (or the system bearing that name) had strained every string of human nature to the utmost, and had succeeded in denaturalizing the people to a degree which, but for the consentient voice of history, would have been deemed an incredible fiction. Under this happily anomalous system a whole race—men, women, and children—were reduced to a slavery unequalled even by that of Israel in Goshen. They who had the charge of Spartan youth, in order to initiate them in stratagem and to flesh them for slaughter, sent them forth to lie hid during day and at night to way-lay and murder every Helot they could find. But in this was a double policy;† for they not only gave a finish to educational

* Servitus est obedientia fracti animi et abjecti, et arbitrio carentis suo. (*Parad.* 5. 1. *ap. fin.*) It may be well to take this early opportunity of stating that we shall cite, especially, any authority on which we found our own observations or assertions: but for the authorities cited by M. Becker we must refer to his work, for they are far too numerous to be adduced here. Whenever we have tracked him, we have found him truthful—though occasionally differing from us on the value of the evidence for establishing the point in question.

† *Vide* Plutarch's account of the Κρυπτία or Spartan ambushments, in Lycurg. 1, 56 E.

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accomplishment, but kept down the numbers of those whom they at once dreaded and despised. The same base principle led to the perpetration of an act exhibiting so flagitious a combination of dastard treachery, of ingratitude, and of cruelty, as is unparalleled even in the polluted pages of history. Thucydides, a contemporary witness, thus records the transaction:—

'The Lacedæmonians, dreading the strength and numbers of the Helot youth (for in all times the Helots were to the Lacedemonians a subject of the most anxious apprehension), made a proclamation, that *such as should be deemed to have rendered, during the late extremities of the state, most service in the war, should be made free;* thus obtaining a knowledge of those who, being the most forward to claim the distinction, would be the most likely to be leaders in a revolt. Some two thousand were thus led about to the temples with crowns of liberty; but in a short time all these disappeared, and no one knew how they perished.'*

And Plutarch, near 600 years after, confessing that he knew no more, might well add the common saying—'In Lacedemon the freeman is most free, and the slave most a slave.' (*Lycurg.* t. i. p. 57.)

Strange that neither of these impressively characteristic circumstances should be noticed by M. Becker, in any of those elaborate notes and excursus, which prove that he by no means intended his work to give a mere description of chairs and tables, of chitons a nd togas.

Athenian slavery was in the opposite extreme to that of Lacedemon; the other states of Greece probably partaking more or less in the character of the two dominant powers.

The most important advantages of the Athenian slave were, that his life, at least, could be forfeited only by sentence of law; that when cruelly treated he might take refuge in the sanctuary of certain temples; and that then, if his complaint were found just, his master was compelled to sell him. For this, and other extreme cases, there appear to have been judges appointed, similar to our protectors of slaves in the West Indies and of natives in Australia. Still, however, even the Athenian slave was in a wretched condition. The pillory (πεντεσυρίγγῳ ξύλῳ), scourging, and branding on the forehead, which were the punishments for *crimes* in the free, were the corrections for common faults in the slave. As preventives, too, of the most frequent fault, that of running away, fetters were imposed, especially on those employed in cultivating the farms and in working the mines; and in Athens as well as in Rome the porter who opened the doors for the admission or retirement of festive parties—such, perhaps, as he had been accustomed to frequent in his own country—was often chained to his

* Thucyd. (Dukeri), 4. 80.

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cell on one side, as the house-dog to his kennel on the other. M. Becker ridicules Wüstemann and Böttiger for supposing that female slaves were sometimes employed as porters (*Gal.* 1, pp. 34, 35), and perhaps their authorities (*Tibul.* 1. 8, 76, and 1, 6, 61, with *Plaut. Curc.* 1, 1, 76) may admit of some doubt; but that such was the practice in the heroic ages, at least, was certainly the opinion of Euripides and his audiences; for he introduces the captured Hecuba as anticipating, among other probable events, that she might be destined to keep the outer door:—Παρὰ πρόθυροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσα (*Troad.* 194); and again, Ἡ θυρῶν λάτριν κληδας φυλάσσειν τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἕκτορα (*Id.* 492):—though without the previous passage this might have been construed as alluding only to her becoming keeper of the household stores (ταμία). How long such barbarities continued is not known; but it is pleasant to contrast with these the chivalrous conduct of Alexander towards the captive widow and daughters of Darius.

How prone slaves were to abscond may be gathered from their being made to precede their master, when attending him in public. Yet, under the much harsher rule of Roman masters, this precaution does not appear to have been taken, as the term *pedissequus* shows; and though that is used as the correlative of ἀκόλουθος, this bears no such *etymological* evidence of sequence to the person it designates.*

M. Becker observes (*Charicles*; t. ii. 51) that no appeal seems to have been made to a sense of disgrace in the punishment of slaves. But this is not consistent with the admission (p. 53) of branding being deemed such, for the hair was arranged to conceal it when on the forehead. The pillory, also, must be considered as adding a painful sense of shame to corporal suffering. And if there were no punishment of a merely ignominious character, like the furca of the Romans, what are we to understand by the κλοιὸς—which, in the next page, he admits to have been occasionally used simply as a collar round the neck?

M. Becker's observation, too, is hardly consistent with the studied ignominy which various customs stamped on the whole class. Their testimony (except in urgent cases of murder, where other witnesses could not be had) was wholly disregarded, unless extorted on the rack; and the utter worthlessness of such a test of truth, if not suggested by the humanity of the Athenians, was detected by the shrewdness of their lawyers, who, when their case

* There is a curious etymological indication of an intermediate state of servitude in our olden time, when personal attendants, in public, were called *henchmen*, men at the *haunch*, or side; in the Scotch dialect lackeys are still called *flunkies*—'And flunkies shall tend you wherever you gae' (*Auld Robin Gray*)—which is from old French, *flanchier*.

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required, often exposed the absurdity of trusting to such evidence, though, on contrary occasions, availing themselves of popular prejudice, they were not ashamed of appealing to it as the most infallible exponent of truth. Nor have we reason to plume ourselves on more enlightened views. The experience of above two thousand years, and the benign influence of Christianity for above seventeen hundred years, were required to abolish the torture in all but some of the benighted nooks of Christendom. And the abolition might have been much longer delayed but for the publication of one little volume, and, perhaps, of one little sentence in that volume, combining the most mathematically logical precision with the most biting sarcasm:—'Given the strength of the muscles, and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person, it is required to find the degree of pain which shall make him confess himself guilty of a given crime.'*

Slaves were excluded from some of the most venerated temples, as profaning such by their presence. The natural right even of self-defence was denied to the slave, who might not resist personal violence from a stranger. The master could prosecute for the damage done to his property.

There was, however, in the slavery of Athens, a modifying circumstance highly creditable to the character of her legislation, which, though unnoticed by M. Becker, must materially have influenced 'private life.' The slave was allowed to acquire a *peculium*, or personal property, paying an annual per centage to the master. His savings were principally collected from the allowances which we call board wages; and when the amount was sufficient for the payment of the regulated sum, he could demand his freedom.† Yet still the *lord* kept up an indefinite kind of claim for presents on the birth or marriage of children, &c., like the beggarly '*incidental* prerogatives' in the old feudal seigniories,

* 'Data la forza dei muscoli, e la sensibilita delle fibre d' un innocente, trovare il grado di dolore che lo farà confessar reo di un dato delitto.' (Beccaria, dei Delitti e delle Pene, sec. 16.) The seed fell on good ground, warmed and enlightened by the fostering rays of Gospel benignity. The first edition was printed at Milan (though professedly from the Republican press at Lucca); and that here cited is the sixth, printed at Harlem, but sold in Paris in 1766, with a commentary by Voltaire. Seventeen hundred years before, the same sentiment had been announced, though not in the same pithy form, by Quintilian: 'In tormentis —— cum pars altera quæstionem vera fatendi necessitatem vocat, altera sæpe etiam causam falsa dicendi; quòd aliis patientia facile mendacium faciat, aliis infirmitas necessarium.' (Instit. 5. 4. ap. init.) But this fell on stony ground. The effect of Beccaria's book exhibits in a remarkable degree not only the direct but the reflex influence of Christianity. The arch-infidel of France was its first eulogistic commentator; and the first sovereigns adopting its principles, in the reform of their criminal codes, were Frederic of Prussia and Catherine of Russia: two of the least Christianized characters that ever sat upon a Christian throne—and that is saying much.

† *Plaut. Cas.*, 25, 5—for the prologue professes it to be taken from a Grecian drama: vid. also Dion. Chrysost. Orat. 15.

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or the beggarly 'Repeal Rent' of modern days extorted from the clutch of the starving Irish peasant—like these, too, called, no doubt, 'free gifts,' though accompanied, no doubt also, with the same feeling which Terence's Davus expresses with such just bitterness:—

'Nam herilem filium ejus duxisse audio
Uxorem: ei, credo, munus hoc conraditur.
Quam iniquè comparatum est, ii qui minus habent
Ut semper aliquid addant divitioribus!
Quod ille, unciatim, vix de demenso suo,
(Suum defraudans genium), comparsit miser,
Id illa universum abripiet; haud existumans
Quanto labore partum. Porro autem Geta
Ferietur alio munere ubi hera pepererit;
Porrò alio autem ubi erit puero natalis dies:
Ubi initiabunt: omne hoc mater auferet:
Puer caussa erit mittundi.' (*Phorm.* I. i.)

What a list of mean exactions is here!—and the *Phormio* is a Grecian story.

The influence of the 'wolf's milk' in the moral constitution of the Romans is nowhere more apparent than in the authorized treatment of their slaves and of their children; for these, in fact, were but a class in the slave family—all might be alike sold, lacerated, tortured, killed, at the caprice of the domestic despot. Such a barbarous power was taken from the Athenian parent as early as the time of Solon, by whose code children were considered the property of the state, and a daughter and a sister could only be sold when convicted of incontinence. But the lapse of near six centuries, and the Christian influence of more than one century, were required before Hadrian interposed the shield of the law between the Roman master and the life of his slave.* And still it was only actual murder that was prohibited. After a long course of labour and cruel inflictions had rendered the slave unsaleable and unprofitable to keep, his master might turn him adrift—and such was the practice of the elder Cato, the vaunted *censor* of heathen morality.†

The apology made for the dreadful oppression of slaves was that of self-defence from their general vicious character, and their especial malignity towards their masters. But, as the Wife of Bath asks—'Who peinteth the lion?—tell me, who?'

And who goaded the lion?—The real cause of the cruelty was its ordinary concomitant, cowardice. The proud indolence, the luxury, and the ostentation of wealth produced in both Greece

* Ælius Spartanus, Hadrian, 18.
† Plutarch, Cato Maj., t. i. 338, F.

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and Rome such a numerical superiority of the bond over the free, that every man, living in apprehension both of domestic conspiracy and of public revolt, sought to soothe his own fears by inspiring greater. Thus, on the domestic murder of Pedanius Secundus, a man of consular rank, Tacitus tells us 400 of his slaves were executed. (*Annal.* 14, 43.)

In the archonship of Demetrius Phalereus (B.C. 317—327) the slaves in Attica amounted to 400,000; the free only to 31,000. Corinth had 460,000; Ægina 470,000 slaves. Among the Romans the disproportion of bond and free was probably still greater, as the numbers in the possession of opulent individuals certainly were. Pliny tells us that Isidorus, though reduced in circumstances by the civil war, left at his death 4116 slaves. This greater excess proceeded from more extensive conquests and the opportunities for individuals to accumulate enormous wealth. But in both nations every family at all above indigence had numbers of slaves; and in the more opulent the difficulty seems to have been how, even with the nicest subdivision of labour, to contrive employment for all. We find the same propensity to be surrounded by supernumerary attendants whenever, as in some of our colonial possessions, any numbers may be had at the cost of a scanty maintenance. The slaves of antiquity, however, were not the mere appendages of luxury; they were also cultivators of the soil and labourers in the manufacture of its produce—but with this distinction: the Greek proprietor often manufactured for sale—the Roman only for domestic consumption. M. Becker states the difference without observation on the probable cause of it (*Charicles*, t. ii. p. 356). This, perhaps, may be traced, firstly, to the pride of the Roman grandee, not deigning to have it supposed that 'Ars illi sua census erat'—or to be numbered among those who 'sedem animæ in extremis digitis habent'—those who, as Bacon expresses it, 'requiring rather the finger than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition.' 'Nam ubi cupido divitiarum invasit, neque disciplina, neque artes bonæ, neque ingenium ullum satispollet, quin animus, magis aut minus maturè, postremo tamen succumbit.' (*Sallust. de Repub. Ordinand.*) The Roman historian had here, no doubt, Tyre and Carthage in his mind, as old John Perin had when he exclaimed with better reason than rhythm:

> 'England, take heade! To thee such chaunce may come;
> Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.' *

Another reason for the difference may have been, that strangers exercising trades or manufactures in Athens were subjected to

* Serpent of Division, by J. Perin. London, 1590.

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a tax, which whosoever failed to pay was sold as a slave—and the exemption from which operated as a premium to encourage industry in the citizen; whilst Rome was a mart open to the competition of all comers—'Mundi fæce repleta'—and these dregs of foreigners were contented, like our mediæval Jews, from love of lucre, to suffer numerous indignities and even occasional temporary expulsion.*

Becker's assertion, however, that the Roman grandees did not manufacture for sale, should have been qualified by one singular exception. Crassus (one of the wealthiest unthroned individuals on record) owed his greatest riches to his *manufacture* of highly accomplished slaves, to whose education in various arts he sedulously and even personally attended (*Plutarch*, Crass. ap. init., t. i. 543-4); and such we find were sold at enormous prices. Seneca tells us of a pretender to literature keeping many learned slaves, for each of whom he had given above 800*l.*† —the cost of a mere labourer varying from about 3*l.* to 32*l.* Suetonius says Cæsar gave prices of which himself was ashamed. (*Jul.* 47.) But the Greeks were much less extravagant in this, as in other articles of luxury: for (as we have before observed) in their small States, individuals had no opportunity of amassing inordinate wealth.

The influence of this was apparent in the uses to which slaves were applied in the respective countries. During their early intercourse the Romans were as much imitators of the Greeks, as the Greeks afterwards became of them. The delicate plants of literature and of the fine arts were not indigenous to the Latian soil: but its inhabitants soon learned to covet the fruits; and Rome became a mart for the books, the pictures, the statues, and the educated slaves of Greece, literate and artistic. Yet for a length of time the wealthy Roman aspired to the possession of these, only in deference to the taste of the distinguished few, and as insignia of emulative opulence; but with an ignorantly latent contempt for the accomplishments of what he deemed an inferior people—somewhat in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's instruction to his son: 'If you are fond of music, it is all well; get a Frenchman or an Italian to twang and whistle to you; but never let me see you with a pipe in your mouth or a fiddle under

* By the Junian law, A.U.C. 627; the Papian, 688; and (exceptis medicis et præceptoribus) even so late as Augustus. *Sueton. Aug.*, 42.

† Centenis millibus sibi constare singulos servos. (*Epist.* 27.) This expensive pretension to literature reminds us of having seen an order to a London bookseller, sent by a West-Indian proprietor, who had fitted book-cases to his apartment and only wanted books to possess a library. The order, therefore, specified folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; on divinity, history, philosophy, and the belles-lettres; so many feet and inches, of each size, for each class.

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your chin.' Accordingly the Roman host provided hireling ministers for the gratification of his guests, and so exhibited

> 'a modish feast,
> With amorous song and wanton dances graced':

—whereas the Grecian entertainer would have been thought inferior in accomplishments, if, however eminent as a warrior and a statesman, he could not take a distinguished part in the exercise of those festive arts which at once animated and graced society. Epaminondas, in Cicero's opinion the most illustrious character in Greece,

> 'Where every power benign
> Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,'

was celebrated for singing and playing on the harp (*Tusc. Quæst.* 1, 2). Pelopidas was distinguished by his elegance in dancing and his skill as a musician; and when Themistocles was ridiculed, even in maturity of life and fame, for his deficiency in such points, he thought it necessary to urge as a compensating talent, his ability to render great and celebrated the state which at first had come under his administration small and inglorious.*

In the festive parties of Rome money commanded alike the exertion of talents exquisitely refined, or grossly lascivious—in these respects the pupils rivalled the masters; but according to the inborn ferocity of the Roman character, they surpassed them by the introduction of gladiatorial fights at private banquets.†

In their public games the Romans followed the Greeks in a like apish spirit; in a like vicarious exhibition, a like savage rage for witnessing dangers and sufferings which they did not share. And when corruption had reduced the Roman populace to a rabble retaining all the blood-thirstiness without the courage of the wild beast which had always been its type, this vile passion was pandered (as all vile passions ever are) by the sycophantic meanness of political ambition. Hence, in the public shows multitudes of beasts and men were mutilated and murdered by each other, for 'a rascal rout' of dastardly spectators to gloat upon. The extent of these enormities may be imagined from the single fact, that they continued one hundred and twenty-three days on the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Daci, during which 11,000 beasts were killed, and 10,000 gladiators were engaged in mutual wounds and slaughter (Dio. 48, 15). Well might the historian ascribe to the witnessing of such exhibitions the perversion to barbarity of the natural mansuetude of the first Claudius (40. 14).

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* Plutarch, Themist., t. i., p. 112, C.

† Capitolin. in Ver. 4, ap. fin. and Max. Tyr. 12.

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The mania for such shows raged as much in the highest ranks as in the very *quisquiliæ* of Rome. Senators, and their wives too, even without the apology of a despot's command, 'nullo cogente Nerone,'* merely from low ambition, or the still baser love of lucre, incurred the defilement of the arena: 'per arenam fœdati sunt' (*Tacit.* An. 15. 32). Yet such may be deemed only the foibles of individuals, compared with the horribly depraved state of the public mind, when the thousands and tens of thousands assembled in their vast amphitheatres compelled, by their clamours, the wretched prostitutes performing in the arena to be stripped naked for their brutal gaze. This is heathen civilisation in its most polished age. Even Cato, though aware of the practice, could enter the theatre, and being told the people, out of reverence for him, abstained from their wonted demand, he left the assembly; upon which Martial, with shrewd propriety, asks,

'Knowing the usage of the bestial rout,
Why did you come there?—only to go out?'†

It is to be hoped, as much respect as for Cato was shown to the Roman ladies, for whom Augustus provided seats at the public shows (*Sueton.* Aug. 44). But perhaps they had the decency to absent themselves from the Floralia and Saturnalia, when lasciviousness was thought more peculiarly acceptable to their obscene deities, and all kinds of riotous luxury and debauchery had the sanction of the laws.‡

Our readers will remember those terrible lines in *The Castle of Indolence*—

'Now must I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven they languish'd there:
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.'

* Juvenal, viii., 193, and vi., 257, and Tacit. An. xiv., 14: Exhibuit autem *ad ferrum etiam* 400 Senatores, 600 [quære 40 and 60] equites Romanos, &c. *Sueton. Nero*, 12.

† Epig., i., 3, Ad Catonem: to which title '*nimis* severum' is added in the edition 'Jussu *Christianissimi Regis* in usum Serenissimi Delphini.'

‡ Jus luxuriæ publicè datum est ebrio ac vomitanti populo. *Senec. Epist.* 18. It is mortifying to remark a kindred spirit of irreverence in the celebration of Christian festivals. Such seasons, it is true, are eminently calculated to excite a gratefully cheerful remembrance of benefits conferred and of hopes assured; and therefore are fitting occasions for a moderate enjoyment, that may animate our thankfulness for the blessings we possess. But how grossly are such occasions perverted into apology for every species of excess, and oblivion of all reverential feelings! Too often the riotous festivities of a Protestant Christmas are only exceeded by the licentiousness of a Popish Carnival.

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Close by the amphitheatre was the place called Spoliarium, whither were dragged by hooks the bodies of the slaughtered; and where those who were only desperately wounded had their throats cut.* It might be thought that the door leading from the arena to this charnel-house would operate as the skeleton was intended to do at an Egyptian feast; but with the gay Greek and the sensually savage Roman it only strengthened the voluptuary's maxim—and they shouted the louder 'Dum vivimus vivamus.'

The Greeks, however, in *their* own national games, though thoughtless, were not cruel; and since the foremost men, in every department of life, frequently appeared as competitors, a certain dignity was imparted, and moderation and propriety imposed: somewhat in degree, and from like causes, as in the tournaments of our days of chivalry.

One remarkable exception occurs: the shameless nudity of the contending parties in the common gymnasia and the public shows. Such a practice originated with the Lacedemonians†—who in this as in so many of their customs outbarbarised barbarians: for these, and the Romans, and the early Greeks, had the decency in their gymnasia to wear a kind of napkin answering the purpose of drawers‡—whilst the Spartan *virgins* ('Prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas)', 'armed cap-à-pie in nakedness,' sang and danced in rings formed by the young men, as spectators.§

Compared with the lash of the heathen satirist, how light is that which the Christian is called upon to wield, notwithstanding the standard of purity to which modern manners must be referred! It was this standard which directed public *opinion* at least, and thereby preventing the open exhibition of indecencies, made even such flagitious courts as those of Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth lazar-houses, where the lepers were con-

* Senec., Epistle 93, ap. fin.; and Lamprid. Commod., 18.

† Thucyd. i., 6, ap. fin.

‡ S. August. de Civitate Dei, l. xiv., c. 17, ap. fin. With regard to the Romans 'a vetere disciplina,' consult Cicero de Off., i., 35, ap. fin.

§ Plutarch, Lycurg., i., 47 F., 48 A.; and Plato (de Repub., l. v.), near 500 years afterwards, in the most refined period of Grecian society, could imagine nothing more excellent for his Utopian Republic—happily still the '*Kennaquhair*' of modern geography.

This humorous and accurate translation of *Utopia* by Scott, reminds us of a mistaken one in Richardson's admirable addition to our lexicography, his 'New Dictionary of the English Language;' new, indeed, and supplying a great desideratum—as exhibiting the biography of each word, its birth, parentage, and education, the changes that have befallen it, the company it has kept, and the connexions it has formed, by a rich series of citations—all in *chronological order*. As to the word Utopia, however, he, in common with Johnson and Todd, begins with a mistake; deriving it from *εὖ* and *τόπος*, instead of *οὐ* and *τόπος*, as explained by Plato himself at the conclusion of his ninth book; and as Sir Thomas More says of his Utopia, 'Regio quæ *nusquam* est.' Plato's Utopia was probably taken from Homer's venerable conceit in the Odyssey (ix. 366, &c.).

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fined, while the nations were saved from universal pollution. Instead of any such control in the heathen world, every iniquity had a god or goddess to sanction it by example and protect it by patronage, till the most refined societies of both Greece and Rome not only tolerated but gloried in abominations which we cannot even execrate by name.

Vice, therefore, revelled, in Greece at least, without restraint divine or human; for moral satire never dignified *her* muse, from the personal invectives of Archilochus to the farcical lampoons of Aristophanes. But Rome, it is urged, had her satirists for two hundred and fifty years (from Lucilius to Juvenal), and what was her moral superiority to Greece? This is like inferring the inutility of medicine from the continued existence of disease. Though the prevention of crime may not be distinctly traceable to satire, there can be no doubt that public opinion restrains vice; or that a satire, by its popularity, proves that it has influenced public opinion.

The comparative *general* decency of the actors in the Roman games probably originated in the more advanced stage of society at the period of their institution: for assuredly, the regal times of Rome were much more civilised than those of the wandering 'Giant Killers' of primeval Greece. The indecencies and cruelties subsequently introduced at Rome were the result of that public profligacy which ensued on political corruption. The violation of decorum was long, no doubt, repressed by the presence of women in the theatres; as that custom had at first been favoured by decency in the exhibitions, and by that general indulgence and reverence towards the sex which constituted so remarkable a contrast with the harsh seclusion and almost servile state to which the Grecian women were condemned.

In the actual formation, as well as in the estimate when formed, of the private life and character of a nation, the most important element is the relation which woman bears to man, both in her strictly domestic connection, and in generally social intercourse. The contrast between Greece and Rome on this head may, perhaps, be traceable to the *immediately* aboriginal sources of the respective populations, their eastern and northern ancestry. We use the word 'immediately,' because the inferences drawn from Scriptural narration have now by philological investigation and historical research been sufficiently established; and northern Europe and Asia Minor must be considered as alike *originally* deriving their population from the regions on the south and west of the Caspian. But the streams of emigration early overflowed, and settled on the rich soil of that long and far-famed Asiatic peninsula, the western shores of which abut on the Mediterranean. Here atmospherical amenity fostered the sensual passions, and the

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the fertility of the land required little labour in its culture; so that women were sought, and considered, only as objects of luxurious indulgence, and guarded as such in a monopolizing spirit—of little account in domestic companionship and wholly excluded from general society. In the rude spirit of early ages (which with Oriental nations has been continued to all times), the affections of woman were never sought to be conciliated: sufficient to the petty autocrat of every domicile, if he could coerce her will, and confine her person. The same influences of soil and climate operated on the political condition of the people, producing a general listless inactivity; whilst the strong incentives of ambition urged a despot and his minions to avail themselves of this—and the multitude were driven to war, as beasts to slaughter, by the dread of imminent suffering and the habit of servile obedience.

Very different was the result where the streams of early emigration were directed to the northern parts of Europe. The grosser passions were less excited by the climate; and, for the support of life, more labour was required in the cultivation of the soil and the manufacture of its produce. Woman therefore became not merely the toy but the helpmate of man; and as such acquired a proportionate respect and influence both in domestic and general society. Under such circumstances corporeal activity and mental energy were fostered; the many were indisposed to submit to the domination of the few; political liberty was asserted, a spirit of patriotism generated, and national independence maintained.*

It may seem indeed at first sight like a paradox to say that in countries where the hardest labour is required, the weaker sex shall be most valued; but on looking to the circumstances this will be found to be the natural result. Where virtue thrives best, woman will be most cherished; and industry is the nurse of virtue. So clearly was this seen by the most clear-sighted of all politicians, that he suggests the planting of colonies preferably in sterile situations: ' Perche gli huomini operano ò per necessità ò per elettione, et perche si vede quivi essere maggiore virtù dove la elettione hà meno auttorità, e da considerare se sarebbe meglio eleggere per la edificatione delle cittadi, *luoghi sterili*,

* The excess to which Montesquieu carried his doctrine on the moral and political influence of climate, has brought the consideration of it into unmerited neglect. He did not sufficiently reflect on the composite nature of moral and political influences; whereby each of the constituent agencies is fostered, or controlled, by its concomitants, as circumstances may favour or repress their powers. Thus, though the temperature, at any given latitude, may be generally stated as proportioned to the distance from the equator, yet that general influence is modified by various circumstances, as exhibited in the Isothermal Lines of modern geography.

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acciò che gli huomini, costretti ad industriarsi, meno occupati dall' otio, vivessino più uniti.'—Machiavelli, *Discorsi*, l. i. c. 1. If there be added to sterility of soil the element of a moderately severe winter, the influence over the character of a race will be found to be still more favourable both as regards morality and respect for woman. For it is winter which teaches a people foresight and frugality, and the sacrifice of present indulgence to future need; and along with winter and these its attendants comes the importance of household virtue and in-door life, and of woman as thereto ministering. And hence we may learn, what Machivael was not likely to teach, the wisdom of that Divine ordinance which imposed on fallen man the necessity of labour, as the best means for fostering those virtues which would produce in him the nearest approach to the pristine perfection of his nature. Thus, in the justice of the punishment, is conspicuous the mercy of rendering even that instrumental to ultimate earthly blessings, and to the making man a fit recipient for future happiness.

Greece, holding an intermediate position between the northern and Oriental nations, partook of the characteristics of both. Hence, with the republican spirit, the patriotism, and national rivalry which distinguished its states, was combined (in the historic ages at least) an almost Asiatic jealousy, and confinement of their women to the gynæcea—apartments communicating with the rest of the house only by a single guarded door. Here the unmarried were strictly immured; and though the matron passed to other rooms for the superintendence of her household, hither *she* also retired when her husband's visitors were announced; and whenever either matrons or virgins went beyond their own precincts, they walked, never unattended, closely veiled, or were carried in curtained litters. The only public exhibitions which they were permitted to witness were religious processions, and the tragic drama: from the comic they, and generally the youths, were most properly excluded. With such trifling exceptions, female life, from infancy to age, was little removed from mere animal existence. They could not fail, therefore, to be insipid companions, and man fled from domestic dullness of his own creating, to the Agora, or public places commercial and political (for in Athens every citizen was at once statesman and legislator), to the gymnasia, the theatres, the tavern-party, or the private banquet. But all these could not fill up the vacuity which man must ever experience in the absence of female society: and the supply, as in most markets, met the demand. For the cravings of the higher ranks a venal class of women were provided, in whom had been sedulously cultivated

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vated precisely those talents and accomplishments which were wanting in the gynæcea of a Grecian's home. Thus educated, they affected the name of friends, companions (Ἑταίραι), anything, in fact, but their proper appellation of harlots; and, as in modern times, the euphemismus was adopted by their visitor, partly in compliment to them, and partly as some kind of apology for himself. But indeed much apology was not required where the laxity of morals was such, that even a married man who refrained from frequenting such society was remarked as a rare pattern of purity; and Socrates himself disdained not to seek wisdom in schools where venal beauty was the presiding genius, and a circle of voluptuaries were his fellow-auditors.*

Such estrangement from domestic society, and such hindrance to the contraction of domestic ties, by extrinsic inducements to selfish enjoyment, might suggest the consideration of certain unhappy consequences from a rapidly increasing order of establishments among ourselves; not anything so morally offensive, it is true, as the conversazione of a Grecian courtezan; nor yet of so gross a character as those professedly for festive enjoyment—'The Calf's-Head Club,' the 'Beef-Steak,' the 'Pork and Peas Club,' the '*Daily*,' a title assumed originally to signify every-day assemblages, though, from the result, ascribed to the members being every day drunk. But what we mean are the *club-houses* with their ever open doors—

'Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,'

combining the allurements of the book-club, the new's-room, and the gossiping shop—like that of the barber in '*Old* England,' the κουρεῖον of the Greeks, and the Roman tonstrina—but not what Theophrastus calls these, 'wineless symposia' (ἄοινα συμπόσια); for here too are found ever ready all appliances of luxurious living: choicest wines, viands delicately prepared, obsequious attendance, every elegant accommodation. Such are the modern temptations that reconcile youth to celibacy, and too often seduce the married from their homes, without the Athenian's apology of want of congenial society.†

The same causes did not operate in Rome, as in Greece, to produce domestic estrangement and eclectic prostitution. Women were allowed to participate in the intercourse of advancing civilisation: the accomplished courtezan was known only as a Grecian import, and the Roman matrons by their conduct justified,

* Maximus Tyr., Dissert. 22; Xenoph. Mem. ii. 6; Plato, Menexen., p. 235 and 277, Bipont.

† We need not praise the shrewdness and humour of Mr. Thackeray's papers on *Club-Snobs* in the *Punch* of January and February, 1847.

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and by their influence on society, private and public, made ample returns for the homage they received. The mother of Coriolanus saved Rome: the daughter of Scipio was not only the mother but the *educator* of the Gracchi; the daughter of Cato was not merely the wife but the honoured confidant of Brutus—'Fœmina fœmineæ nil levitatis habens.'* The Grecian wife, on the contrary, is described in the language of Quinctilian: 'Uxor est quam jungit, quam diducit utilitas; cujus hæc sola reverentia est, quod videtur inventa caussâ liberorum' (*Declamat.* 2), or as Shakspeare describes her—

'She was a wight, if ever such wight were,
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer:'

for fools the Greeks (with all their wisdom) were in the treatment of their women.

We have already noticed the wholesome influence exerted by the presence of women in Roman exhibitions; which, till the last stages of political and moral corruption, continued to preserve decency at least, if not decorum; and in dramatic compositions of a comic character, the contrast between Greeks and Romans (comparing respectively the best ages of each) was very striking.

It was in the very meridian blaze of Attic refinement that Aristophanes carried ribaldry, scurrility, and buffoonery, as well as wit, to the acmé, and was unrivalled in popularity on the stage. From a very early period the Roman imitators of the Greek Comedy drew not from the school of Aristophanes, but from that of the chaster Menander; for that he was, comparatively at least, pure and delicate we have the unexceptionable testimony of Quinctilian (*Instit.* 5. 1.), and of his follower Plutarch (*Comparat. Menand. et Aristophan.*, t. ii. 853); and, better still, we have real translations from him by Terence, to counteract whatever coarser impressions might have been derived from Plautus, who borrowed indeed his plots and characters, but evidently modified both sentiment and expression in accordance with the manners and tastes of his Roman audience.

The proportion of Roman and of Grecian elements in Plautus is a curious question, not yet sufficiently examined: but, if we except him, hardly anything remains to us of the Roman drama that may not be referred distinctly to Greek fountains. Terence is wholly Greek; and the like may be said of the fragmentary comedies. Of the elder tragic authors, Andronicus, Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Accius, &c., mere scraps survive. But these and the titles of the pieces to which they belong (with the titles of many more, of which shadowy names only flit about without

* Laurent. V. et N. Testament, l. 3.

voice

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voice or substance) prove all to have been of Grecian fabric. Of unmutilated Roman tragedies we possess only ten, those by Seneca (whoever that Seneca was)—and of these one only (Octavia) has the scene in Rome and the *dramatis personæ* Roman.

That men of genius, such as the Roman Comic Poets indubitably were, would submit to be (with apparently such trivial exceptions) borrowers only, must be accounted for on the general principle, that persons of all classes of intellect are glad to have their wishes gratified with the least possible trouble to themselves: and it was found that the plaudits of audiences, and popular celebrity with the emoluments attending these, could equally be commanded, among a people wholly illiterate, by the translator as by the original poet. A rival of Plautus, or of Terence (and there were many in their own department), or the jealous master of gladiators and rope-dancers, might suggest to an applauder in the theatre, 'this poet-fellow is merely giving you a Latin translation of the original Greek author,' and would be answered in the spirit of old Barnaby—

'Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Nullum curo unde venit.'

Another cause of a person of genius not being at the trouble of original composition was the degrading uncertainty of success, after all his efforts, from the caprice of a Roman audience: not the ordinary caprice only, common to all audiences, of all nations, in all times, but from their decided preference for exhibitions that could excite childish wonder by the display of physical strength and dexterity, or gratify cowardly ferocity,—delighting in the spectacle of physical danger and suffering.* Poor Terence relates that, on the first presentation of one of his best pieces, it had proceeded with applause to the end of the first act, when a rumour was spread, that a company of rope-dancers and gladiators was coming: suddenly all was tumult and uproar, and crowds of men and clamouring women drove author and actors from the stage, which was immediately occupied by the popular favourites. (*Hecyra, Prol.* i. 1—5; *and Prol.* ii. 29—42.)

Men of liberal education and independent circumstances naturally shrank from exposing themselves to such vulgar insult and ridicule. They could not appeal to the press in behalf of an

* Some brutalities not unlike these in character were recently exhibited in England. An American gladiator entered the cages of lions and tigers, and fought or wrestled with them; and persons of the highest station in this country dishonoured their country and station by attending the spectacle.

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ill-used comedy, like our modern dramatists; they could not 'shame the fools and print it,' like Pope's friends; or like Ben Jonson, in the case of 'The New Inn,' when he revenged himself in a title-page by publishing it 'As it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some the King's idle servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others the King's foolish subjects.' Accordingly the supply of plays fell into the hands of persons of a lower order; and we find, at the extremes of the dramatic list, Livius Andronicus and Terence, who were both freedmen,—that is, just escaped from the class of slaves; whilst Plautus, the next in celebrity to Terence, was son of a freedman, and obliged to support himself by the lowest drudgery. To men so situated (but in whom no poverty could repress the promptings of genius), temptations to try their powers were supplied by high prices offered for any new means of public amusement, by which the ædiles, on their road to the consulship, might court popularity; and such dramatists, in their haste to produce and multiply their pieces, found more than ordinary inducements for having recourse to translation, instead of the slow labour of original composition.

One of the consequences of this imitation, or rather adoption, of the Grecian comedy, was a lamentable poverty and wearisome sameness in the construction of their plots. The principal *dramatis personæ* of the new, or reformed comedy, are summed up by Ovid in two lines (*Amor.* i. 15, 57):—

> 'Dum fallax Servus, durus Pater, improba Lena
> Vivet, dum Meretrix blanda, Menander erit.'

But he has omitted (his verse refused to admit) one important personage, the '*Adolescens*,' the scapegrace son; for one of which class Terence has found (probably in Menander) the appropriate name Æschinus (Αἰσχύνη = opprobrium). The interesting young gentleman is generally desperately in love with some captivating damsel (the meretrix blanda), whom to support in luxury with her *chaperon* (the lena), by the help of his clever rascally slave (the fallax servus), he plays all manner of tricks to cheat his father (the durus pater), who is at last compelled to consent to the union of the amiable couple. Such is the general staple of the *reformed* Grecian and Roman comedy, with which was now and then interwoven the pattern of a gluttonous parasite, or a braggart soldier.*

This want of variety in fable, where the scene is laid in every-

* If any of our readers are unacquainted with the series of articles on the ancient dramatists in the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology' now publishing under the care of Dr. William Smith, we are sure they will thank us for thus calling their attention to those elaborate and most interesting performances.

day

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day life, cannot be attributed to poverty of invention in a people so eminently imaginative as the Greeks, but to paucity of elements for the combining powers of imagination to work upon. If comedy be considered as a representation of private life, Lycurgus' prohibition of it* might have been spared; for his code left no private life to the Spartans, except when men stole an interview with their wives, and youths stole occasions for their thieveries.

Of the rest of Greece we must take Athens as the type; and for doing so we have the authority of Plautus:—

> 'Atque hoc poetæ faciunt in comœdiis;
> Omnes res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
> Quo illud vobis Græcum videatur magis.'—*Menæc. Prolog.* 7.

We have, in fact, no detailed records of any other place. In Athens, then, the grand cause of a want of diversity in social life was the banishment of women: 'it was like taking the spring from the year;' beauty, grace, with all the various passions and emotions which these are formed to excite, and with all the modifications which their influence produces in the characters of others, and consequently on the everyday incidents of life—which form the main materials for comedy—all were banished, with the women, from Athenian society; and are miserably missed therefore in Athenian comedy; in which nothing is represented but the dry hard intercourse of man with man—and that too under a political constitution which, giving every man the same political privilege, engaged every man in the same pursuit. And all the varieties of other occupations, producing an infinite diversity of circumstances and characters, humours and manners, were merged in the class of slaves, that like dregs sank to the bottom, and produced only slight changes by partial ebullition on the surface.

One additional element there was in the incidents of private life, which the dramatist could compound with his scanty ingredients, so as to produce some variety of interest and affection: but from what a horrible source is this derived!—from exposure of infants; and that a substitute, by *refined* heathenism, for knocking their brains out, sanctioned by law, and immemorial usage. Among Greeks, the Lacedemonians took the lead in this, as in every other practice that violated the feelings of humanity. Every child that was born was to be carried to a committee of old men, who, if on inspection they thought it likely to repay the state for its maintenance, ordered it to be taken care of: if otherwise, to be thrown into a public pit provided for the nonce. (*Plutarch. Lycurg.*, t. 1, 49, D & E.) Fortunately for the

* Plutarch, Instit. Lacon., t. ii., 239, B.; and Tragedy, too—Κωμωδίας καὶ Τραγῳδίας οὐκ ἠκροῶντο.

dramatists,

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dramatists, and their successors the Greek romancers, (Heliodorus, Achilles Statius, Longus, &c.) this was not the general practice. The amiable sensibility of the polished Athenian merely exposed his new-born infant to perish by cold and hunger, or to be worried by wolves.* A chance indeed there was that some childless stranger might light on the forlorn one to cherish as his own; or some barren wife might rejoice in the treasure-trove, to console a repining husband by imposing on his fond credulity. Occasionally, too, a retributive providence bereaved the selfish parent of his other children, on whom he had relied for present happiness, and through whom he had expected to transmit his property and his name to future times. In anticipation of such possibilities, and perhaps to silence the low whisperings of conscience in the father, or to soothe with faint hope the unsubdued instinct of maternal fondness, the little wretch was frequently wrapped in a mantle of some peculiar description, or a trinket hung round its neck as means of future recognition. These, and any particular mark on the body with which the child might have been born, were registered as family memorandums; and in some extraordinary cases did actually conduct to the slenderly anticipated recovery. One such authenticated casualty however was quite sufficient for letting loose to a thousand wild inventions the fancies of dramatists and romancers; and their hearers and readers were quite ready to receive possibilities for facts; their high improbability only gratifying the more the prurience of imagination, wearied with the general flatness and sameness of fictitious characters and incidents representing ordinary life in Greece.

The tragedian had less occasion to recur to this source of variety. His range was through every region of space and time: and when earth was exhausted, he could evoke the powers of heaven and hell; and 'they would come when he did call for them.'

We now recur to M. Becker, whom we had not forgotten; but as he professedly omits any discussion on the public games and theatres of the ancients, we wished, as far as our space would allow, to supply, in some degree, the deficiency; considering these as importantly influencing, and being modified by, the private life and character of a nation.

* The Theban law formed an honourable contrast to such barbarity. They are the first on record, who established a kind of Foundling Hospital; and however politically erroneous such institutions may be considered, the benevolence of the founders cannot be disputed even by the sternest economist. Ælian tells us, that when the indigence of a Theban citizen was such, that he could not maintain his infant, he was required to carry it to the magistrates, who were bound to provide for its nurture, the cost of which was repaid by the child becoming the slave of the state. (Var. Hist. ii. 7.)

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We regret to revert to the learned Professor for the purpose of expressing dissent from his opinion. In his cursory notice of the Grecian tragedies (*Charicl.* ii. 252), he has eloquently eulogised their sublimity, their beauty, their purity and general morality: and in all this we cordially concur; but we dissent (with more than ordinary emphasis—'*toto cœlo*') when he tells us that the grand truth impressed by the Grecian tragedians was the utter vanity of all mortal concerns and the omnipotence of the Deity —(die Nichtigkeit des Sterblichen und die Macht der Gottheit.) Nothing can be more certain than that they do inculcate the doctrine of *an* overruling power, before which it behoves all human creatures submissively to crouch: but this included no idea of a first intelligent cause,—a *causa causarum*,—the creator, governor, providential and retributory, for time, for eternity. All the lesson they taught (and a wise one too) was a patient submission to *a* power, before which men and gods were nullities alike: an undefined, mysterious agency, without personality or attributes, and consequently without any idea of providence—merely fate, destiny (Μοῖρα, Εἱμαρμένη)—in short, what Cicero has so accurately defined it to be: 'Fieri igitur omnia Fato, ratio cogit fateri. Fatum, autem, id appello, quod Græci Εἱμαρμένην, id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat: ea est ex omni æternitate fluens veritas sempiterna.'* (*Divin.* i. 55.) What is this but anonymous atheism? considering universal existence as the result of an infinite succession of material causes and effects, without the agency of an originating, sustaining, and directing intelligence. And never did the dreams of philosophers imagine anything more contrary to their own great maxim, enounced by their own Grand Master: 'Natural effects of the same kind have the same cause.'† Now, in every instance, without one single exception, wherever effects are produced by an obvious adaptation of means to ends, *there* is an obvious intervention of mind, as the originating, sustaining, and directing cause. What then but an all-wise and almighty Mind can have devised, and imposed, and maintained the laws which regulate the complicated motions of the spheres (as expounded by one wonderful human mind); together with the multitudinously grand and minute adaptations (obvious to all) for beauty and utility; for adorning and fructifying this earth; and by which all that it inhabit 'do live and move, and have their being?' And what but

* This is an abstract of the doctrine of the *Stoics*, derived by them from Democritus and Heraclitus.

† Effectuum Naturalium ejusdem generis eædem sunt causæ. *Newton. Princip.*, l. 3, *ap. init. De Mundi Systemate.*

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shipwreck can attend the men, who call themselves philosophers, and welter in a wild sea of conjecture, without any such consultation of the compass below, and without any observation of the heavens?

The gravely chaste, and generally austere character of the great Grecian tragedians, presents a remarkable contrast with the gay wit, the farcical buffoonery, and gross ribaldry of the contemporary favourite comedian. But this was quite in accordance with the singularly mercurial character of the Athenians: sensitive, imaginative, equally alive to the pathetic, the ridiculous, and the witty; to the refined and the sensual. If we sought a personal type of that people, our Sterne would form one. He could exhibit, on the same stage, the finest feelings of our nature, the most delicate sentiments, and the most pathetic situations; with, at the very same time, a studied lewdness, and a coarse, though witty, buffoonery. He could ascend the pulpit, as was well said, 'in a harlequin's jacket,' and he could write bawdry to his daughter.

It might have been expected that the austerer character of the Romans would have led them to transfer to their own stage more of the tragic, than of the comic compositions of the Greeks. And such was the case in early and purer times; but during the interval between Livius Andronicus and Plautus, an ominous change was progressing. Ambitious rivals for popular favour had pampered the savage rage for exhibitions of violence and bloodshed; and that superseded all sympathy for mental suffering and moral heroism: and even the milder feelings of surprise and admiration were engrossed by the production of monstrous wild beasts, dragged from the deserts of Africa to worry each other for the amusement of the kindred rabble of Rome. Even comedy, as we have seen, could not always keep the stage against the irruptions of gladiators and mountebanks. Such audiences heeded not the victims of adversity or the voice of profound sympathy; and understood not the language of mental heroism or of exalted sentiment. Hence tragedy ceased to be written; and the productions of previous writers fell into such total neglect that nothing remains of them but numerous titles and scraps; and of these latter, a large portion are not citations met with in the works of philosophers and rhetoricians, or even in the babbling common-place-books of Aulus Gellius, but in the dull tomes of grammarians, quoting passages, not to elucidate a sentiment, but to explain a word.

We have already said that the Tragedy of Rome, like her Comedy, was not only formed of Grecian subjects, but drawn from Grecian dramatists. No doubt indolence, as with the other class of writers, conduced to this practice; but another cause

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cause probably operated in preventing their recourse to the rich store of striking events and interesting characters recorded in their own annals, and of which modern masters have so successfully availed themselves. Their annalists, at that period, were little more than the chroniclers of the rival septs into which the ancient nobility were divided. A dramatist, therefore, exhibiting some splendid action of some heroic ancestor of one sept, would doubtless be well supported by the clansmen of that one; but as probably overborne by the envious jealousy of all the rest. The safe plan, therefore, was to take neutral ground in the history of another nation, and introduce only heroes and gods, who were objects of reverence and adoration to all.

Half a century after the age of Gallus, some tragedies were composed, and their unimpassioned, didactic, and aphoristic style seems to sanction the general opinion which ascribes them to Seneca the philosopher. And though adapted rather for the closet than the stage, so inveterate was the habit of reference to Grecian story, that, as we have before noticed, only one of the ten is of Roman mould. Perhaps recurrence to the grand events of republican Rome would not have been very popular in the Imperial court.

With these rhythmical dialogues (for they are little more) the curtain drops upon the Roman stage. And it is curious to observe within what narrow limits, in the annals of nations, is confined the appearance of great dramatic masters. Like a constellation they rise and set together, preceded and followed only by some scattered stars of inferior magnitude and lustre. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, were strictly contemporaries; about half a century later, a reformed comedy arose, of which the only great masters were the rival contemporaries Menander and Philemon. At Rome the drama flourished from Livius Andronicus to Accius, about fourscore years, during which, with these, were Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Plautus, and Terence, not strictly all contemporaries, but living in uninterrupted succession. So in the respective ages of our Elizabeth, of Louis XIV. in France, of Charles V. and Philip II. in Spain, and Italy, there arose dramatic writers with a splendour, through which their predecessors and successors are seen 'dark with excessive bright.'

If the reasons for this partial exhibition of dramatic talent be inquired, it may be remarked that the periods in each country were times of great public excitement, from the character of the sovereigns, the vicissitudes of war, and the momentous changes that were taking place both in politics and religion. In such excitement men of poetic temperament would strongly participate, and have their minds forcibly recalled to the heroic characters, deeds,

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deeds, and sufferings in the romantic histories of former ages. Dramatic fiction then suggested itself as a mode of presenting to others the stirring scenes which their own beautiful imaginations had conjured up. These productions elicited enthusiastic admiration, and their success excited emulative ambition in kindred minds. But a like ambition being felt by inferior intellects, they swarmed to a trial of their strength, where a comparatively short effort was required, instead of the life-long labour of a historian, an epic poet, or a philosopher. Hence the public became cloyed with theatrical exhibitions; and productions, even of the highest class, fell into temporary neglect.

And this explains another peculiarity in the history of the drama, namely, the multiplicity of productions in that department, and the proportion of them (compared with other classes of literature) which perished before the blessed art of printing; and accounts also for the number of unedited pieces yet buried in those cemeteries called public libraries. Of the Grecian dramatists, Æschylus composed 90 pieces (40 of which were crowned), and we possess but 7. Of Sophocles, also, we have but 7 out of 120. Euripides composed 75 tragedies, of which 19 have come down. The 54 comedies of Aristophanes are reduced to 11. Of Menander's 108 comedies we have only a few fragments, and of Philemon no more. Philemon's son wrote 54 comedies, of which 'etiam periêre ruinæ.' Of all the innumerable productions of the old Roman tragedians, not one entire scene is left. Plautus has been more fortunate—of his 25 but 5 have perished; but of Terence's 108 only 6 survive.

To the charge of neglect, in modern times, the Italians are obnoxious, from the imperfect collections of their numerous dramatists; but the Spaniards must chiefly plead guilty. Their great boast of the transcendant genius of Lope de Vega and Calderon, and of their unrivalled fecundity in dramatic productions, is in sad contrast with the fact that no complete edition of either of these poets has appeared:—not one either of the 1500 pieces ascribed to Calderon, or of the 2000 ascribed to Lope. The apology for this is that, however brilliant these emanations of genius, they are accompanied with such extravagant coruscations of fancy, and such wild improbabilities of fiction, as would not be tolerated in our age. And this may be so with respect to general acceptance; but the true worshippers of genius will ever lament that they are not permitted to pay their homage to it even in its aberrations—the effluence of the comet is still a celestial light and should not be hid under a bushel. These powerful spirits had thrown off the Grecian yoke which Castillejo, De la Cueva, and Cervantes had sought to impose; and like the German and modern French schools,

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schools, and like all slaves who have burst their fetters, their liberty became licentiousness. Let the Germans, and the French, take a warning from *their* fate. Let the French especially not exempt themselves from the control of a sober, yet liberal criticism; but let them rend the bonds of a wretched versification, necessitating a mincing gait, incompatible alike with the simplicities and the sublimities of Nature. Let them take courage from the felicitous result of Trissino's first boldly introducing the 'verso sciolto' into Italian tragedy. Future bards hailed and rallied round his example, as the standard of liberty, and the Italian drama became the admiration of Europe.

Once more we revert to M. Becker, for considering some important particulars influencing, or proceeding from, the private life and character of the two great nations, which constitute the subject of his very curious works. But we are obliged to leave unnoticed the multiplicity of minute objects, to which he applies a microscopic investigation, and which, though we cannot imitate, we by no means intend to censure. It was his purpose not merely to suggest matter of reflection to the philosopher, but also to aid the researches of the antiquary; and both classes will find in him a guide possessing great critical acumen, enlightened by extensive and profound erudition.

Of all the relations influencing the private life and character of a people, the most important are those immediate and contingent on marriage. We have already noticed the slavish condition of the Grecian wife, and the liberal terms on which the Roman matron lived in her family, and in general intercourse. The Greek maintained a lordly distance of manner, and a dignity, which he was careful not to impair by any violation of decorum in the presence of his wife; whilst, abroad, he indemnified himself by frequenting the most dissolute society, and indulged in conjugal infidelities without scruple, and with but slight diminution of public respect.

> 'Hoc vitium longæ jam consuetudinis usus
> Comprobat, et magnum non sinit esse scelus.' *

* Dedekindus. Grobianus et Grobiana de Morum Simplicitate Præfat. Dedekindus was one of the swarm of Latin poets, celebrated in the 16th and 17th centuries, now seldom heard of. The first edition of this work was published in 1565; and the author became the Castiglione della Casa of the Dutch. But he tried to teach his countrymen politeness by ironically recommending, in all his details, the very reverse. And this poem, we have little doubt, suggested to Swift the design of his 'Advice to Servants,' whereby he labours in vain to make them to be as nasty as himself. The Dutch book was still fresh in fame during Sir William Temple's residence in the Low Countries, and likely therefore to be found in his library when Swift was domesticated with him.

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It was otherwise in Rome, where licentiousness, being less common, was less tolerated.

In both nations, the men being the legislators took especial care that the crimes which in them were deemed venial should be made highly penal in their wives. In Greece, every thing but death might be inflicted; divorce, with forfeiture of dower, public infamy, even to exclusion from the temples and all religious rites; and whoever married the offender partook of her degradation (*ἀτιμία*). If she appeared with ornaments of dress, any that met her might tear them off, and drive her away with blows, only not kill or maim her. With respect to her paramour, he might, as by English law, be killed by the husband if detected *flagrante delicto*; or he might be beaten, and the most ignominious corporal punishments inflicted, from which, however, the wealthy might purchase exemption; thus fostering licentiousness in the rich and venality in all:—'quod erat publice privatimque dolendum, parcentes potioribus qui tamquam peccatis indultâ licentiâ ad labem delictorum immanium consurgebant' (Ammian. xxvii. 9).

Adultery became, as was reasonable, an all-sufficient plea for divorce; at least it was admitted as such on the part of the husband; and so, after some experience, was barrenness. The wife also had her plea for dissolving the marriage contract; and if her plea was admitted she carried her dower with her; a rich wife, therefore, possessed powerful influence, often haughtily asserted, and as bitterly complained of. Thus poor Demetrius in Plautus:—

'Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.'—*Asin.* i. 1, 74.

And again the old man in Menæchmus (v. 2, 15):—

'Credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod;
Ita istæc solent quæ viros subservire
Sibi postulant, dote fretæ, feroces.'

Divorces, however, in Greece, were not left to the discretion of the parties, or even, as in Rome, to the arbitration of friends; but were adjudicated by the Thesmothetæ, or supreme magistrates; and, hence, never arrived at that scandalous frequency which in the corrupt ages of Rome (as of late in the raving times of the French Revolution), made the nuptial rite a mere cobweb-bond—

'Sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos; titulo res digna sepulcri.'
Juv. vi. 228.

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This abuse was attempted to be reformed by Augustus (*Sueton.* 34); but with a bad grace; for he himself violated one betrothment, repudiated two wives, and married a third when pregnant by the husband whom he had compelled to divorce her. *Ibid.* 64.)

As to the Roman boast that, in their elder purity, divorces had been unknown for more than 500 years, it is only in consonance with the mythic tone of all their early history; according to which Sp. Carvelius Ruga considered himself bound to divorce a wife, of whom he was very fond, because of the oath required by the censors, that he should marry a wife in order to beget children for the state, and his beloved wife was barren (*Aul. Gel.* 4, 3). But how happens it, that, according to the same veritable history, the Law of the Twelve Tables (promulged seventy years before) prescribed the exact form of words, which should give legal effect to what was evidently the common process of divorce? The formula, whether founded in law or usage, is remarkable, not only as expressing the rude and peremptory spirit of an early age, but as combining with it a not ungenerous respect for the proprietary rights of the wife: 'Tuas res tibi habeto, res tuas tibi agito; exi ocius, ocius; vade foras; i foras, Mulier, cede domo.'

If the Roman boast was an empty one, in like manner the vaunt of Geradas—that an adulterer might be found in Sparta, when a bull should be found with a neck long enough for him to reach over the mountain Taygetus and drink of the river Eurotas on the other side—must be regarded as the rhodomontade of a people who lied less neatly than they stole.* But the Greeks indemnified themselves for the difficulties of divorce by an occasional interchange of wives, for the purpose, they alleged, of improving the breed—as we send a favourite cow to a high-bred bull. This was not a mere Spartan grossness, but an Athenian refinement, sanctioned by Socrates' lending the amiable Xantippe to Alcibiades, the most dissolute man of his time. (*Tertullian*, Apolog. 59.)

And something of the same kind was effected by the Roman facility of divorce. Thus Hortensius, in his ardent desire to be allied to his friend Cato, earnestly pressed to have his daughter Portia in marriage, or to borrow her for a time; but she, happening to be the wife of Bibulus, her father, though having a great regard for Hortensius, declined interference with another man's wife; upon which Hortensius changed his suit, and begged to have Cato's own wife; urging that Cato had already a sufficiently

* Plutarch, Lycurg., t. i., 49 c.

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numerous family by Martia, and that she was again pregnant. Cato made no objection, but very politely thought her father should be consulted (Martia herself seems never to have been referred to); and all being amicably arranged, the dowerless Martia was married to Hortensius, who dying early, and leaving her a richly endowed widow, Cato again married her: and Cato 'was an honourable man.' So was Hortensius—and so Philippus the lady's father—'all honourable men.' What then must have been the gross state of general society—what the laxity of domestic relations, the coldness of domestic affections? *

Nor was this all; the Romans were not content with even such facility of divorce. For notwithstanding the censors exacting an oath from men, that they would marry to raise citizens for the state, a concubinage was sanctioned by law, which yet did not acknowledge the issue to be citizens. Such are the contradictions which are forced on society, by direct popular legislation in times of public corruption.†

Whether such licentious customs would, on the whole, increase human fecundity, may be reasonably doubted; but that fecundity exceeded, certainly, the tolerance of a savage selfishness, which sought exemption from parental labours and solicitudes by child-murder—or the more euphemistic process of exposure, devised to salve the lacerated feelings, which nature refused to make entirely callous. This more than brutal practice prevailed from the times of the humane She-Wolf to the acme of heathen civilization in the age of Augustus, who, in the serenity and security of his latter years, commanded the murder of his grandaughter's infant:—'*infantem agnosci alicui vetuit*,' is the diluted phrase of Suetonius. (2, 65.)

We have now discussed (however cursorily) the most important topics which our limits will allow us to embrace; and proceed to notice some minor particulars, selecting only those that may interest from some analogy with institutions or customs of our own. But in these, as in much that has gone before, we cannot always avail ourselves of M. Becker's deep research and learned perspicacity, which are more employed in the investigation of curiously minute points of criticism.

In the account of nations celebrated for warlike achievements, their military discipline would form a subject of most important inquiry; but our present concern with it is only in so far as it influenced the private life and character of individuals. That influence, however, in ancient times, extended over the whole mass

* Plutarch, Cato M., t. i., 770 F.; and 784, 2.
† Lex Julia Papia Poppea, A. U. C. 762.

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of free citizens; for every free man, during a large portion of his life, was engaged in warlike operations or preparing himself for them. Hence the military system of rewards and punishments, and the economical administration of armies, had much connexion with the moral character and physical comforts of a very large portion of society: and the phalanx and the legion not being composed entirely of the lowest orders, but comprising all classes, the rewards were less exclusively pecuniary, the punishments less exclusively corporeal, and with more appeal to the sense of shame. Desertion, indeed, after enrolment, and refusal to enlist, seem sometimes (from the arbitrary will of a commander) to have been punished by death, even in Greece, where the discipline (in accordance with the character of the respective nations) was much less harsh than in the Roman armies. Even the savage Spartans did not, by law, inflict death on fugitives or recusants; but their virago matrons sometimes undertook to eke out the shortcomings of the law by assassinating their own sons.* The law, however, did heap indignities on such offenders, that might have satisfied any but such avengers. They were incapable of honours or office; they might be beaten with impunity whenever they came abroad; and were made the public butt, by being compelled to appear only half-shaven and in a sordid party-coloured garment.† In the Athenian colony of Thurium, their legislator, Charondas, devised for such offenders a punishment which might seem to be as deterrent as it was strange:—the culprits were exposed in the public place for three successive days in female attire.‡ A still stranger punishment was used in the Roman armies, but of which the rationale cannot be so easily discovered—that of phlebotomy. *A. Gellius* (10, 8) confesses he has met with no account of its origin; but conjectures it had become gradually a general punishment from having been first adopted as a cure for lazy overgrown fellows—'non tam pœna quàm medicina.' The conjecture seems as odd as the custom.

The Romans had divers degrading punishments, left in great measure to the discretion of the commanders, and of course as various as their tempers and caprices; but, unlike the Greeks, death was their favourite infliction, which they exercised their ingenuity in rendering as cruel as possible for the sufferer, and as brutalizing as possible for his comrades, who were employed as executioners. Tacitus, in his wonted pithy style, describes at once the mode of punishment and its effect. The soldiers were

* Anthology, l. i., C. 5, 12.

† Plutarch, Agesilaus, t. i., 612:—a curious coincidence with the disgraceful infliction recorded in Samuel, x. 4.

‡ Diodor. Sicul.

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assembled round the tribunal with their swords drawn: the leaders of the general sedition were placed on a stage, from which, when convicted, each was thrown headlong:—'Præceps datus trucidabatur: et gaudebat cædibus miles, tanquam semet absolveret. .....Castris trucibus adhuc non minus asperitate remedii quam sceleris memoriâ.'—(*Annal.* i. 44.) In like manner, deserters and thieves underwent the fustuarium, or death by cudgels, and stoning (*Polyb.* vi. 35), and overwhelming with hurdles (*Liv.* iv. 50), and various torments, 'acerbis quæstionibus, crudelibus suppliciis.' Hurdles, probably, next to stones, were the most ready weapons, and more effectually impeded escape—

> 'Sub cratim uti jubeas sese supponi, atque eo
> Lapides imponi multos, ut sese neces.'—(*Pœn.* v. 2.)

Yet amidst these savage cruelties, characteristic of the nation, there is, what Bacon calls, 'a wild kind of justice,' observable in their treatment of deserters at the close of the second Punic war: 'De perfugis gravius quam de fugitivis consultum. Nominis Latini qui erant, securi percussi: Romani in crucem sublati:' (*Liv.* xxx. 43)—anticipating the distinction made long after by Cicero: 'Neque tam fugitivi illi a dominis quam tu a jure et legibus.'—(6 *Ver.* c. 50.)

This merciful decapitation, this crucifixion, and the decimation of whole armies, were in the arbitrement of the commander, without appeal (*Polyb.* vi. 36). Compared with such dreadful severities, and individual despotism, what are the much vituperated floggings, authorized by Acts of Parliament, and limited, in their application, by courts-martial? Not that we at all wish for the continuance of such a punishment. We trust that the public repugnance to it may lead to its gradual abolition, through a gradual amelioration in the moral character of our militants both by sea and land—of which the schools now extensively established in our ships of war and regiments afford a cheering prospect; and, as a step to this, we may hope to see the late merciful limitation of fifty stripes, at one infliction, soon reduced to the Mosaic maximum of forty, or the cautious Jewish practice of 'forty save one.'

Another part of the Roman military administration well deserves to be noted. Vegetius (ii. 20) designates it as 'a *divine* institution.' The soldier having his food, clothing, and arms provided for him, his regulated pay was small; but supplementary gratuities, called donatives, were bestowed occasionally by the commander-in-chief; and, of these, one half of each soldier's share was deposited with the standard-bearer of his company, that it might not be squandered. This was, in fact, forming a compulsory deposit in a Savings' Bank, which, in the case of prize-money

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prize-money at least, might be advantageously imitated both in our army and navy:—we believe something very like it has been long adopted in a few regiments—the Scots Greys for example—and with the best results. Besides its other manifest benefits, the plan is extolled by Vegetius as confirming the fidelity of the troops to their standard, and exalting their courage in its defence. And may we not hope for some repugnance to popular tumult, some loyalty to a constitution, under the protection of which above a million of our inferior classes have deposited their little hoards, exceeding in the aggregate thirty millions sterling?

Again: Vegetius states that in every tent of ten men, with their *decanus*, a coffer was provided to receive their portion of the legionary contribution to a fund for defraying the expense of burial, and the rite (so all-important in the heathen estimation) was superintended by the survivors of the contubernium. And herein our 'Burial Clubs' may take a lesson. For their managers, instead of themselves conducting the funeral, pay a sum (often a foolishly extravagant sum) to the family, who expend that, and generally much of their own, in absurd parade and indecent junketing. And would that this were all! But we have lately had the horrid experience, judicially authenticated, of parents murdering their children, in order to have the disposal of the 'death-money.' We are no advocates for petty legislation, but surely such enormities do call for some control.

Yet another salutary lesson may be derived from the practice of the ancients in disposing of their dead. Both Greeks and Romans, with some rare exceptions, permitted no sepulture within the walls of cities. The XII. Tables specifically prohibited it:—'Hominem mortuum in Urbe ne sepelito neque urito.' And in Greece, instead of desecrating their temples, as we our churches, by the inhumation of dead bodies, no sepulture was allowed in *sight* of the temple of Delos, or, in later times, on the island. But Lycurgus, as usual, opposing himself to all custom and natural feeling, *enjoined* sepulture within Sparta, in order to familiarise his people with images of death. In Rome, too, there was one singular inconsistency with the general practice, which seemed to imply (as with the Jews and many other nations) a fear of contamination from the dead. Even down to the time of Augustus,* one of the seven hills, the Esquiline (but still on the *outside* of the Esquiline gate) was appropriated to the interment of slaves and other the lowest of the people; and there were left, *unburied*, the bodies of malefactors—just as now in many Oriental cities (Jerusalem for example) the slaughter-houses are

* Horat. Sat. i., 8, 10; Varro de Ling. Lat., v 5.

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in the midst of the place, and dogs and vultures are the only scavengers. The Esquiline was the most unhealthy spot in Rome till Mæcenas, obtaining a grant of the ground, cleared away the nuisances; and, the custom being abolished, the palace and gardens which he constructed there became the most salubrious residence in the city; so that Augustus and Tiberius resorted to it for recruiting their health (Sueton., *Aug.* 72; *Tib.* 15). Thus have we both 'a pattern to imitate, and an example to deter.'

We must here conclude our observations suggested by M. Becker's highly interesting work: some notice, however, of the translation is due to the English reader. He may, we think, rely on its general fidelity. But the hint, in Mr. Metcalfe's preface, of some 'little lopping,' and of 'two volumes being compressed into one,' will hardly convey an idea of the degree in which he has abridged Becker. The English page is smaller than the German, and the type not smaller; yet the English pages altogether are only 792, the German 1779.

The style of the translator is clear, vigorous, and fluent. But, as the different appellations appended to his name in the title-pages of 1845 and 1846 seem to indicate his being a young man, we shall presume to offer him a little advice. Let him not mistake occasional vulgarity of expression for ease, or fashionable slang (the cant of 'the great vulgar') for elegance. And, above all, let him not interlard his diction with French phrases, for which any master of English would find ample equivalents at hand. He cannot plead the example of his German author, and such 'patched and piebald language' can only expose a silly affectation of familiarity with a foreign tongue, or the command of but a scanty vocabulary in his own.

ART. IV.—1. *British Costume. A complete History of the Dress of the Inhabitants of the British Islands.* By J. R. Planché, Esq. With Illustrations. A new Edition. London. 1847.

2. *Costume in England.* By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. With above six hundred Engravings, drawn on wood by the Author. London. 1846.

3. *The Book of Costume—or Annals of Fashion.* By a Lady of Rank. With numerous Engravings. London. 1846.

IT suited us for centuries to circulate a well-turned set of fallacies respecting woman's incapacity for keeping a secret—the motive being merely thereby to secure an innocent scapegoat, on whom to lay the shame of our own indiscretions. Now we are too happy when one of the sex will condescend to become the

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the confidante of any secrets we may possess, and feel them honoured by her acceptance, whether she keeps them or no. For centuries we agreed that education was a dangerous thing for her—only because we felt how much better use she would make of it than ourselves: and Milton taught his daughters to pronounce Greek and Latin, so that they might read the classics aloud for his pleasure, but forbade their understanding the meaning of a word for their own—for which he deserved to be blind. Now, we not only make them welcome to help themselves to any of the fruits of science, or flowers of literature, as plentifully as they please, but are too happy, as all Editors and Publishers will testify, when we can prevail upon them to help us as well.

There is one fallacy, however, still current against woman, which we must take this public opportunity of renouncing. A certain ungallant old Father, soured by the circumstances of his lot, relieved some of his spleen by defining woman ζῶον φιλοκοσμον—*Anglicè*—an animal that delights in finery: and this saying, naturally soothing to disappointed laymen as well as those of the Father's own order, continued an authority even to the time of the amiable Spectator, who was not ashamed to quote it. We had, nevertheless, long ago serious doubts on the venerable *dictum:* and are, therefore, the more obliged to the books now enumerated—especially that which being written by 'a Lady of Rank,' is not to be questioned—for the accumulated evidence they have produced in favour of our hesitation. We think they have made it pretty clear that in all that appertains to finery in dress, the sex to which the Father himself belonged has not only always kept pace, but frequently outstripped the other: and that whilst our poets, moralists, and clergy have been satirising and denouncing the extravagancies and absurdities of female apparel, we have been flaunting and strutting away, under cover of our own fire, far more extravagant and absurd than they. It results from Mr. Planche's History and the other meritorious works now before us, that in our own favoured country at least we cannot point to one single excess or caprice which has appeared on the beautiful person of woman, that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly body of man. We have had the same effeminate stuffs—the same fine laces—the same rich furs—the same costly jewels. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery. We have worn long hair, and large sleeves, and tight waists, and full petticoats. We have sported stays and stomachers—muffs, ear-rings, and love-locks. We have rouged and patched, and padded and laced. Where they have indulged a little excess in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they

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they have had head-dresses like the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram's horn. If they have lined their petticoats with whalebone, we have stuffed our trunk-hose with bran. If they have wreathed lace ruffs round their lovely throats, we have buttoned them about our clumsy legs. If they carried a little mirror openly on their fans, we have concealed one slily in our pockets. In short, wherever we look into the history of mankind, whether through the annals of courtiers, the evidence of painters, or, as now, through the condescending researches of a Lady of Rank, we find two animals equally fond of dress; but only one worth bestowing it on:—which the Greek Father doubtless knew as well as we.

In this age, however, it would be difficult to impugn us for any over-indulgence of this propensity,—the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicuretsque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for. Hot in summer—cold in winter—useless either for keeping off rain or sun—stiff but not plain—bare without being simple—not durable, not becoming, and not cheap. Man is like a corrupt borough: the only way to stop the evil has been to deprive him of his franchise. He—we mean the man of civil life—the military are not at present in question—the *pekin* is no longer even allowed the option of making himself ridiculous. Not a single article is left in his wardrobe with which he can even make what is called an impression—a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised, and as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could have desired. The hat is a machine which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of useful culinary purposes to, but would never dream of putting on his head. His stock looks like a manacle with which he has escaped from prison, or his cravat like a lasso, with which he has been caught in the act. His shirt-collars may be entitled to their name of *vater-mördern* (or father-murderers) in Germany,* but certainly never did any other execution there or elsewhere. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that; while his waistcoat, if a strait one, would be an excellent restraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume. Each article, in addition, being under such strict laws, that whoever attempts to alter or embellish only gets credit for more vanity than his fellows, and not for more taste.

Not that the exercise of taste in such matters is by any means forbidden, or even restrained, in us. It would be dreadful if it

* From the legend of a student who returned from the university with such a stiff pair that on embracing his governor they cut his throat.

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were, being, as it is, a powerful instinct in our nature. The only mistake has been, and nothing surely but the most egregious conceit could have led us into it, in imagining it was ever intended to be exercised on ourselves! Even if woman had been made as ugly as we, she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant trousseaus our pockets could furnish; entitled on every principle of reason as well as the Bridgewater Treatises to the very handsomest Allowances that the parental or conjugal purse can possibly afford.

It is very true that our liberality is by no means in all cases what it should be: but let no woman, therefore, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slatternly negligent mother, or by plain, maiden, low-church sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do.

Such being the case, the responsibilities of a wife in this department are very serious. In point of fact she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself, virtually defrauds her neighbour. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course deserves either to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another.

But, independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self interest. It is all very well for bachelors to be restricted to a costume which expresses nothing beyond a general sense of their own unfitness to be seen—since they can be safely trusted for publishing their characters to the world with that forwardness which is their chief element—but heaven forbid that the spinsters should ever take to the same outward neutrality. With their habitual delicacy of mind, and reserve of manner, dress becomes a sort of symbolical language—a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect. Will Honeycomb says that he can tell the humour a woman is in by the colour of her hood. We go farther, and maintain that, to a proficient in the

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the science, every woman walks about with a placard on which her leading qualities are advertised.

If, for instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress—a hat with all the colours of the rainbow, or of a new colour never imagined before—a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it—a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it—a new kind of quilling which scratches her and catches everybody else—a new pattern, which blinds the eyes to look at—a *berthe* strung of beads from Nova Zembla—a boa woven of feathers from New Zealand—and if, further, she wears them all with a piteous dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure that this is a shy, timid, weak soul, who, while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. The truth is, the very fear that would keep others back is the spell to draw her on. She is so afraid of being out of the pale of the Mode, that she plunges into the most singular extreme to be perfectly sure she is in it. At the same time she looks upon Fashion as a sort of awful power, whom it is impossible to serve with any comfort or convenience to one's self, and is accordingly never satisfied that she is perfectly fashionable unless she feels herself perfectly miserable too. This is a prize to the milliners, whose insight into human nature, through the garb it wears, is all for our argument, and who, seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called 'the very last fashion,' but which no one else would have courage to be first in.

Again, if after this unfortunate has passed on her way you meet another equally as extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and those of a most *prononcé* kind:—if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colours upon the most ordinary material—or the highest flounces upon the richest;—if, being poor, she has a quantity of sham lace, mock fur, or false jewellery—showing that her object is not economy but display:—or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together—pearls on head, cameos on neck, and diamonds on stomacher:—if she disposes her hair in inordinate long curls, or extraordinarily curious braids;—and if beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of sub-textures neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess that this is a very vain and vulgar ζῶον, and probably a bold one too.

Thirdly, if another confronts you, more decided still in her outward language than either of the foregoing—who seems to have

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have no rule of fashion except that of departing from the prevailing one—who has her gowns always short when other people's are long, or *vice versâ*—goes about holding them up above the highest water-mark in fine weather, and is sure to be always drabbled in wet—has the vanity to sport a black velvet clasped across her forehead—the sluttery to leave her gloves unbuttoned—or the audacity to brave dingy black or dull green next her skin—wears her hair in a crop, being forty years of age, or no cap, being bald or grey—puts on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred—she is what is called a woman of 'strong mind,' in other words, of very coarse manners—probably a radical, certainly a dissenter, very likely somewhat of a sceptic.

But now a female form of a very different character crosses our path—we follow it with some uncertainty. A powerful straw bonnet—or a massive black velvet one. A knitted shawl of coarse materials, or what was once a black scarf, with a deep frill added to make it a mantilla. A gown of no describable type, which hangs emptily, and slopes in towards the feet—a stiff squirrel boa and cotton gloves. This figure is puzzling. It is not a maid-servant, for the clothes are more expensive, less tasty, and better put on. It is not an old woman, for the step, though demure, is elastic. It is not a vulgar woman, for though indescribably dowdy, she is scrupulously neat. It is not otherwise than a lady, though there is not the slightest wish evident of being thought one. We look in her face this once, though we shall never require to do so again; and there, at the very bottom of that hat, we discover the cold mild eye and headachy complexion, indicative of the lady of Puritan or Evangelical principles. What her in-doors morning garb is we do not know, but should think she has none, for she never stays at home; nor her evening dress, for we are not admitted to those circles, but understand that it consists in a rather showy but truly hideous silk dress, very much cut and carved about the body, and with the same tendency to contract towards the base—with the same squirrel boa on her shoulders, and her hair very ill got up behind. Still there are some recommendations to this dress which we cannot pass over. It may make a woman look gloomy and unattractive; but never, what is much worse, pleased and vulgar. There is also a consoling consideration associated with it in the mind. You feel that there has been no rating or scolding of the dressmaker; but that when the dress was put into her hands, the order was simply given—'Make it as you will—don't ask me—if it be but unbecoming I shall be satisfied.' Becoming, however, in one sense will that garb ever be in which charity attireth herself.

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herself. We could wish certainly that this classs of excellent ladies would either dissent entirely from the established mode, or else conform with better grace. Still, be it what it may, now that we know to whom the costume belongs, we shall ever look upon it with respect.

Far different from all we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows—though not so easily exemplified in details as in generals. The first study seems to be the becoming—her second the good—her third the fashionable—which, if it be both good and becoming, it always is or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often as not are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colours—nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and—her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

We need not pursue our illustrations further. The student who has accompanied us will soon find out that he who lounges may read. In some dresses he may safely invest his vanities, or any other better thing he may happen to have disengaged—with others we would hardly insure his purse.

Of course there are a number of the sex, especially among very young ladies, who, from one reason or another, deficiencies in

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in the pocket, or the tyranny or tastelessness of those put in authority over them, are prevented from doing justice to their own talents in this line. 'But then,' as Burns says—

'There's something in their gait
Gars ony claes look weel.'

Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of 'looking before he leaps,' may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts. For of all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dandy during courtship and a dowdy after marriage.

As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex—that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. We should doubt, in the first place, whether the woman who is indifferent to her own appearance be a woman at all. At all events, she must be either a hardened character, or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty,—or think herself one. There might be instances, like the fair Elgiva, of women having been tyrannically disfigured on purpose to alienate the affections of those they loved; but what history can cite the woman who could voluntarily disfigure herself to alienate the affections even of one she loathed? Elfrida would not dress herself ill even to save her husband Athelstane's life; and though Miss Strickland sticks to the old story that the Countess of Salisbury put on a negligent attire in order to divert the attentions of Edward III.; yet, if the truth were known, we make no doubt it was a becoming one.

Another foolish habit, which we have remarked ladies to indulge in, is that of stigmatizing fashion as a thing of whims and caprices; which works in a blind random helter-skelter way, and drags its votaries along much in the same manner. Even the 'Lady of Rank' has passed this fallacy without examination, and talks of 'the usual absurdities of Fashion,'—'of the capricious Goddess,'—'of Fashion's amusing itself at the expense of her votaries,' &c. &c., with a frequency which in a legislatrix of no rank might be tiresome. Now, far from this being the case, the attentive student will soon discover that Fashion, like the animal or vegetable or mineral kingdom, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep seated in the nature of things; and that if she be a goddess at all, she is one of very regular habits. He will find that she always preserves certain balances and proportions; that when

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when they had great farthingales they had enormous ruffs; when they had short waists they had low foreheads; when they had wide sleeves they had wide coiffures; when they had tight sleeves they had small heads—and so on. Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plumage that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur—as all birds are shabby in their moulting season. But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by one class of foolish women who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine both the old chrysalis and the new wings:—or by another class, female Nashes, who ignorantly mix up all styles of architecture, and put an antique portico on to a modern body. We merely throw out hints; but the subject is worth a systematic investigation. That there should be such a thing as fashion in dress at all, does not enter into our argument, and would indeed be unworthy the consideration of any rational being. With fashion in thought, speech, arts and sciences, law, physic, politics, and religion, the world would be strangely out of fashion indeed, if there were none in dress.

But to return to our immediate subject. Having thus explained the final cause of dress as an instinct implanted in man, and exercised by woman solely for his good, let us endeavour with all due humility to say something about the experimental department.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favourable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called Nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully; and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. In former days, what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry VIII.'s time,—or of her forehead under her hair in George III.'s time,—or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward I.'s time,—or of the fall of her shoulders in a welt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time,—or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop-sleeve even in our own time? Now-a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth

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as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on to the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat, a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downwards along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder; whence, from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding 'at their own sweet will,' and especially contrived by Nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.

And plenty more of similar charms, 'dealing destruction's devastating doom' to all who are not fireproof. Nor need you even despair of seeing the feet, which at this our happy era lie in ambuscade only the more securely to wound, and 'like little mice peep in and out' beneath the skirt's deep and plentiful folds. Nor is the ankle even hopeless, if you are sufficiently attentive, and if it be worth showing.

The present dress has some features worth dwelling on more minutely. The gown is a good thing, both in its morning and evening form, and contains all necessary elements for showing off a fine figure and a graceful movement. Till lately it was cut down in a sharp angle low in front, with the collar running down it, which made the throat look long; now it is closed up quite high with the collar sprouting round it, which makes the throat look round. There is something especially beautiful too in the expanse of chest and shoulder, as seen in a tight plain-coloured high dress—merinos or silk—like a fair sloping sunny bank—with the long taper arms, and the slender waist so tempting and convenient between them, that it is a wonder they are not perpetually embracing it themselves. Nor is this effect lost in the evening-dress; but on the contrary increased, by the *berthe's* carrying out that fair sunny bank still deeper, or rather environing it with a rich ring fence, of which we admire the delicacy and beauty, though it impedes our view of what is beyond. Far be from us to attempt to describe the mystery of the *berthe*—except as the *cestus* of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders. We men have worn almost every part of a woman's dress, so that scarcely one sex has been known from the other; but thank Heaven, this at all events has remained sacred. No man ever wore a *berthe*.

And then, to let our eyes fall lower, if they will, the long full folds of the skirt, which lie all close together above, like the flutings of an Ionic column, as if loth to quit that sweet waist, but expand gradually below as if fearing to fetter those fairy feet

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feet—and the gentle swinging of the robe from side to side, like a vessel in calmest motion, and the silver whisper of the trailing silk as that dear one slowly approaches, the hem of whose garment we long to kiss. Low that hem and close to the ground, but we would not have it higher. Let the foliage sweep the earth, rather than grow, as with a grazing line above it. And if there be portions of this vile world—streets, and squares, and crossings—too impure for that drapery to touch, are they not doubly so for those feet?

Flounces are a nice question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin or gauze, or *barége*—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel, or a 'dissolving view;' but we do not like them in a rich material where they flop, or in a stiff one where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers; but in either case it must be a good one.

The plain black scarf is come of too graceful a parentage—namely, from the Spanish and Flemish mantilla—not to constitute one of the best features of the present costume. It serves to join the two parts of the figure together, enclosing the back and shoulders in a firm defined outline of their own, and flowing down gracefully in front, or on each side, to mix with that of the skirt. That man must be a monster who could be impertinent to a woman in any dress, but especially to a woman in a black scarf. It carries an air of self-respect with it which is in itself a protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small close-reefed vessel—tight and trim—seeking no encounter, but prepared for one. Much, however, depends upon the wearing—indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the wearer's character. Some women will drag it tight up their shoulders, and stick out their elbows (which ought not to be known to exist) in defiance at you—beneath. Such are of the independent class we described, with strong sectarian opinions. Others let it hang loose and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline—both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own.

Some few of what are now-a-days called mantillas, which are the cardinals or the capucins of a century ago, are pleasing and blameless. A black velvet one, turned up with a broad dull black lace, like bright metal chased with dead, is very good. Also, when made of plain silk, black or light-coloured, with no other

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other trimming than, in milliner's language, 'the own.' But too often these articles, of which an endless variety exists, are merely made the vehicle for indulging in a weakness for fringe, gimp, and other such trumpery, with which they are overloaded. Arm-holes too are a part of them to which we particularly object. The lady behind them looks as if she were sitting in the stocks for a public misdemeanor, or seeking a customer, and offering her hand through.

Nor is a shawl a recommendable article. We mean a common square one. Some are beautiful in quality, and others too unpretending in pattern to be criticised. But whatever piece of dress conceals a woman's figure, is bound in justice to do so in a picturesque way. This a shawl can never do, with its strict uniformity of pattern—each shoulder alike—and its stiff three-cornered shape behind, with a scroll of pattern standing straight up the centre of the back. If a lady sports a shawl at all, and only very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always either falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action, or she should wear it up one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present costume, as every real artist knows, is, that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the broad ribbon of the garter across our graceful Queen, or the loose girdle sloping across the hips, in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this very account the long scarf-shawl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form and colours of the border lying carelessly round the figure, give that Eastern idea, which every shawl more or less implies. What oriental would ever wear one straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do?

The female hat of the present day is one of the only very artificial features, and will puzzle future costume-hunters to account for, both in its construction and its use, more than any other article now worn—if, indeed, any memento of it survive, for it is unfit either for painting or sculpture. It is come of a bad race—having nothing to do with the large Spanish beaver—or the picturesque *chapeau de paille* (which, by the way, is not a straw hat at all)—or the celebrated Churchills of the last century, in which the beautiful sister Gunnings turned all heads—but from a combination of the frightful machine invented to cover the high *toupee*, of which the Quakeress hat is a living relic, and the squat, flat, projecting

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jecting *caps* of silk or gauze, trimmed with bows and feathers, which accompanied the low *coiffure* and short waist of the commencement of this century; from which latter arose the confusion of terms between the French *bonnet* and the English bonnet. Not but what a hat of the present day is becoming enough to some, as any frame-work filled with laces, ribbons, and flowers round a pretty face must be—but it is at best an unmeaning thing, without any character of its own, and never becoming to any face that has much.

There is one of the race, however, for which we must make special exception—not for its native beauties alone, its polished glistening circles, and delicate neutral tints, but for a deep mysterious spell, exercised both over wearer and spectator, in which it stands unrivalled by any other article of female attire—we mean the *plain straw hat.* From the highest to the lowest there is not a single style of beauty with which this hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest —it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry—it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting—it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still. A vulgar woman never puts on a straw bonnet, or at least not *the* straw bonnet we have in our eye: while the higher the style of carriage, and the richer the accompanying costume, the more does it seem in its native element; so much so, that the most aristocratic beauty in the land, adorned in every other respect with all that wealth can purchase, taste select, or delicacy of person enhance, may not only hide her lofty head with perfect propriety in a plain straw hat, but in one plainer and coarser still than a lower style of woman would venture to wear. Then all the sweet associations that throng about it!—pictures of happy childhood, and unconscious girlhood—thoughts of blissful bridal tours, and of healthy country life!—and of childhood, girlhood, tours and life such as our own sweet country can alone give. For the crowning association of all consists perhaps in this—that the genuine straw bonnet stamps the genuine Englishwoman—no other country can produce either the hat or the wearer.

But, after all, in all these important matters of dress, however recommendable some of these details may separately be, it is a lady's own sense on which their proper application depends. She did not choose her own face and figure, but she does choose her own dress, and it should be ordered according to them. Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances: for instance, a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much—nor should a stumpy figure

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figure attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces—nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl—and so on. But, as we have just said, every woman in the world may wear a plain straw hat.

Enough has been said now to show that the general elements of female costume were, upon the whole, never more free from the reproach of artificiality or disguise, or more adapted to give full scope to the natural charms of youth and beauty. Still, before quitting the subject, there remains something to be said on the other side: for our arguments, in milliner phraseology, 'can bear turning,' being of that peculiarly immoral texture which they coolly designate as having 'neither wrong side nor right.'

Of course, to the inward eye of the imagination the mere name of woman presents a vision clothed in perpetual youth and loveliness, or floating in a region too far above us to know precisely how she is clothed at all. But to the outward eye of the senses, which acts as man of business to the inner, bothering it with particulars it never wants to know, it is not to be denied that there are some of these visions which appear not beautiful, and many by no means young. This being the case, a costume expressly adapted for the display of natural charms, is hard upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some time ago. It is like setting a fine stone and an ordinary one both equally transparent—forgetting that what tests the beauty of the one only betrays the defects of the other, which a little dexterous foil might hide. Every jeweller will tell you that it is the inferior stones which depend most on the setting—first-rate ones may stand on their own merits. We have seen, for instance, some *grey* pearls produce a most beautiful effect in a brilliant setting of red and green enamel, which, strung plainly like the Salisbury necklace, would have been frightful. Dress, by the same rule, is the setting of our sweet human pearl:—each delicate and precious, and but increasing in beauty and value the longer and the closer they are worn; though not all valuable or beautiful alike to that same vulgar outward eye which knows nothing of a jewel but its market-price. For the young and the lovely dress is of no importance: they may wear what they please, and the less perhaps the better. The tappa girdle of the nymphs of the Marquesas would be enough for them—but a tappa girdle itself would hardly embarrass the old and the plain more than a style of dress which presumes them to be neither one nor the other. 'Tis for them, then, alone, that dress should be *studied*. Where is the advantage of a natural coiffure where there are neither curls like silk, nor coils like marble to display?—where is the policy of a plain simple gown exhibiting the whole contour

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of the figure, when there are only angles to be seen instead of undulations, and shady hollows instead of sunny banks?—or the advantage of uncovering an ear which is less like a delicate shell than some poisonous fungus?—or of showing an arm which may be like a stick, but certainly not of pink coral?

Far more wisdom is there in concealing natural deficiencies than in bringing them to light; and some of the old costumes, however absurd and unnatural they may now appear, not only possessed this merit, but likewise developed much beauty and character in faces which now-a-days are thought to have none. The old head-dresses were particularly recommendable for this. The reticulated head-dress, or *crespine*—a gold caul in which the hair was enclosed, sometimes with a fillet round the forehead and under the chin, or a veil hanging from the back—was far more becoming to a majority of faces than the scanty hair which in this country the bad management of a former generation has too generally bequeathed to the present. The enormous horned structures, too, which towered upon a woman's head from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century—some of them starting straight from the forehead, and outlining the upper part of the face firmly, with the drapery pendent on each side—for instance, as seen in the fine effigy of Lady de Thorpe, Ashwellthorpe Church, Norfolk—these, too, gave a grandeur and dignity to countenances which in their present self-dependent state look mean or peculiar. The hair, it is true, was turned to no account except on bridal or coronation-days; but because a few ladies have fine hair, must all be compelled to uncover? Every fancy-ball brings out some striking or interesting face, generally in some such head-dresses as these, which the day before, seen in its own scanty native suit, was overlooked as plain. And such faces are usually of far higher character than those which attract by mere prettiness of complexion or brightness of eye. Take, for instance, a grand Italian contadina, strip her of her *tavaglia* and *spilla*, and put her into an English abigail's costume. An artist may discover some latent beauty, but the majority would condemn her as heavy, dingy, and decidedly plain. Or look nearer home at the Newhaven fishwoman, who, seen 'every lawful day' in her cap of Norman extraction, with a bright coarse handkerchief thrown carelessly at the back of it, exhibits always a fine strongly-marked countenance, and often a very handsome one: and see the same woman on Sunday, in a silk or velvet hat, with all due appurtenance of blonde lappets and artificial flowers, and you no longer recognise the common unmeaning face, which has lost all its real character in the attempt to assume one utterly foreign to it.

Certain it is there is no greater mistake or more serious loss to art

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art than in habiting all classes in one and the same costume, as now done in England. How is it possible that the same form of garment which is adapted to the rich and delicate materials, and the slight figure of the woman who lives at ease, should suit the rough textures and clumsy make of the woman who lives by labour! The very association of ideas would alone destroy all possibility. It is this which defrauds our lower class of women of all style of beauty peculiar to themselves, and the world of an incalculable number of fine living pictures. In point of fact, an English peasant woman in her best garb, however comely she may be, only reminds us of a coarser featured, worse-dressed lady. She ought not to remind us of a lady at all.

But neither the plain woman nor the poor woman suffer so severely by this state of things as another class to whom we have slightly alluded—those advanced and advancing in life. The present style of dress is worse even than your economist's *beau ideal* of a Poor Law, for it makes no provision at all for the infirmities of age. An old woman, now-a-days, literally does not know how to dress herself; and many we have the honour of meeting in society display in their appearance symptoms of a perplexity of mind on this point which at their time of life must be very bad for them. Altogether they are very hardly dealt with. Of course it can be no pleasure to them to exhibit the empty nests of charms which have long taken wing—for the attenuated to reveal an outline which has lost all roundness—or for the corpulent to uncover a surface which has lost all freshness; and it is doubly distressing to think how very little pleasure the world has in seeing either. Instead of being the most welcome sitter that can enter his studio, an old woman is now too often one the cleverest artist does not know what to do with. How is he to treat a subject which appears before him with December in her face and May in her costume—with faded eyes and eyebrows, and dark glossy tresses above them—fallen colourless cheeks, and bright roses beside them—withered throat and neck covered only with a necklace or a velvet band, which calls aloud for stout silk above and good flannel below it—a figure either shrunk and mummified, or heavy and unwieldy, but all scrupulously shown! If he paints her exactly as she is, he paints a monstrously absurd thing: if he suits the face to the roses, and the neck to the necklace, he does not paint her at all. In either case he makes no picture of what might be the most picturesque thing in the world. Lady Mary Wortley says that age and ugliness are inseparable—being arrogant herself with youth and beauty, and everything else that could heighten either; but we deny the proposition *in toto*. Some women are never good-looking at all till they are old—all

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have a right divine to the picturesque by the very nature of old age—and a few, whom we have been privileged to know, have been the loveliest objects mind or eye could dwell upon.

Let us look for a moment at the portrait of the old woman who is an old woman indeed. See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or grey as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet being relieved, as Nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still, surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call '*le drapeau de vieille femme*,' carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions—all violent contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, but a harmony in their place which is worth them all.

Think also of the moral charm exercised by such a face and figure over the circle where it belongs—the hallowing influence of one who, having performed all her active part in this world, now takes a passive, but a nobler one than any, and shows us *how to grow old*:—who, having gone through all the progressive periods of life, and their accompanying rank in the estimation of mankind—the palmy days of youth and admiration—the working time of cares and consequence—the honourable maturity of experience and authority—now casts them all aside, and asserts a far higher claim to our respect, namely, the simple fact of her age;—who knows that to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up;—who not only makes old age respectable and honourable, but even enviable in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day.

Why is so sweet a picture and so edifying a lesson not oftener seen in our circles?—why are we tried with the unbecoming appearance of those who won't be old and can't be young, and who forfeit

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forfeit the respect it is so painful to withhold? There is something preposterous in the mere idea of any rational being studiously denying what it is her highest interest to assert: as well might a banker not wish for credit, or a poet for fame, or a preacher for belief, or an heir for his inheritance, or a statesman for place, as age not wish for reverence. Doubtless if there were any way of making old people young, either in looks or anything else, it would be a delightful invention; but, meanwhile, juvenile dressing is the last road we should recommend them to take. She who is ashamed to wear a costume as old as herself, may rely upon it she only looks older than her costume.

Of course there are many who belong to this class more from necessity than choice, and who simply do as others do, whatever the fashion may be—also many, or most, we would hope, who are irreproachable on the score of propriety, however they may fall short of our standard of the picturesque. But why should they not unite both? It is so obvious that the walls of an old hall should be hung with fine heavy tapestry, instead of being covered with flimsy paper, or faced with modern scagliola.

The French, we must say, are much cunninger than we in this matter. Indeed they know how to unite the very highest effect of *fashion* with a religious observance of the decorum due to years. Whenever one does see in an English assembly an ancient lady who makes no attempt to disguise her time of life, and yet pleases as a *splendid* picture, ten to one but your neighbour whispers—'How like the *Faubourg!*'*

If all ages are to dance to one tune, it should be a minuet and not a jig. If there is to be but one standard of garb, we are bound in duty to consider the grandmother first. The grand-daughter will not look so ill in her close kerchief as she in the girl's low dress. It is invidious, too, to fix any time for drawing the line between them. No one likes to tell their years, except the impertinently young, or the wonderfully old, and no one need if they do not belie them in other respects. The *certain age*, too, which is the true Rubicon, requires the

* We must nevertheless leave the very worst aspect of female old age to the iron pen of a French authoress:—'Aux esclaves de la mode, quand toute jouissance d'amour-propre est enlevée, quand tout intérêt de passion est ravi, il reste pour plaisirs le mouvement, la clarté des lustres, le bourdonnement de la foule. Après tous les rêves de l'amour ou de l'ambition, subsiste encore le besoin de bruire, de veiller, de dire: *j'y étais hier, j'y serai demain.* C'est un triste spectacle que celui de ces femmes flétries qui cachent leurs rides sous des fleurs, et couronnent leurs fronts hâves de diamans et de plumes. Chez elles tout est faux—la taille, le teint, les cheveux, le sourire. Chez elles tout est triste —la parure, le fard, la gaieté. Spectres échappés aux saturnales d'une autre époque, elles viennent s'asseoir aux banquets d'aujourd'hui, comme pour donner à la jeunesse une triste leçon de philosophie—comme pour lui dire: *c'est ainsi que vous passerez.*'

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most courage of all to avow. The conventual dresses of the old Catholic times, which were assumed equally by those who remained in the world as by those who quitted it, were an admirable assistance in settling this point. A total change is easier than a partial; and when a lady of the olden time found her secular garment no longer so becoming to her as it had been, she threw it off altogether, and suffered no mortification in assuming a garb which was no positive blazon of age, though the greatest accommodation to it.

Let no one think we exaggerate the importance of dress. As far as we see, there is nothing that can be proved to be half so important. Whether we visit old countries, or discover new, or read history, or study mankind under this aspect or that, but one and the same result invariably presents itself, viz. that human nature, in all times and in all latitudes, is found, has been found, and will ever be found with the same wants and wishes, passions and propensities, promises and disappointments—only in a different dress:—that, as the author of *Sartor Resartus* would say, Man is the same clothes-horse, whether painted in the high ruff of Zucchero, or in the low collar of Sir Joshua.

In a portrait-painter this is especially apparent. Difference of costume is to him what difference of scenery is to the landscape-painter. It is not all, but it is a great portion of that which makes a Gainsborough not a Holbein, and a Cuyp not a Claude. It is as much, and more perhaps, the rigid stuffs which made Holbein stiff, and the flowing draperies which made Vandyke graceful, or *vice versâ*. The portrait-painter, too, is after all the only real authority for the true spirit of a costume. Missals and monuments, and the Bayeux tapestry, and the Harleian manuscripts will furnish curious details for the antiquary, and such a satirist as Hogarth absurd extremes for the critic; but it is the general portrait-artist that can alone steer between the hobby of an individual, or the fashion of a season, and give us that prevailing effect under which the costume of a period should be viewed.

Holbein is our earliest authority for the real every-day aspect of English society. In his time that principle of deference for age was in vogue which we have been endeavouring to recommend. People started with the supposition that fifty years and upwards was the only sensible time of a woman's life; and those who had the misfortune to be younger had to make the best of it, being probably assisted by some suspicion that the greater the disparity between themselves and their costume the better they looked. The dress of the majority of Holbein's portraits is of all others best adapted to secure an honourable retreat for waning charms. Beneath the stern buckler of the deep stomacher it mattered not what

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what kind of shape lay concealed, for all were reduced to the same level. Beneath the stiff diamond-shaped cap—closed carefully between the edge and the temples with gold tissue—it was all one whether the hair was thick or thin, black, red, or white, for none at all was seen. The high make of the dress on back and shoulders covered what might be very beautiful in the bride, but prevented a deal of rheumatism in the matron. The modest and becoming partlet—a kind of habit-shirt made of good stout *opake* materials—filled up all the space the gown left bare, and buttoned high up the throat with embroidered collar or frill. The handkerchief, fastened upon the back of the cap in odd clumsy folds which puzzle costume-hunters to account for, could be let down, as it had been generally worn in the previous reign, snug and warm round the shoulders, and kept out many a draft. The sleeves were full and close down to the wrists, with a ruffle half covering the hand, while all tell-tale outline was effectually stopped, as in Holbein's drawing of the buxom old Lady Butts, by a short mantle edged with fur. The cap more especially favoured those whom, now-a-days, we consider the worst treated. The decided colours of its materials, the jewels along the border, and the gold tissue often interwoven with scarlet threads, enlivened the duskiest complexion, while the stiff angular forms relieved the hardest features. The mask of the face stood out sharply defined, but well supported. The profile told nobly. The side of the cap descending along the cheek assisted to give the perfect oval in the young, and to conceal that junction between the throat and jaw-bone on which time is most legible. Altogether it was a head-dress too old in itself for any one to look very old in it. In this costume we see much to account for that peculiar truthfulness in Holbein which, to our view, so amply compensates for the absence of the laxer graces of a later period. With forms so settled and rigid no latitude was left to a painter. All ages looked stiff and decorous alike, or, if they did not, it was no fault of the dress.

But lest this should be thought too hard upon the young, it is evident that some choice was left to them, especially in the way of head-dress. This is seen in the drawings of Catherine Howard, of the Lady Audley, and of the exquisite Lady of Richmond with her downcast eyes, where a small circlet with drapery pendent from it fits on about half-way of the head, advancing over the ears, and fastening under the chin; the hair being divided down the centre, and laid in simple bands low on the cheeks. This is a head-dress which the youngest beauty would find it no hardship to adopt, while, to show how much the costume makes the painter, Holbein's pencil is as graceful here as if it had been guided

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guided by Eastlake. The partlet too was made to come off on dress occasions, as we see in Anne Boleyn's and Jane Seymour's pictures—the square form of the stomacher showing the bust to advantage; and even when on, a button or two left unfastened answered the same purpose.

Queen Catherine Parr by Holbein is a good model also for those ladies who, though not precisely in the yellow leaf, are somewhat on the turn, Catherine herself not being above thirty years of age at the time. Her dress is black, in ample folds about the person; the throat seen, though the bust is covered; a slender border of hair visible beneath the close-sitting matronly hood;—while the drapery pendent from it, and the large bustling sleeves, get rid of all that precision of outline which no one has any occasion to show or see.

From Holbein to Vandyke we may reckon a century; for the one died in 1554, and the other in 1641; and no century in English history shows such a complete revolution in female costume. In Queen Elizabeth, about half way between them, with her enormous ruffs, hideous wigs, allegorical garments, and equally overladen and exposed person, we see the representative of all that was extravagant, tasteless, and indelicate; and in the Queen of Scots, with her sweet hood, small lawn ruff, high sombre dress, and transparent veil over it, the model of all that was simple, graceful, and decorous:—Each the head of a fashion of which our galleries afford us plenty of specimens; the elder and the plainer portion of the community, perhaps, oftener imitating the follies of her spinster Majesty than the proprieties of the widowed Mary, and *vice versâ*:—a circumstance, we understand, especially observable at some late Fancy-Balls.

Still there remains no general picture on the mind; for the diversities of form were endless. Vandyke, like Holbein, seemed to lock the wheels of fashion for a time, and has bequeathed a distinct type. The great-grandchildren of those who had sat for Holbein now sat to him, but as differently apparelled as can well be imagined. Hair playing, drapery flowing, dropping laces, delicate linens, glossy silks—the stiff, wide, standing petticoat supplanted by a slender lengthened train—the head, the throat, the bust, the arms all bare—the contour of the figure all given, except where some rich drapery, secure in its own strength and glittering in its own light, wandered apparently at random across the figure, and was either caught up by a massive aigrette, or fell in ponderous folds below—a costume of apparent ease, but of infinite care—graceful, natural, withal a little indecorous—one which Vandyke alone seems to have been entitled to paint, and the young and the lovely to wear. Instead of the mean average of

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of a lady's age being now rated at fifty and upwards, it fell to fifteen and under; for some of Vandyke's female portraits have even almost an infantine appearance, and with their playful hair curling all over the head, their short waists, tight pearl necklaces, thin transparent skins, and wandering artless eyes, and their full fair busts with only a rose by way of a tucker, they remind us of some round-chested child who has outgrown her frock, or of those waxen dolls, with expansive pink necks, which lie about without shame and without chemisettes in the open shops.

But, as we have explained before, a costume which is the special friend of youth and beauty, is a terrible tyrant to old age and homeliness. Any covering of Nature is better than any imitation of her, and imitations there will be when Nature herself is the Fashion. All whom she refused to help now did as they do still and ever will do—they helped themselves. Those who had neither fine hair nor fine complexions wore false; and what they could not mend they did not cover the more for that. We hardly remember any very old woman by Vandyke, except such as his Infantas of Spain and his Margaret of Parma, who are painted in their conventual garments; but there are plenty of specimens of a time of life for which such a costume as this was desperately out of season. His Alathea Talbot is an example. She had evidently always been ugly, and apparently never been young. Nevertheless she is represented with her hair curling all over her head, and low on to her eyebrows—a decided wig—her cheeks doubly painted, first by herself, and then by Vandyke—a heavy double chin—a dress sedulously open, and all deterioration of quality carefully made up for by a proportionate increase of quantity. Doubtless a fine Vandyke, but, for all that, a quiz! Even the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, whose young and graceful picture by Jansen was one of the greatest attractions at the British Gallery last summer, appears, when sitting to Vandyke, with at least ten years thrown off her dress, and many more than that added to her age.

It must be admitted, too, that the airy ringletty style of coiffure, which is one of the distinctive marks of this painter, was only becoming, even in the young, to the most evanescent species of beauty. To the higher styles of physiognomy it can never have been favourable. It suited small delicate features and waxen complexions, where it played in light golden or chesnut curls, and cast violet shadows on pink foreheads. It became the round pearly Flemish faces, always fair and always fat, of Terburg's and Netscher's ladies, who generally appear in this coiffure. It did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers, or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions,

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mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared; and dark complexions require the relief of still darker masses of hair; and dark massive hair is meant to lie languidly in grand easy forms, and not to twist and twirl and stand on tiptoe in trivial transparent curls. We grudge the fine foreheads that have been frittered away by this coiffure, and long to lift up all that smothering fringe, and throw open the upper lights of the face. Honthorst's picture of the Queen of Bohemia is a specimen of this. She has the finely pronounced features, deep melancholy eyelids, and prophetic expression of Charles I.—a face, when young, to have bound with a classic fillet like a Cassandra—when old, to have swathed in drapery like one of Michael Angelo's Fates—or, at any age, to have crowned with a royal diadem like a Queen as *she* had been;—but which, as here given, with the dark heavy hair, like a curtain halfway down, hanging in a straight line over her eyebrows, and doubtless truer to reality thus than in Vandyke's lighter forms, looks as if all the real expression of the face were quenched—as if, like herself, it had been deprived of its native rights and inheritance.

This coiffure continues into the time of Charles II., only that the little curls hang longer and looser, and seem, like the rest of the costume, to have arrived at their places more by accident than design. As for Lely's pictures, they are neither to be considered as authority for old or for young. His ladies can only be compared to Irish beggars, wandering roofless, without clothes enough to cover them, and what they have all hanging by a single pearl. The contour of the figure, utterly concealed in some parts by a huddled confusion of drapery, in others is not concealed by anything at all—a profusion of gown just about their knees, but a great falling off above, as if it had slipped from their shoulders and tumbled into their laps—a costume they have apparently slept in the night before coming to Sir Peter's studio, or might retire to rest in without change immediately on quitting it—all looking young and fair and merry, but none in the least innocent. As to an old woman by Lely, we might as well expect a young one by Rembrandt, or a refined one by Rubens. Such an anomaly does not exist. Poor Catherine of Braganza, in his second picture of her, painted with a loose scarf over her chemise, is as old a sitter as any he ever attempted, but she looks more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent middle-aged ill-used woman.

We pass over Hogarth. Unquestionable as is his authority for portions and details of a woman's dress, we see it rather as subservient to his particular intention, and that intention one of singling out particular characteristics, than as indicative of the average appearance

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appearance of society. Hogarth dressed his women doubtless strictly in the fashion of the day, but still always strictly for his own purposes. They are always ogling, leering, scolding, or simpering, and the dress doing the same. Neither would he have painted costume, nor the Spectator written upon it, had not that which fell under their notice been rather the novelty than the order of the day. Hogarth dealt in extremes. His costumes can be equally all that is modest, as all that is bold; and of course he was right, for a Hogarth will find both in any age or garb. He would have made Lely's loose undress look modest, or Holbein's rigid covering impudent, if it had suited his purpose; but this does not tell us how far the general character of the dress of that time was expressive of either.

We leap at once to him who has done more than any one else to vindicate the art of portrait-painting as indigenous to our country—who started it afresh from its lethargy, and recovered it from its errors—placed himself at once above all his countrymen who had preceded him, and has remained above all who have followed. Like Holbein and Vandyke, Sir Joshua put his stamp upon the times; or rather, like a true artist and philosopher, he took that aggregate impression which the times gave. Each has doubtless given his sitters a character of his own; but this is not our argument. Each has also made his sitters what the costume of the time contributed to make them. If Vandyke's women are dignified and lofty, it is his doing, for he was dignified and lofty in all his compositions; if they are also childish and trivial, it is the accident of the costume; for he was never either in his other pictures. If Reynolds's sitters are all simple, earnest, and sober, it is because he was the artist, for he was so in all he touched; if they are also stately, refined, and intellectual, it was the effect of the costume, for he was not so in his other conceptions. For instance, Lady St. Asaph, with her infant, lolling on a couch, in a loose tumbled dress, with her feet doubled under her, is sober and respectable looking—in spite of dress and position. Mrs. Hope, in an enormous cabbage of a cap, with her hair over her eyes, is blowsy and vulgar in spite of Reynolds.

To our view the average costume of Sir Joshua was excessively beautiful. We go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction, that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and withal so becomingly. Not a bit of the costume appeals to any of the baser instincts. There is nothing to catch the vulgar or fix the vicious. All is pure, noble, serene, benevolent. They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them like

Satan

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Satan before Eve, 'stupidly good,' ready to abjure all the fallacies of the Fathers, all the maxims of the moderns—ready to eat our own words if they disapproved them — careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures — yea, careless of their very beauty, for the *soul* that shines through it. And then to think that they are all dead!

The mere inventory is soon given. An enormous pile of powdered hair, rising with an easy curve direct from the forehead, and ascending story upon story, with jewels or feathers intermixed, or a scarf carelessly wound round it. The dress fitting close to the figure—made high on the shoulders and low in front. The sleeves tight, and finishing at the elbow with deep double or treble ruffles. The waist long and small, with a rich girdle slung round it. The skirt descending in heavy folds, much the same as in the Vandyke portraits, or tucked up round the waist in coquettish puffs, showing a rich petticoat underneath. Sometimes a graceful upper robe with collar and facings of ermine, entirely open in front, and held on apparently only by the loose sleeves through which the arms are passed. Plenty of rich laces, edge over edge up to the throat for the old, or a frill round the throat for the elderly—no tags or trumpery, or reliance on small manœuvres, but all in good large masses and continuous lines.

But the refined and intellectual side of this costume is not so easily described. This first resides especially in the shoulders and bust, which, owing perhaps to the superincumbent weight of the head, bend slightly forward with ineffable grace, showing us as plain as possible the flat well-shaped back we do not see. Beautifully does the dress sit round this portion of the figure, clinging closely rather than fitting tightly; with none of that stuffed appearance too common in our modern belles—(who seem as if they took the shape of their dresses, and not *vice versâ*—as if they were cast into them like metals into a mould)—but breaking into a thousand easy puckers and folds, as if the dress followed the sweet windings of the form in its own free way, rather than was strained tight to display it. The waist too—we have said it was long and small—but we should not know where it was at all, but for those easy lines which wrap round it, and for that rich girdle which has slipped down naturally to the smallest part. Then the high make of the dress on the shoulders has a peculiar refinement, giving that vestal-like narrowness to this part of the person which conveys the idea of feminine delicacy and elasticity, rather than of masculine width and strength:—the chest, however, not contracted, but showing its free rise by the graceful oval with which the line of

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of the dress dips across it. Lightly does this portion of the figure rise from the spreading drapery below, like an urn from its pedestal, and lightly does it carry that ponderous head-dress above, as if its action were steadied but not encumbered by the weight.

In this high head-dress lies the intellect of the picture, and a thousand other charms. Wherever we see the upward line of the forehead continued, whether in the grandest specimen of ancient art, or the commonest costume of peasant life, we feel that a mental dignity is given to the whole person. It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys this impression. A woman thus costumed looks a High Priestess, dedicate to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For, of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses for good or for evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the low head, with loose wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the dress or undress, which, from the days of the syrens of mythology to those of Charles II.'s 'glorious gallery,' has most undeniably revealed the Dalilah. Gather them up, or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is reformed. On this account very long loose flowing hair is only suitable for children or very young girls. A woman with her hair on her shoulders infallibly looks untidy, or something worse.

What countenance is there also which does not improve with the uncovering of the forehead?—not protruding, bare and bald, as when the hair is tightly drawn back from it, which few can stand, but rearing itself up like a grand pillar beneath a lofty parapet, receiving shelter in return for yielding support, and looking firm and stately, as if able to bear that or anything else in the world we might like to put upon it. But it is not so much the forehead alone, as a particular part of it, for which we recommend this coiffure. It is that exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulation of the *shores* of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colours tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth pure sands where the tide has just retired. This is a portion the more intended to be shown, inasmuch as time seems to make no impression upon it. It is always beautiful, whether peeped at under the sunny locks of childhood, or seen glittering among the snowy hairs of age.

Nor can there be a greater mistake than to condemn this style of head-dress, as many thoughtlessly do, for the size it gives to the head. It may do this in fact, but it does not in idea, and it is the impression a costume produces on the mind for which we are contending. Wherever the face and forehead are left totally free,

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as in Sir Joshua's pictures, we feel the head-dress above them to be a distinct thing. They are not part of it, they only support it, and that most lightly too. We should as soon think of calling Rubens' female figures, in his 'Abraham offering bread and wine to Melchizedek' at Lord Westminster's, large headed, because they are carrying great baskets of fruit. But the moment the face is covered in any way by the hair, or both face and hair are covered by anything else, as in the case of Mrs. Hope with her loose coiffure and immense cap, the distinction ceases—head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying its load with ease and freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children by nature have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them.

Even with the high coiffure we have been commending, it will not do to have any portion of the hair upon the forehead. We see this in the Duchess of Marlborough's picture, who, though with her hair raised up in the usual style of the day, has a part of it falling in loose bows on the forehead, by which the whole lightness of the effect is destroyed. Conceal any part of the support, and that which is supported will instantly look top-heavy. Show the whole face, and you may put what you will upon it. This may have been partly owing, we admit, to the absence of powder in this instance—for, in no respect was the wisdom of our grandmothers more apparent than in the use of this ingredient. There may have been a thousand objections to powder—upon which all these books of costume are very eloquent—but those ladies knew that it heightened their complexions, brightened their eyes, and lightened their whole general aspect; and, like sensible women, were satisfied that such reasons for, were worth all that could be brought against it. At all events, let these have been what they may, we cannot help thinking our grandmothers quite as justifiable in imitating grey hair when young, as their grand-daughters in buying Jew-black or Barber's-brown tresses when old.

It is true, perhaps, as respects the domestic habits of life, that the dress of Sir Joshua's portraits was not adapted for any very active utilitarian feats. It was not made for walking fast or far, for running, jumping, climbing, or any such extraordinary movement, but it was one in which, if a lady condescended to move at all, she did it with infinite grandeur and grace, and danced a minuet to perfection. The head-dress also did not precisely admit of a lady's nodding, or giggling, or romping—or of being forward, flighty, boisterous, or passionate—or awfully enthusiastic, lively,

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lively, and bustling; but it was one in which she might smile bewitching, or frown deadly—be graciously interested, or sovereignly indifferent—be sweet, feminine, earnest, and confiding—capricious, arch, sly, and even saucy to the greatest possible advantage.

From that time to this we consider there has not been a costume fit for a woman to wear; and how so many have condescended to live and die in the unbecoming absurdities which fill the fashion books and encumber our walls, we must leave for some 'Lady of Rank' to solve. We have encroached long enough upon a subject which our fair readers may perhaps contend was no affair of ours from the beginning, but which they will remember we did not venture upon till we had most distinctly proved so to be.

Some interesting observations might be further made, if they would allow us, on the subject of English women's dressing as compared with that of the French and Germans; and in both cases we would venture to promise to bring them off triumphant. Against the Germans this would be no great victory, for we should philosophically define them, men and women, as the worst dressed nation in the world; but we would not hesitate to assert their general superiority even to the French. That these do excel in one important point of taste—namely, consistency of costume with age—we have freely admitted. They are also better students, in several ways, of position and occasion:—but we think it might be made pretty clear that, wherever they do excel us, it is less from a superiority of principle than from a happier turn in an intenser vanity.

We adhere, then, to our old creed, that if Nature has given man a strong instinct for dress, it is because she has given him woman as an object for it. Whatever therefore may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. She dresses herself to please him, and he dresses her to please himself; and this is a distinction between these two animals which will perhaps apply to more subjects than that of *dress*.

ART. V.—1. *Correspondence relating to the Marriages of the Queen and Infanta of Spain.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.

2. *Considerations respecting the Marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with reference to the Treaty of Utrecht.* London, 1847.

THE marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Infanta of Spain has not only excited the displeasure of the British Government, and called forth a formal Protest against it, 'upon the ground that it would be injurious to the political independence of

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of Spain, and detrimental to the balance of power in Europe;' but it has also led to an official declaration, 'that the issue of such marriage would be held by Great Britain to be disabled by the stipulation of treaties, and by the public law of Europe, from succeeding in any case to the Spanish throne.' This is a very important step, and, in the event contemplated, may produce the most serious consequences; for it is little less than a pledge calculated to involve England in a war both with Spain and France.

We do not intend here to estimate the probable extent of injury to the political independence of Spain, or of detriment to the balance of power in Europe, which may result from this marriage. These are questions upon which it is manifestly difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion, and the decision of which must, after all, greatly depend upon the degree of apprehension entertained by different individuals. Still less is it necessary to inquire into the engagements of the Château d'Eu, or to criticise the course of the subsequent negociations; but without at present examining, or pronouncing judgment upon, the conduct either of the French or English Government, we think it may be shown that this Protest was made under an erroneous interpretation of the Treaty of Utrecht, and that the marriage in question is not at variance with the stipulations of any treaty, or with public law.

Some endeavours have been made to qualify the formal Protest, and the objections against this marriage, founded on the Treaty of Utrecht, which at first were said to be 'strong and conclusive,' by intimating that, although the marriage itself may not be prohibited in express terms, yet the issue of such marriages are incapacitated and disinherited by the provisions of the treaty. But this is little better than a subterfuge, and really amounts to the same thing; for it can never be supposed that any marriage should have been regarded as possible which did not secure their lawful rights to the children.

The papers recently laid upon the tables of both Houses of Parliament, and the pamphlet entitled 'Considerations, &c.,'—a publication evidently derived from official sources and authority—very fully set forth the arguments by which, in the opinion of those who framed the Protest, the illegality of the transaction is to be established.

The first thing, however, which strikes us in reading any protest against the consequences of the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier, founded upon the Treaty of Utrecht, is the absolute novelty of such a pretension. That Treaty has now subsisted for a hundred and thirty years, and, although in some respects modified by the force of events and by the lapse of time, it is still in vigour, and still regulates many of the most important matters connected

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connected with the settlement of Europe. It would be lawful therefore to appeal to the Treaty against this marriage, if the ministerial interpretation of the Treaty were correct; but when we find that, during the long interval which has taken place, several marriages of a similar character have at various periods been contracted and solemnized between the French and Spanish branches of the House of Bourbon, without the slightest remonstrance or objection from any quarter whatever, it is difficult to imagine that valid arguments against them should now be discovered in the stipulations of Utrecht.

We must recollect, that for the last ten or twelve years, almost indeed ever since the birth of the Queen of Spain, her marriage with a French prince has avowedly been in contemplation, and has formed the subject of public discussion in the journals of Europe. During that time we have heard much of the ambition of the King of the French, of his desire to obtain possession of the Queen, and to establish French influence in Spain; but it does not appear to have ever entered into the imagination of any one to accuse him of intending to violate the Treaty of Utrecht.

The mission of M. Pageot to this country in the year 1842, for the purpose of endeavouring to come to some understanding upon the subject of the marriage of the Queen, led to no practical result. He renounced, indeed, by order of his Royal master, all pretension on the part of either of the French princes to the hand of the Queen; but although this concession may not have been considered, under the circumstances, as of very great value, we do not learn that M. Pageot was informed that the sacrifice was altogether superfluous, inasmuch as any such marriage would be at variance with the stipulations of Utrecht. M. Pageot, in his subsequent missions to Vienna and Berlin, met with no greater success; but neither does it appear that the German Courts took any different view of the obligations of the treaty from that entertained in London.

At a more recent period, when the marriage of the Duke d'Aumale with the Queen of Spain was generally considered to be probable and imminent, and was freely commented upon by the public press, no objections were urged against it arising out of the provisions of this treaty. It is true, that her Majesty's late Government are understood to have remonstrated strongly against such a marriage, and to have declared that it would put an end to the cordial understanding between the two countries. But this declaration could not have been made in consequence of the marriage being regarded as a violation of the Treaty of Utrecht; but because the proceeding, by giving for a time an undue preponderance to the influence of France, would have been at variance

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with the friendly and confidential relations existing between the two Governments, as well as with all those principles upon which they had mutually agreed to act with respect to the affairs of Spain.

If King Louis Philippe had informed Lord Aberdeen at the Château d'Eu that it was his intention to marry the Duke of Montpensier to the Infanta simultaneously with the marriage of the Queen, it is probable that Lord Aberdeen would have found it necessary to remonstrate against it, although perhaps less strongly, yet no doubt for the same reasons which had led to the opposition to the marriage of the Duke d'Aumale. But when the King declared that, from deference to public feeling in England, as well as from a due regard to the principles of his own policy, it was not his wish or intention that the marriage should take place until the Queen had been first married, and should have had children, his Majesty would indeed have had good reason to be astonished if he had been told that neither then, nor at any other time, could the marriage be solemnized at all, because it had been already forbidden by the provisions of Utrecht! Had Lord Aberdeen been led to make any such declaration, we think that he would have stultified himself, and have placed the Queen's Government in a false and most embarrassing position.

It is not pretended, however, that intermarriages between members of the French and Spanish branches of the family of Bourbon are specifically prohibited by the treaty itself; but it is supposed that, the issue of such marriages being altogether excluded from the throne of each country by the Acts of Renunciation, they must be directly at variance with its spirit and intention.

The political consequences of some of these marriages may perhaps have been more immediate, or more important, than others; but the principle, if sound, must be of general application, and must affect them all alike. It would be a dangerous latitude of interpretation to make an objection of this kind depend upon the greater or less degree of proximity to the throne. The marriages of the French and Spanish families during the last century would each have been liable to question; and in this point of view the marriage of King Louis Philippe himself with a princess of Naples was contrary to the spirit of the treaty. The Queen of the French is a descendant of Philip V., and as such might possibly inherit the crown of Spain.

But without referring to these remote contingencies, let us look for a moment at the double marriage negociated between France and Spain, in less than ten years after the signature of the Treaty of

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of Utrecht, when the heir apparent of the Spanish throne married a Princess of Orleans, and when an Infanta of Spain was the destined and affianced wife of the King of France. Had these marriages been attended with issue, the Duke of Orleans would have been the grandfather of a King of Spain, and Philip V. would have been placed in the same relation to a King of France. The Infanta was very near to the succession; for two princes only, of tender years, stood between her and the throne of Spain. This princess, however, remained for three years at Paris, in the face of all Europe, as the intended wife of the French King, without objection from any quarter, and was only at last sent back to Madrid in consequence of her youth, and of the desire of the King to be married without further delay.

Alliances of this description not being expressly forbidden by the terms of the treaty, can it possibly be supposed that it was intended to disinherit the issue of such marriages? Did any statesman in any country at that time ever imagine that the children of the Princess of Orleans would have been incapable of succeeding to the throne of Spain, because the King might have been the grandson of the Regent? But what were the Whig Government of England about at this juncture? Nothwithstanding their cordial *entente* with the Regent of Orleans, these statesmen would never have permitted the most valuable stipulation of the Treaty of Utrecht to be invalidated by any proceeding which could with reason or justice have been questioned. Indeed, the marriage of the Princess of Orleans called more loudly for a protest from this country, than the recent alliance of the Duke of Montpensier with the Infanta Louisa; for, in the ordinary course of nature, the relations of the Duke of Orleans with the Spanish Crown must necessarily have become much more direct and intimate, than there is any reason to suppose is likely to be the case with the King of the French. But if Townshend and Walpole regarded the double marriage in question without objection on their part, we have no ground to imagine that its character has given rise to any different feeling respecting it in the minds of the Whigs of our own day. Lord John Russell's most elaborate contribution to our historical literature is a work in which this event is described, and in which he has no other remark to make upon it than that 'Philip V. was overjoyed at the prospect of recovering the family ties, and giving a Queen to France; while the Regent was no less pleased at the prospect of conciliating the only enemy who had ever been formidable to him, and raising his daughter to the throne of Spain.'*

* Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe after the Peace of Utrecht, vol. i. p. 547.

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This double marriage, therefore, negotiated so early after the Peace of Utrecht, with all the circumstances attending the transaction, must be held as decisive of the interpretation put upon the Treaty by those best able to comprehend the scope of its provisions, and most interested in enforcing them.

We do not think it necessary to advert to other marriages, of which there have been several, contracted between members of the French and Spanish Royal Families in the last century. None of these met with any opposition at the time, although all were more or less at variance with the construction now attempted to be given to the Treaty of Utrecht. It is true that right may still be preserved, even if neglected, or not fully exercised; but when we find during a long course of years that they have never been appealed to, or noticed in a single instance, it must surely tend to strengthen the belief that they have no existence.

It is a remarkable circumstance that, in the first protest which the British Minister was instructed, in the month of September, 1846, to present to the Court of Madrid against the marriage of the Infanta, and which he presented accordingly, no mention whatever is made of the Treaty of Utrecht. The measure is deprecated as seriously affecting the balance of power in Europe, and as likely to prove highly detrimental to the political independence of Spain. (*Correspondence*, p. 20.) These objections, whether well or ill founded, might, at all events, be legitimately and without impropriety urged by a friendly and allied state. But in the protest which the same Minister was directed, at the close of the same month, to renew and to enforce, he was ordered publicly and solemnly to declare the incapacity, disability, and exclusion of the issue of the marriage in consequence of the stipulations of the Treaty of Utrecht. (*Ibid.* p. 29.) Now, it appears that just about the early part of this very month of September, a daily journal printed at Madrid, and in opposition to the Spanish Court, had made that notable discovery respecting the illegality of these marriages which had escaped the penetration of all the statesmen and all the political writers of Europe during the last century. Is it possible that this *Progressista* crotchet should have been adopted by the British Government as the foundation of a proceeding so serious and important as an official protest against the order of succession to the throne established in a foreign country? It is, perhaps, fortunate that Spain has lost much of her ancient pride together with her power; otherwise a British minister, after presenting such a protest, could scarcely have expected to remain many hours in Madrid.

A brief reference to the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht will serve

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serve to explain the cause of the erroneous interpretation of the British Government, and to confirm that which it has hitherto invariably received.

The governing principle of the Treaty, so far as it relates to the succession in France and Spain, is the permanent separation of the two crowns. This condition was exacted by England, and, indeed, was made by her a *sine quâ non* of peace. The separation was to be effected by means of reciprocal Renunciations on the part of Philip V. and his descendants of the throne of France, and by the French princes, for themselves and their descendants, of the Spanish crown.

The sixth Article sets forth that 'the security and liberties of Europe will by no means bear the union of the kingdoms of France and Spain under one and the same king; and it had been determined that the evil should in all times to come be obviated by means of Renunciations drawn in the most effectual form and executed in the most solemn manner.'

After the insertion at length of the Renunciations and all the documents connected with them, the article of the Treaty concludes by declaring that, 'Whereas it is provided and settled by the preceding Renunciation (which is always to have the force of a pragmatical, fundamental, and inviolable law), that at no time whatever either the Catholic King himself, or any of his lineage, shall seek to obtain the crown of France or ascend the throne thereof; and by reciprocal Renunciations on the part of France, and by settlements of the hereditary succession there, tending to the same purpose, the crowns of France and Spain are so divided and separated from each other, that the aforesaid renunciations, and the other transactions relating thereto, remaining in force and being truly and faithfully observed, they can never be joined in one.'

From the terms of this article of the Treaty, it would appear that the perpetual separation of the crowns was the sole object of the contracting parties. But when the allies found it necessary to acknowledge Philip V. as King of Spain, they determined not only to prevent in all time coming the union of the two crowns, but also that, on failure of the posterity of Philip, the whole Spanish inheritance should pass to the House of Savoy in preference to the House of Austria. To secure both these objects, the renunciations by the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans, as well as by Philip himself, were obviously necessary.

The letters-patent of Louis XIV., in the year 1700, by which he reserved all the rights of Philip V. to the throne of France, from the succession to which he was no further removed than by the life of a delicate child, rendered a formal renunciation of the

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the throne of France by that prince quite indispensable; and in like manner as the right of Philip to the Spanish crown, acknowledged by the Treaty, would have constituted the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans his natural and legitimate heirs on failure of his own posterity, it became necessary, in order to secure the perpetual separation of the two crowns and the eventual succession of the House of Savoy, that these princes should also renounce the claims derived from their birth or from any other source to the throne of Spain.

In the Act of Renunciation of Philip V., it is declared, that—

'It was proposed and insisted on by England, and it was agreed to on my part and on that of the king my grandfather, that, for avoiding at any time whatever the union of this monarchy with that of France, and the possibility that it might happen in any case, reciprocal renunciations should be made by me, and for all my descendants, to the possibility of succeeding to the monarchy of France, and on the part of those princes, and of all their race, present and to come, to that of succeeding to this monarchy; by forming a proper project of abdication of all rights which may be claimed by the two royal houses of this and of that monarchy, as to their succeeding mutually to each other, by separating, by the legal means of my renunciation, my branch from the royal stem of France, and all the branches of France from the stem of the blood-royal of Spain; by taking care at the same time, in pursuance of the fundamental and perpetual maxim of the balance of power in Europe, which persuades and justifies the avoiding in all cases imaginable the union of the monarchy of France with that of Spain, that the inconvenience should likewise be provided against, lest, in default of my issue, the case should happen that this monarchy should devolve again to the House of Austria, whose dominions and dependencies, even without the union of the Empire, would make it formidable; a motive which, at other times, made it justifiable to separate the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria from the body of the Spanish monarchy; it being agreed and settled to this end by England with me, and with the king my grandfather, that in failure of me and of my issue, the Duke of Savoy and his sons and descendants, being males, born in constant lawful marriage, are to enter upon the succession of this monarchy.'

The Duke of Orleans begins his Act of Renunciation by '*consenting*' that on failure of Philip V., and of his descendants, the crown of Spain should pass over to the House of the Duke of Savoy; for otherwise, as it has already been observed, on failure of the line of Philip, the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Orleans would have been his lawful heirs. The French princes renounced in the most absolute and unconditional manner, for themselves and their descendants, all right or title to the throne of Spain. The Duke of Orleans especially declared that he held himself, his children, and descendants as excluded and disabled, absolutely

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absolutely and for ever, and without limitation or distinction of persons, of degrees, and of sexes, from every act and from all right of succession to the crown of Spain. And he ratifies this exclusion for himself and his descendants, in whatever degree they may happen to be, and in what manner soever the succession may fall to his line, and to all others, whether of France or Austria.

Ample and effectual as this Act of Renunciation is, we must be aware that it could only be intended to receive its practical application on the extinction of the whole line, male and female, of Philip V. This is the preliminary condition expressly attached to all the renunciations; for so long as a legitimate representative of Philip remained upon the throne of Spain, the succession could not be open, or the right be devolved upon another line.

It is to be recollected also, that the object of the Renunciation was, in reality, two-fold: first, to prevent the union of the two crowns upon the same head; and secondly, in the event of the failure of the line of Philip, to prevent the succession of any prince of French blood, or of the House of Austria, to the prejudice of the family of Savoy.

It is true, that, when the Treaty of Utrecht recognised the grandson of Louis XIV. as King of Spain, it may, perhaps, be said that by so doing the succession to the crowns of France and Spain was virtually established in the same line. But this is playing on the word *line*. Philip was constituted the head and source of the Spanish branch as a distinct and separate line; and subsequent marriages could not affect its character, or in any manner restore it to an identity with the line of France. The Branch of Philip was 'separated by the legal means of his renunciation from the Royal stem of France, and all the Branches of France from the stem of the Blood Royal of Spain.' The branches were thenceforth distinct houses—in the eye of 'public law,' as distinct as the House of Orange is from the House of Braganza. We should not be justified, therefore, in affirming that the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the Infanta could ever cause the succession to fall to the line of Orleans. Let us suppose, for example, that Queen Isabella should be succeeded by her sister, and that the Infanta should leave an only son, who, being King of Spain, should die without issue. Now, if the succession had passed to the line of Orleans, this prince ought to be succeeded by his nearest kindred, uncles or cousins of that House; but it is clear that such would not be the case, inasmuch as the next representative of Philip V., however remote in blood, would unquestionably ascend the throne. This exclusion of the French princes

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princes would fulfil the terms of the renunciation, and may, perhaps, in some measure have been contemplated by it when the Duke of Orleans declared himself and his descendants to be for ever excluded '*in whatever* DEGREE *we may happen to be, and in what* MANNER *soever the succession may fall to our line.*'

It seems to be forgotten that, although the Emperor took no share in the negotiations at Utrecht, stipulations were entered into by the contracting parties to the treaty, by which his pretensions to the Spanish succession were disposed of in a very summary manner; and that the situation of Austria with respect to Spain was rendered precisely similar to that of France.

Philip V., after reciting his renunciation of the throne of France, declares

'that there also shall remain excluded reciprocally from the succession to the monarchy of Spain all the Princes of the Blood of France and all their lines, existing and future, and that *in the same manner remain excluded all the Princes male and female of the House of Austria, existing and to come,* so that the one and the other, by no foreseen or unforeseen case, can ever succeed to the Spanish monarchy and the states annexed thereto, or that hereafter may be appended to them.'

The Duke of Orleans, after declaring his own exclusion and that of all his descendants from the Spanish throne, in what manner soever the succession may fall to his line, goes on in the very same sentence to say—

'*and to all others whether of the House of France or of that of Austria, and of all the descendants both of the one and the other House,* which, as it is said and supposed, ought likewise to hold themselves for ever cut off and excluded.'

The exclusion of Austria is taken for granted in all the acts annexed to the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht; and the Emperor himself, in the third article of his treaty of peace with Spain, signed at Vienna in 1725,

'cheerfully accepts and consents to all that was done, sanctioned, and settled in the Treaty of Utrecht with regard to the right and order of succession to the kingdoms of France and Spain.'

In the fourth article of the same treaty, the Emperor declares that

'in consequence of the renunciation he had himself made, and in consideration of the Duke of Orleans having renounced, for himself and his descendants, all his rights and pretensions to the kingdom of Spain, *on condition that neither the Emperor nor any of his descendants should ever succeed to the said kingdom,* his Imperial Majesty acknowledges Philip V. as lawful King of Spain,' &c.

It thus appears that, according to the British interpretation of

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of the treaties, an Archduke would have been, equally with a Prince of the House of Orleans, prohibited from marrying the Infanta; the House of Austria being equally excluded in all time coming, and in what manner soever the succession may fall to their line.

It is unnecessary to mention the various marriages of the House of Austria which have since taken place with the Spanish Royal Family; but as a proof that the Emperor did not think himself precluded by the treaty of Utrecht or by the treaty of Vienna from contracting such marriages, it is well known that he retained his influence over the Spanish court for several years by holding out the assurance that the Archduchess Maria-Theresa, the heiress of the Austrian monarchy, should marry the Infant Don Carlos, the presumptive heir of the Spanish crown, and who subsequently became King of Spain under the title of Charles III.; while the sister of the Archduchess was destined for the Infant Don Philip. The prospect of these marriages caused great dissatisfaction, and even some alarm in Europe, especially among the Princes of the Empire. But H. Walpole, when reprobating this supposed intention, in the House of Commons, and dwelling upon the danger to the balance of power, did not say that it was opposed to the stipulations of any treaty. It has been described in a very modern work, already cited, as 'a project which flattered both the Emperor and the Queen of Spain with the notion that their issue would reign over Austria, Spain, and Italy.'*

But it has been asserted that the main object of the treaty of Utrecht was to prevent the too close and intimate union, or, as it is translated by the author of the 'Considerations' with all the emphasis of capitals, TOO INTIMATE AN ALLIANCE (*nimis arcta conjunctio*) between France and Spain. With reference, however, to that union which the allied powers wished to prevent, and which it is supposed may now again be produced by the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier, it is perfectly manifest, from the whole course of the negotiations, and from the express terms of the treaties, that the only union the allies ever had in view, or intended to prohibit, was the union of the two crowns. This they had good reason to fear, both from the letters patent of Louis XIV. in the year 1700, and from the acts of Philip himself; and against this they effectually provided in the treaty of Utrecht. But they no more thought of prohibiting treaties of marriage than they did of prohibiting treaties of alliance and friendship between the two royal lines; and we know perfectly well that their union might be cemented as closely by one mode as by the other.

* Lord John Russell: 'Memoirs of Affairs of Europe,' vol. ii. p. 30.

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Perhaps, indeed, the greatest violation of the spirit of the treaty of Utrecht which has ever taken place is to be found in the Family Compact, concluded in 1761 by the House of Bourbon. This compact endured for thirty years, without any formal protest from this country, although not without great dissatisfaction and general complaint. At the close of the late war, and by a separate article in the treaty of Madrid of the 5th of July, 1814, we obtained from Spain the obligation 'never to enter into any treaty or engagement with France of the nature of that known under the denomination of the Family Compact.' This was a much better security against the too close and intimate union of France and Spain than any obstacles thrown in the way of treaties of marriage; and it is perhaps the most important advantage we have acquired as the result of our Peninsular campaigns.

The acknowledgment of Philip V. and his descendants as Kings of Spain is a portion of the treaty of Utrecht, as fundamental and essential as the separation of the two crowns, or the renunciation of the princes. There is no prohibition, or even any mention made in the treaty, of matrimonial alliances; but the Bourbons of France and Spain are left perfectly free to contract these after the manner of other Royal Houses. The silence of the treaty, and the subsequent conduct of those who were actually concerned in framing it, sufficiently prove how this matter was to be understood.

The Duchess of Montpensier is a descendant of Philip V., and it is under the treaty of Utrecht that she makes good her rights as presumptive heiress of the Spanish throne. To attempt to defeat her claims, or those of her children, on account of a marriage nowhere prohibited by the deed which calls her to the succession, would be an act of gross injustice to them, and a violation of the treaty itself. The pretension of excluding, by virtue of the renunciations, the issue of the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta from all right of succession, both in France and in Spain also—in one, as being descended from Philip V.—and in the other, as springing from the Regent of Orleans—appears so unreasonable as scarcely to merit serious attention.

The abrogation of the Pragmatic Sanction of Philip V.—which however was not itself established until after the signature of the treaty of Utrecht—makes no material difference in the principle by which this marriage must be considered; for although it places the Infanta nearer to the succession, it does not, strictly speaking, give her any new rights. Unlike the princesses of France, under the Salic Law, the Infanta was always capable, even by the Pragmatic Sanction, of succeeding to the throne, although the prospect

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prospect of that inheritance might have been remote. We must, therefore, in principle at least, regard the Infanta and her rights in the same light as we should have done had all the male descendants of Philip ceased to exist.

It is certainly within the limits of possibility that, by the failure of the whole progeny of his four elder brothers, the issue of the Duke of Montpensier might become the immediate heirs to the throne of France. But this event, however improbable, is provided for by the various stipulations of treaty, which expressly declare that the crowns of France and Spain shall never be united upon the same head, or in one and the same line. It follows, therefore, that the same principle by which the children of the Infanta would justly be admitted to carry on the line of Philip V. in Spain would also exclude them from the French succession. But if, in virtue of their father's rights, the issue of the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta could ever be called to the throne of France, consistently with the stipulations of the Treaty of Utrecht, in that case the line of the Infanta would cease to reign in Spain, and the next lawful representative and descendant of Philip V. would succeed to that throne.

The engagements entered into in the early part of the last century appear to be sufficient to accomplish the objects of the contracting parties; but should additional securities be thought necessary, it is probable that no great difficulty would be found in obtaining such provisions as would effectually meet the supposed contingency. We may observe, however, that notwithstanding our treaty rights, these are questions in which, after all, Spain possesses the chief and deepest interest, and with respect to which she will ultimately, in all probability, act as becomes a sense of her dignity and independence. The time is long since past when other powers could control the decision of a great people in matters of policy so purely national and domestic. England and France have, both of them, changed and regulated the order of succession to the throne, in the manner which appeared best suited to their own interests and welfare; and Spain herself has already deprived of their birthright and excluded from the succession the nearest male heirs to the crown.

In the disturbed and uncertain state in which that country is unhappily placed at the present time, and is but too likely to continue for years to come, the British Protest against the established order of succession may, perhaps, excite resistance to Queen Isabella's government and renew the horrors of civil war; it is, no doubt, well calculated to do so; but, notwithstanding such encouragement, it is scarcely probable that even the most pugnacious

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nacious of mankind would venture to act upon this Protest, and to embark England in hostilities for interests comparatively so unimportant in any national view.

When the Duke of Orleans declared the perpetual exclusion of all his descendants, male and female, from the throne of Spain, in whatever manner the succession might fall to their line, it must certainly have been foreseen that intermarriages at some time or other would, or at least might, be contracted between the different branches of the family of Bourbon. Had it ever been intended to prohibit such marriages, and to exclude their issue from the succession, it would undoubtedly have been the duty of the powers by whom the renunciations were exacted from the French and Spanish princes, as well as from the House of Austria, to have announced and specified these objects. In proportion, then, as the terms of the renunciations are full, precise, and anxiously minute in all the details of their provisions, the more impossible is it to suppose that a forfeiture of this kind should be incurred by implication, or that it was ever intended that such consequences should ensue. Had this intention existed, it would have been easy for the parties concerned to have introduced a condition by which the issue of these marriages should have been declared incapable of succeeding to the throne of either country.

It is true, however, that it may be doubtful whether France and Spain, notwithstanding their exhausted state and their desire of peace, would, even at that time, have been brought to acquiesce in terms so degrading; and we cannot reasonably expect that without the clear obligation of any treaty they should consent to do so now.

Did our limits admit of it, we should desire to print here at length the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, with all the various Declarations and Renunciations incorporated in it; for we think that no impartial person could read these attentively without being led to the conclusion that the article had no other object in view, than to perpetuate by means of reciprocal renunciations the separation of the two crowns; and on the failure of the line of Philip V. in Spain, to secure the succession of the House of Savoy, to the exclusion of all the Princes of France and Austria.

ART.

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ART. VI.—1. *The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistan, decyphered and translated, with a Memoir.* By Major H. C. Rawlinson. (Journal of the Asiatic Society. Vol. X. Part I.) London. 1846.

2. *Ueber die Keilinschriften der ersten und zweiten Gattung.* Von Chr. Lassen und N. L. Westergaard. Bonn. 1845.

3. *On the Decyphering of the second Achæmenian or Median species of Arrow-headed Writing.* By N. L. Westergaard. (Mémoires des Antiquaires du Nord.) Copenhagen. 1844.

4. *Beiträge zur Erklärung der Persischen Keilinschriften.* Von Adolf Holtzmann. Carlsruhe. 1845.

5. *Die Grabschrift des Darius in Nakshi Rustam erläutert.* Von Dr. Ferdinand Hitzig. Zurich. 1847.

6. *Lettres de M. Botta sur les Découvertes à Khorsabad.* Publiées par M. J. Mohl. Paris. 1845.

OUR design in the following article is to communicate to our readers, in a popular form, one of the most remarkable historical discoveries of modern times. The success of Young and of Champollion in detecting a phonetic language in the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Egyptian monuments, worked out with so much labour, ingenuity, and sagacity by Wilkinson, Rosellini, and Lepsius, and so fully summed up by the Chevalier Bunsen, has been followed by an attempt to decypher those singular signs and characters which are found on bricks, on cylinders, on the remains of ancient buildings, and on the smoothed surfaces of rocks, from the Euphrates, and even here and there in Syria, to the eastern boundary of Persia. We purpose to submit the results of these interesting inquiries, rather than the slow and laborious processes of investigation. For, in the first place, a critical examination of the whole philology of the subject would require an acquaintance with Sanscrit almost as intimate as that of Wilson or of Bopp; the toil and acuteness which Bournouf has devoted to the study of the Zend; and, if we may so speak, the almost universal Orientalism of Lassen;—secondly, were we gifted with all these powers and with these treasures of knowledge, we should still doubt whether we could make the subject, within our prescribed limits, intelligible to the majority of our readers.

The startling part of this discovery is, that this arrow-headed writing, as it is called, has been decyphered without that aid which suggested to the ingenious mind of Dr. Young the first elements of hieroglyphic interpretation. There is no Rosetta stone, containing a transcript of the same inscription in a known language. It was the Greek version which induced Dr. Young to

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to seek out in the corresponding lines of the hieroglyphic inscription the important, and repeatedly recurring royal names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra. When Major Rawlinson writes of trilinguar inscriptions, he merely means different forms of the arrow-headed character, representing the same text according to different alphabets, and it should seem, not merely different, but unaffiliated languages. These three forms have been commonly called the Babylonian, the Median, and the Persian. This triumph of patience and sagacity, if, in spite of our habits of prudent scepticism, we are right in hailing it as a triumph, has this leading argument, among many others, in its favour. Three or four persons of different nations, the two most successful without connection or common understanding with each other, have arrived at results on all main points so singularly coincident, as to be inconceivable, except on the supposition of their common truth. M. Bournouf at Paris, Professor Lassen at Bonn, with M. Westergaard, whom we will venture to call, without disparagement, Lassen's colleague (a Danish Orientalist of great learning, especially in Sanscrit, and who was employed for four years at the expense of his government, in the country where the inscriptions are chiefly found); and lastly, our countryman, Major Rawlinson, whose labours at Bagdad, Persepolis, and Behistan, have recently appeared under the sanction of the Asiatic Society of London: all these, with several other Oriental scholars of note, have followed out the same system of interpretation; and, with just discrepancy enough to show that they have not acted in concert, have read the same signs into the same names; agree for the most part in the reconstruction of the ancient Persian language; and, in short, simultaneously present to us Darius Hystaspes, proclaiming from the rocks of Behistan and the buildings of Persepolis, his titles, his history, the nations over whom he ruled, the rebels whom he subdued; and his son Xerxes announcing his succession to the power and dominions of his father.

We must say, that if all this be but a fortunate hazard; if by assuming that certain signs are the equivalents of certain letters, exactly the names, which we might expect, come out from the process; if the right letters always occur in the right parts of the words, and are found in other words, composed of the same elements; if the language into which the inscriptions are thus read, bear the closest analogy in words, and in some respects in grammatical construction, to the Zend, and its parent Sanscrit, the very languages to which we should first have had recourse; if everything in the inscriptions coincides in the most remarkable manner with the authentic history, yet so far differs, as in some points to be more full, in others shows just that

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that discrepancy which proves that the one has not been made up out of the other; if all this be fortuitous, or due to lucky ingenuity, we shall begin to have some faith in the old atomic theory, and to find more than splendid poetry in the Democritean system of Lucretius. Moreover, there is in the present case, as yet, no appeal to that strong and natural, we hardly like to use the word, pardonable religious zeal, which has so often bewildered devout men into rash and hasty conclusions. So far, we have nothing to flatter that passion for Scriptural illustration to which the most rationally pious are hardly superior; which, from the days of Wilford, has dazzled our eastern scholars, and which, lending to the events of Jewish history the engrossing importance they possess in our minds, supposes that eastern monuments can have no other conquests or captivities to record, but those related in our sacred writings; and that we see the Israelites in every sculpture, and read their names in every inscription. In truth, in these very sculptures at Behistan, on which have now been discovered Darius Hystaspes and his subject nations, Sir Robert Ker Porter beheld Tiglath Pileser and the ten captive tribes. The number of the ten prisoners was too tempting not at once to suggest and confirm the illustration, though Porter's imperfect Biblical knowledge led him to reckon the tribe of Levi—whose representative he discovered by a kind of sacerdotal mitre—as one of the captive tribes. Keppel, on the other hand, imagining that one of the leading figures was a female, readily transplanted another scriptural scene from Susa to Behistan, and without hesitation turned the whole train into Esther supplicating the king of Persia in behalf of her countrymen. All these fancies pass into our Pictorial Bibles, and publications of that class, as unquestionable truths; and whoever ventures to call them into doubt is probably looked on as a sceptic, a rationalist, a neologist, or marked with some one of those vague opprobrious appellations which are now familiarized in popular theology. But in truth, it is as yet only old Herodotus whose veracity has been so singularly confirmed by these discoveries. We must wait for any important lights to be thrown on the Jewish annals, or the earlier parts of the Old Testament, until the older Assyrian or Babylonian cuneiform writings shall have been compelled to reveal *their* mysteries, till we have an alphabet framed out of their more complicated system of writing, and have found out the language by which we must interpret their meaning.

To Professor Grotefend belongs undoubtedly the honour of having opened the way to later and more brilliant discoveries. He first made out certain of the names of the great Achæmenian dynasty, Cyrus, Hystaspes, Darius, Xerxes. He was the

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the Young of cuneiform interpretation. These cuneiform, or arrow-headed characters, are so called from one of the elements of which they consist, a straight line, slightly divided at the top like the notch of an arrow, and ending in a point, so as to represent a kind of wedge; the other element is an angle <. Professor Grotefend observed that a number of these wedges or angles, of larger or smaller size, perpendicular or horizontal, grouped together, were usually divided from each other in the Persepolitan inscriptions by a peculiar sign;* and he rightly concluded that each of these groups formed a letter. These letters were read in their uniform direction from left to right. In many of these inscriptions, which surmounted the sculptured representations of the Persian kings, certain words were of constant recurrence; these, by a happy conjecture, confirmed by a Pehlevi inscription, which had been interpreted by De Sacy, were supposed to be the titles; one, which was perpetually repeated, was evidently 'King.' The first word in most of the inscriptions was, on the other hand, distinct and peculiar, and in all probability was the king's name. The Pehlevi inscription led to the supposition that they were of the great Achæmenian race; and that in the inscription there were two names, those of father and son. Cyrus and Cambyses they could not be, for they did not begin with the same letter. Darius and Xerxes corresponded as nearly as possible, in the number of the letters, according to what was believed to be the Persian orthography of those names, and Darius and Xerxes they proved to be. We have thus hastily given the earlier steps which led to the identification of a certain number of letters. Grotefend's discovery, in its first form, was printed in the earlier editions of Heeren's 'Ideen;' his more mature opinions in the fourth edition of that very valuable work, which is familiar to English readers in the Oxford translation. The ready attention of the continental Orientalists was awakened; and M. St. Martin, M. Rask, with other distinguished scholars, applied themselves, with greater or less success, to enlarge the alphabet, and to extend the interpretation of the various words which grew out of it. M. Bournouf, at Paris, not merely contributed his own sagacious observations to the progress of the inquiry, but individually did far more for its advancement, by the publication of his Commentary on the Yaçna. This work, one of the most remarkable in the history of philology, raised, as it were, the Zend into the rank of a regular and naturally developed language; explained its analogies with, and traced its systematic divergencies from the Sanscrit;

* In one of the works before us Tychsen and Bp. Munter are said to have first discovered this important sign.

followed

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followed out all its grammatical forms, and reduced its inflexions to order and uniformity. Out of these inquiries has grown a rational, though of course to a certain degree conjectural, theory of the old Persic of the inscriptions, which in many respects is faithfully represented by the later Zend; in others preserves the peculiarities of a more ancient, and, according to the universal rule, a more regularly constructed language. Professor Lassen, at Bonn, the pupil (and the teacher we presume to say) of A. W. Schlegel, the heir of his treasures of knowledge, and his Sanscrit executor, and who promises to accomplish far more than the magnificent schemes of that distinguished scholar, had applied himself with his usual energy to this new branch of eastern learning. His alphabet was far more complete than any which had been constructed before; and coincides with the final conclusions of Major Rawlinson, to an extent singularly satisfactory to all who have carefully traced the progress of the discovery.

But while the continental scholars, with the exception of M. Westergaard, were working in their quiet studies on copies of the inscriptions of greater or less accuracy—from those of Chardin and Le Bruyn to those of Niebuhr, Ker Porter, and Claudius Rich—by some happy fortune a young officer of the East India Company's army, not behind any German recluse in antiquarian zeal, was attached to our mission in Persia. Mr. Rawlinson seems to have been seized with that adventurous and persevering passion for Persian antiquities which allows no opportunity of acquiring knowledge to escape, and is deterred by no difficulty. His papers on Iranian geography, and on the sites of the famous old cities of the great Persian monarchy, which have been published from time to time in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, show a mind of bold originality as well as indefatigable industry. That during such a life he should have acquired so much learning, is more astonishing, than that he should be found occasionally at fault, especially considering the difficulty —we should have supposed the impossibility—of obtaining the necessary books at the time when they were indispensable to his inquiries. If we express ourselves as unconvinced by one at least of his geographical theories, that of a double Susa, we must, on the other hand, pay to his Memoir on the Atropatenian Ecbatana, as distinguished from the Ecbatana of Southern Media, the homage of a careful investigation, before we reject a notion which, however at first sight improbable, is supported by such solid argument, illustrated by so much local knowledge, and which solves so many perplexing difficulties in ancient history. At all events, the Memoirs by Major Rawlinson are among the most valuable published by that useful Society.

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The disadvantage of Major Rawlinson's insulated position, in the midst of modern Persia, remote from books and from intercourse with learned men, though it may have retarded his progress and increased his personal labours and difficulties, has nevertheless been extremely fortunate as regards the authority with which the discoveries appear before the world. We have already touched on this point—the weight which belongs to the consent of independent inquirers. We must allow Major Rawlinson himself to describe the commencement of his labours; assuring our readers that, throughout his Memoir, there is the utmost fairness and candour towards his coadjutors in this learned enterprise, an honourable disposition to award to them the full praise for their contributions to the common cause, and at the same time a manly and unboastful assertion of his own originality, as far as he can fairly claim it. Our readers must observe that this is an extract from a Memoir written in 1839:—

'It was in the year 1835 that I first undertook the investigation of the Cuneiform character; I was at that time only aware that Professor Grotefend had deciphered some of the names of the early sovereigns of the house of Achæmenes, but in my isolated position at Kermanshah, on the western frontier of Persia, I could neither obtain a copy of his alphabet nor could I discover what particular inscriptions he had examined. The first materials which I submitted to analysis were the sculptured tablets of Hamádan, carefully and accurately copied by myself upon the spot, and I afterwards found that I had thus, by a singular accident, selected the most favourable inscriptions of the class which existed in all Persia for resolving the difficulties of an unknown character.

'These tablets consisted of two trilingual inscriptions, engraved by Darius Hystaspes, and by his son Xerxes; they commenced with the same invocation to Ormazd (with the exception of a single epithet omitted in the tablet of Darius), they contain the same enumeration of the royal titles, and the same statement of paternity and family; and, in fact, they are identical, except in the names of the kings and in those of their respective fathers. When I proceeded, therefore, to compare and interline the two inscriptions—or rather the Persian columns of the two inscriptions—(for as the compartments exhibiting the inscription in the Persian language occupied the principal place in the tablets, and were engraved in the least complicated of the three classes of Cuneiform writing, they were naturally first submitted to examination)—I found that the characters coincided throughout, except in certain particular groups; and it was only reasonable to suppose that the groups which were thus brought out and individualized must represent proper names. I further remarked that there were but three of these distinct groups in the two inscriptions; for the group which occupied the second place in one inscription, and which from its position suggested the idea of its representing the name of the father of the king who was there commemorated,

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morated, corresponded with the group which occupied the first place in the other inscription, and thus not only served determinately to connect the two inscriptions together, but, assuming the groups to represent proper names, appeared also to indicate a genealogical succession. The natural inference was, that in these three groups of characters I had obtained the proper names belonging to three consecutive generations of the Persian monarchy; and it so happened that the first three names of Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, which I applied at hazard to the three groups, according to the succession, proved to answer in all respects satisfactorily, and were in fact the true identifications.'—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. x., part i., pp. 4-6.

In the period between the year 1835 and 1839 Major Rawlinson, being chiefly resident at Bagdad, received information from time to time of the improvements which had been made in Europe on the imperfect alphabet of Grotefend—he obtained a copy of Bournouf's Commentary on the Yaçna—pursued his own Sanscrit studies—improved his knowledge of Pehlevi from Dr. Müller's Memoir in the Journal Asiatique of 1839—and, in the same year, was delighted to receive the alphabet of Professor Lassen, of which he writes in these terms:—

'Although, in point of fact, the Professor's labours have been of no further assistance to me than in adding one new character to my alphabet, and in confirming opinions which were sometimes conjectural, and which generally required verification; yet, as the improvements which his system of interpretation makes upon the alphabet employed by M. Bournouf appear to have preceded not only the announcement but the adoption of my own views, I cannot pretend to contest with him the priority of alphabetical discovery.'

Above all, Major Rawlinson was able on the spot to re-examine almost all the most important inscriptions; those at Behistan, at Persepolis, and that of Xerxes at Van.

But at the close of the year 1839 Major Rawlinson's peaceful studies were suddenly broken off at the summons of professional duty. His talents were to be employed in an 'arduous and responsible office in Afghanistan:' the study of the campaigns of Darius the Great against his insurgent subjects, as recorded on the rock-hewn tablets of the old cities of Persia, to be exchanged for the disasters and triumphs of real war—cuneiform inscriptions relating to events which happened five-and-twenty centuries ago, for despatches in plain English, on which might perhaps depend the fate of a greater eastern empire than that of Darius.

Major Rawlinson returned to Bagdad in 1843. 'My interest in the inscriptions had never flagged; it was sharpened perhaps by the accidents that had so long operated to delay its gratification' (p. 14). He resumed his studies with fresh zeal; no doubt the growing conviction, established by the concurrence of European

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scholars in all its leading principles, as to the truth and value of his discovery, could not but excite an energetic mind to embark still more ardently in a pursuit which had already taken such possession of it. He was so fortunate as to encounter M. Westergaard, who had been travelling in Persia during 1843, and whose copies of some of the inscriptions possessed that superiority which necessarily belongs to a person who knows what he is copying, and who feels the importance of the most precise accuracy.

It is the result of these renewed inquiries of Major Rawlinson which fills a whole Number of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. And though not yet complete, since it contains sufficient matter of such high interest to fill our paper, we are unwilling to delay the welcome communication to the readers of our Review.

Our account of the actual historical discoveries by means of the Cuneiform inscriptions must reverse the order of events, and trace upward the course of time. It is the order prescribed by the discoveries themselves, which start from the later reigns of the Achæmenian kings, and only through well-grounded knowledge of the Persic form of the arrow-headed character and of the old Persic language, can slowly ascend through the intervening Median dynasties, with their peculiar alphabet, and yet imperfectly conjectured language, up into the mysteries of the Babylonian and Assyrian empires—with their still more difficult, complicated, and it should seem five-fold varieties of character—and their language, the descent of which, whether from the Semitic or Indian family, is yet an unresolved problem. One inscription alone, and that we find contested by Lassen, has as yet been discovered relating to the great founder of the Achæmenian dynasty, Cyrus. It is the brief memorial on his supposed tomb at Murghâb, where the author of Hajji Baba first, and afterwards Sir R. K. Porter, adopting the same view, have placed the famous city of Pasargadæ. Among these ruins Mr. Morier found a small building, roofed with stone, with a low door, singularly corresponding with the description of the tomb of Cyrus, which Arrian has given on the authority of Aristobulus. This tomb, on account of its golden coffin and other treasures, had been plundered by Polymachus, one of Alexander's officers—a sacrilege which the indignant Alexander punished by the death of its perpetrator. Ker Porter not merely remarks the peculiarity of the stone roof, which seems to have struck Aristobulus, and is found in the existing monument, but goes so far as to say:—'The small dimensions of the door (that a tall man could not enter without stooping) are the same in the description and the place; and the holes in the floor and at the upper end of the chamber,

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chamber, are just in the positions, and at the same distances, to admit the iron fastenings which secured the golden coffin. Had it been cased in a stone sarcophagus, like those at Nakshi Rustam, doubtless that would have remained; giving no motive to the cupidity which rifled the tomb to remove that also.' (*Travels*, vol. i. p. 503.) In the tomb itself, Ker Porter 'searched for some trace of a Cuneiform inscription, but in vain.' But he adds, 'there is an inscription, written in the Cuneiform or arrow-headed character, which is generally met with on all the pillars, &c. of the place, and without the deviation of a single curve.' (Sir Robert's is a singularly inaccurate phrase as applied to writing distinguished by being without curves.) This brief inscription had been read by Professor Grotefend before the publication of Porter's Travels (in 1821), and was copied into that work. It ran thus, according to his version:—

Dominus Cyrus Rex Orbis Rector.
Lord Cyrus, King, Ruler of the World.

Lassen, and the later interpreters, read and translate as follows:—

Adam Qurus Ksajathija Hakmanasija.
Ego Cyrus Rex Achæmenius.

Lassen has pointed out the analogy between the Qurus, the royal name among the Iranian races, and the mythic Kuru of India. But the Professor proceeds not merely to call in question the identity of the tomb with that of Cyrus the Great, but also to deny that the site of Pasargadæ is to be found at Murghâb. His arguments are to us altogether unsatisfactory. In the first place, he seems to assume (in direct contradiction to Porter's account, cited above) that the inscription is found on the monument itself. It is read five times on the pilasters and other parts of the adjacent buildings, but nowhere within or upon the tomb. Lassen argues, in the next place, from the modest simplicity of the inscription, in which Cyrus assumes neither the title of the Great King nor of the King of Kings, the usual style of the later Persian monarchs. But there can be no just conclusion from the more pompous usage of later kings, especially those of questionable title like Darius and his weaker descendants, against the simpler and therefore grander form being that of the Father of the Monarchy. True Asiatic greatness may have been as unostentatious as European, especially among the rude mountaineers of Persia properly so called. The monumental inscription preserved by Arrian (*Anab.* vi. 29) and Strabo (xv. 3), though professing to be accurately translated from the Persian, has something of a Greek cast: Ω ΑΝΘΡΩΠΕ, ΕΓΩ ΚΥΡΟΣ ΕΙΜΙ Ο ΚΑΜΒΥΣΟΥ, Ο ΤΗΝ ΑΡΧΗΝ ΚΑΤΑΣΤΗΣΑΜΕΝΟΣ,

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ΝΟΣ. ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΣΙΑΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΑΣ. ΜΗ ΟΥΝ ΦΘΟΝΕΙ ΜΟΙ ΤΟΥ ΜΝΗΜΑΤΟΣ. Even this inscription does not contain either of the more splendid titles characteristic of the later sovereigns. One of those occurs, indeed, in the briefer copy, but is there manifestly used to eke out the hexameter:

Ἐνθαδ' ἐγὼ κεῖμαι Κῦρος βασιλεὺς βασιλήων.

From this and from some geographical and antiquarian arguments, which appear to us of no great weight, Lassen concludes that Pasargadæ was not at Murghâb; that the inscription relates to the younger Cyrus, and that the buildings and monuments were erected to his memory by his mother Parysatis. Westergaard, however, who has been in the country, is not inclined altogether to displace Pasargadæ; and he holds that the monument belongs to the older Cyrus, though he adopts Lassen's theory as to the later date of the circumjacent buildings.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, of whose reign so considerable a part was occupied by his conquest of Egypt, as might be expected, does not appear among the Persian monumental records. It is with Darius, the son of Hystaspes, that the inscriptions commence in their historic character, and, as far as yet has been discovered, they almost terminate with his son Xerxes. All the later ones are brief and of less importance. In almost every part of the great kingdom of Persia, where inscriptions have been discovered, they are commemorative of Darius.

'To this monarch, insatiable in his thirst of conquest, magnificent in his tastes, and possessed of an unlimited power, we are indebted for all that is most valuable in the Palæography of Persia. Imbued, as it appears, with an ardent passion for monumental fame, he was not content to inscribe the palaces of his foundation at Persepolis with a legend commemorative of their erection, or with prayers invoking the guardianship of Ormazd and his angels, but he lavished an elaborate workmanship on historic and geographic records in various quarters of his empire, which evince considerable political forethought, an earnest regard for truth, and an ambition, natural and hardly to be quarrelled with, to transmit the glories of his reign to future generations, to guide their conduct, and invite their emulation. At Persepolis, in the high place of Persian power, he aspired to elevate the moral feelings of his countrymen, and to secure their future dominancy in Asia, by ostentatiously displaying to them their superiority over the feudatory provinces of the empire; while upon the sacred rock of Baghistán he addressed himself, in the style of an historian, to collect the genealogical traditions of his race, to describe the extent and power of his kingdom, and to relate, with a perspicuous brevity worthy of imitation, the leading incidents of his reign. We are hardly prepared, indeed, in the narrative of an Eastern despot, to meet with the dignified simplicity, the truthfulness,

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ness, and self-denial which characterise this curious record. His grave relation of the means by which, under the care and favour of a beneficent Providence, the crown of Persia first fell into his hands, and of the manner in which he subsequently established his authority, by the successive overthrow of the rebels who opposed him, contrasts most strongly, but most favourably, with the usual emptiness of Oriental hyperbole. In addition to these inscriptions at Persepolis and Behistan, we have another record of the royalty of Darius at Hamadan; and the extensive tablets at Nakhsh-i-Rustam, which have been lately copied, contain further particulars of his descent and territorial acquisitions, together with a last solemn address to the nationality of his countrymen, inscribed by way of epitaph on his rock-hewn sepulchre.'—pp. 47, 48.

The inscriptions to the fame of Darius are almost invariably in three characters, or rather three forms of the Cuneiform characters—the Assyrian, or Babylonian, the Median, and the Persian, —and in three distinct languages, as though addressed to three different races of his subjects. Of these the long inscription of 400 lines at Behistan (or, as it appears in most maps and books of travels, Bisútún), translated by Major Rawlinson, is by far the most full and remarkable; and coincident in every respect, as far as the historical circumstances and the enumeration of the subject nations, with those at Persepolis, and with the monumental inscription at Nakhsh-i-Rustam, near Persepolis.

Before we enter on the subject of the Behistan inscription it may be well to save our readers the trouble of referring to various books of travels and to other authorities, and briefly to indicate the situation and nature of the place where it is found. In the midst of ancient Media (at no very great distance from the modern city of Kermanshah) are found the ruins now called Bisutun. This word is, no doubt, a corruption of Bostan, the place of gardens. Baghistan, the old Persian, has the same sense; and Diodorus Siculus gives from Ctesias a description of the suburbs of Baghistan, so exactly corresponding with the actual existing state of Bisutun, that it is difficult to question their identity. Queen Semiramis, according to the account in Diodorus, marched with a large force into Media, and encamped near the hill of Baghistan. On the plain below the hill she laid out a paradise or park of twelve stadia in circuit. It was watered by a large and copious fountain. On the mountain of Baghistan stood a temple of Jupiter (*i. e.* of Ormazd, the supreme God). The mountain rose precipitously to a height of seventeen stadia. The lower part of the rock she scarped, and caused her own image. with a hundred of her guards, to be sculptured on the rock, with an inscription in Syrian characters (Diodor. Sic. II. p. 13), It is impossible not to recognise the Baghistan of Ctesias in the Bisutun

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Bisutun of modern travellers. A view of the mountain may be seen in Ker Porter's work, who, whatever opinion may be formed as to his general merits as a traveller, is universally acknowledged to have been an excellent and accurate draughtsman.

'The precipitous rock,' observes Major Rawlinson (in a Memoir published by the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix. p. 113), 'seventeen stadia high, facing the garden, the large spring gushing out from the foot of the precipice and watering the adjoining plain, and the smoothening of the lower part of the rock—all convey an accurate idea of the present appearance of Bisutun; but what are we to say of the sculptures of Semiramis and the inscription in Syriac characters? There are only two tablets at Bisutun, the one nearly destroyed, which contains a Greek inscription, declaring it to be the work of Gotarzes; the other a Persepolitan sculpture, which is adorned with nearly 1000 lines of Cuneiform writing, exhibiting the religious vows of Darius Hystaspes after his return from the destruction of Babylon, on the revolt of its governor, Nebukodrossor, the son of Nebûnet.'

The Greek tablet is, doubtless, of a much later date; but it is inconceivable that Ctesias, who lived at the court of Artaxerxes Mnemon, should have transformed Darius Hystaspes with his captive rebels or subjects, of which ten only appear, into Semiramis and her hundred guards, even making due allowance for the legendary or mythic character of that famous queen. Nor can he well have confounded Cuneiform writing with Syriac characters. Major Rawlinson solves the difficulty by supposing that the statue, and what Isidore of Charax calls a pillar of Semiramis, did likewise exist on the rock, but that they have perished, perhaps at the time of the works executed on the spot by one of the Sassanian kings. But, however metamorphosed by the wondering Greek into Semiramis with her guard, as in later days by Porter into Tiglath Pileser and the captive Israelites, and by Keppel into Ahasuerus with Esther and her suppliant countrymen — Darius Hystaspes now asserts himself as the proud leading figure of this bold sculpture, with his Ferver, or protecting spirit, perhaps the mighty Auramazd himself, floating above him in the air, and with his bowman and his spearman behind. With one foot he is trampling on one prostrate rebel, and the nine other fettered captives are linked together in a row before him. Darius appeals to the inscription, which he set up in three languages in order to preserve the imperishable memorial of his great deeds, on which generation after generation has gazed in inquiring wonder for centuries, and which at length has revealed itself to an officer holding a commission under a commercial company, from an island the existence of which the great king as little dreamed of as of a kingdom in the moon.

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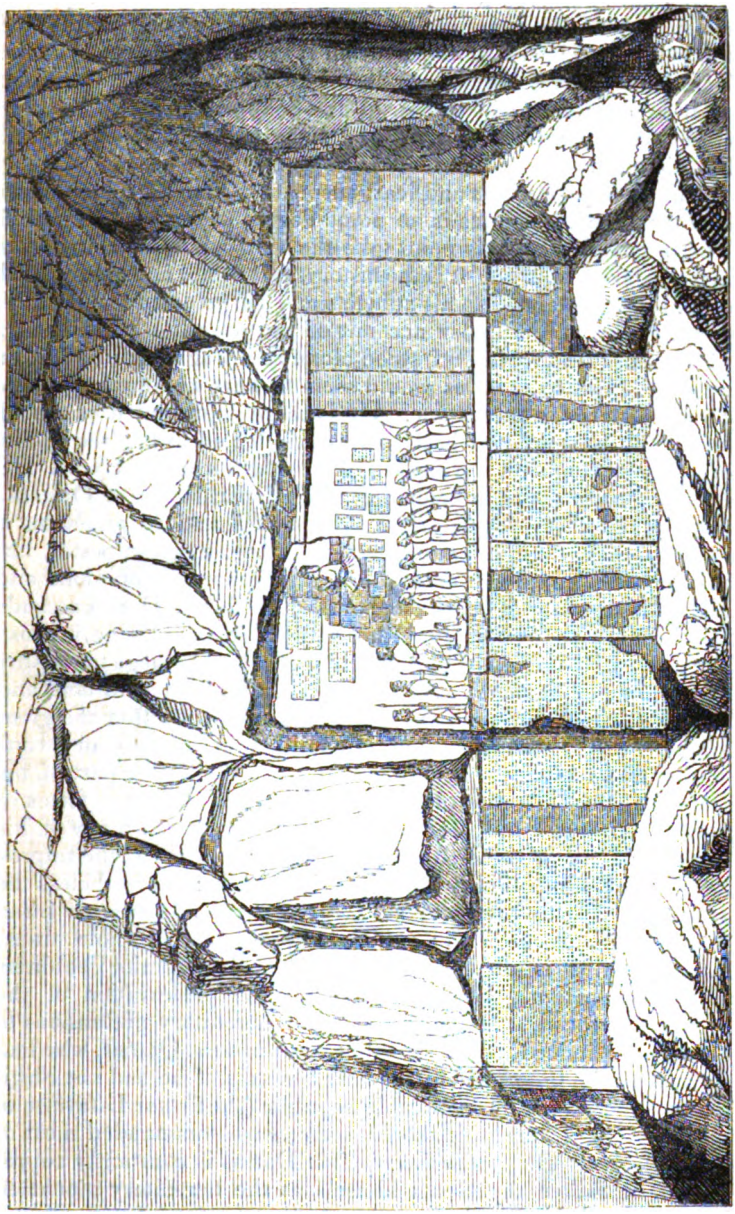

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We have observed how remarkably true the inscriptions, especially that of Behistan, are to history: the particular points and the extent in which they depart from it are still more remarkable. The discrepancies indeed are less likely to raise suspicion than what in one or two instances, at least, appear to us to be such close coincidences as to look like suggestions from established historic facts.

But the most curious and least suspicious of these coincidences is that where Herodotus is to some degree at issue with himself. The inscriptions on this point take the view which of course was that of Darius himself; it is the history, as it would appear by royal order—be proclaimed to his subjects and perpetuated to posterity. If the long and particular account of the accession of Darius in Herodotus (*Thalia*, 67, 88) stood alone as a fragment of a lost or imperfect history, Darius would seem to have had no hereditary claim whatever to the throne. He is there represented as a bold and artful usurper, or at best a sovereign elected by the free choice of the great dominant Persian families to the throne of Cyrus. He does not appear even as belonging to a Persian House of Orleans, head of another branch of the royal blood, and so ascending a vacant throne, occupied in his case, it is true, by an impostor, but that impostor unpopular chiefly for his ultramontane opinions, and under the suspicion of being a tool of the priesthood. Darius ascends this throne, with his horse, or rather with his groom, playing, in those more primitive times, the part which in our days belongs to wealthy and influential bankers. And all this not after a tumultuous and secret debate, but a quiet and public argument whether the great kingdom was to become a republic, a military aristocracy, or a constitutional monarchy. It is true that, as to the latter part of his narrative, the elaborate pleadings in favour of the three forms of government, good old Herodotus acknowledges that many of his Greek readers, or rather hearers, shook their heads at the improbability of such things going on in Persia; nevertheless he adheres strictly to his text; καὶ ἐλέχθησαν λόγοι ἄπιστοι μὲν ἔνίοισι Ἑλλήνων, ἐλέχθησαν δ' ὦν: c. 80. Throughout the whole transaction Darius is distinguished only by his superior boldness and determination. His arguments for the preservation of the monarchy prevail, but he advances no hereditary pretensions to the throne: indeed, of the six other conspirators, Otanes, who had discovered the imposture of the false Smerdis, if he had not obstinately clung to his impracticable republic (the firmer Lafayette of that elder day), might, it should seem, have commanded most of the suffrages. But in the *inscriptions* Darius is constantly represented, or rather represents himself, as the hereditary monarch, having ascended in lineal succession the throne of the Asiatic world.

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And if we turn to other passages of Herodotus, we find the house of Hystaspes tracing itself, in a line parallel to that of Cyrus and Cambyses, up to the common ancestor, Achæmenes. One of those predictions of future greatness which, in the biography of almost all great men—kings, heroes, philosophers, poets, and saints—are invented by the creative admiration of later days, and, placed at the commencement of the life, foreshow the predestined eminence of the infant or the child—is recorded of Darius Hystaspes. Cyrus the Great sees in a vision the eldest son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames, of the race of Achæmenes, with two wings on his shoulders, one overshadowing Asia, the other Europe. The true interpretation of this vision, observes Herodotus, was, that Darius was to succeed to the throne of Cyrus (*Clio*, 210). Here indeed the connexion with the family of Cyrus is indicated but dimly; but in another passage we find Xerxes appealing to his genealogy, and declaring that he should be the unworthy lineal successor of so many kings, if he did not avenge himself on the Athenians; and this is the precise order of the inscriptions:—'Did I not this, I should not be a son of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames, the son of Ariamnes, the son of Teispes, the son of Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, the son of Teispes, the son of Achæmenes.'—(*Polym.* 11.)

In order that readers who may not yet have made themselves acquainted with this discovery, may form some judgment upon its general bearing, we shall transcribe the first twenty lines of the great Behistan inscription with the interlinear Latin translation of Major Rawlinson; and, for the benefit of some of the ladies, subjoin also the English version, which, though made at an earlier period, differs little, we believe, from the Major's final conclusions:—

1 I . Adam . Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathiya . wazarka . k'hsháyathiya . *k'hsháyathiy*
Ego Darius, rex magnus; rex reg-

2 ánám . k'hsháyathiya . Pársiya . k'hsháyathiya . dahyu*nám* . Vásh
um; rex Persidis; rex provinciarum; Hys-

3 áspahyá . puthra . Arshámahyá . napá . Hak'hámani*shiya* II . *Thá*tiya .
aspis filius; Arsamis nepos; Achæmenensis. Dicit

4 Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathiya . maná . pitá . Váshtáspa . Váshtáspahyá . *pitá* . Arsh
Darius rex; mihi pater Hystaspes; Hystaspis pater Ars-

5 áma . Arshámahyá . pitá . Ariyárám(a)na . Ariyárám(a)na*hyá* . *pitá* . Chishp
ames; Arsamis pater Ariaramnes; Ariaramnis pater Teisp-

6 áish . pitá . Hak'hámanish III . Thátiya . Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathi*ya* . *awahyai*
es; (cujus) pater Achæmenes. Dicit Darius rex; ea re-

7 tiya . wayam . Hak'hámanishiyá . thahyámahya . hachá . par'uviyat . *amá?*tá . ama
tione nos Achæmenenses appellamur; ab antiquo invicti -a-

8 hya . hachá . par'uviyat . hyá . amák'ham . tu'má . k'hsh*áyathiyá* . *áha* . YYYY . IV . Th
mus; ab antiquo quæ nostrûm stirpe reges fuere 8.

9. átiya

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iya . Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathiya . maná . tu'máyá . tyiya . par'uwam
Dicit Darius rex: mei generis qui prius

k'hsháyathiyá . áha . adam . nawam . 𐎹𐎹𐎹𐎹 . dhuvitátar(a)nam . wayam . k'hsháyathi
reges fuere; e.o nonus. 9 diutissime nos reg-

á . ámahya V . Thátiya . Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathiya . washná . A'uramazd
-s sumus. Dicit Darius rex: gratiâ Oromasd-

iha . adam . k'hsháyathiya . am'iya . A'uramazdá . k'hshatram . maná . frábara VI . Th
is ego rex sum; Oromasdes imperium mihi protulit.

itiya . Dár(a)yawush . k'hsháyathiya . imá . dahyáwa . tyá . maná . patiyáisha . washn
Dicit Darius rex: hæ provinciæ quæ mihi in potestatem venere; grati-

á . A'uramazdáha . adamshám . k'hsháyathiya . áham . Pársa . 'Uwajha . Bábir'ush . A
á Oromasdis ego earum rex factus sum; Persis, Susiana, Babylonia, As-

thurá . Arabáya . M'udráya . tyiya . darayahyá . Sparda . Yuna . Arm'ina . Kata
syria, Arabia, Ægyptus; quæ maris, Sparta, Ionia; Armenia, Cap-
[quasi insulæ ad Spartam et Ioniam pertinentes]

pat'huka . Parthwa . Zoraka . Hariwa . Uwárazm'iya . Bák'htarish . Sughda . Sa
padocia, Parthia, Zarangi i, Aria, Chorasmia, Bactria, Sogdiana, Sa-

ka . Thataghush . Hara'uwatish . Maka . fraharwam . dahyáwa . 𐎹𐎹𐎹 VII . Thátiya . Dár(a)
cia, Thatagydis, Arachotia, Mecia; in toto provinciæ 23. Dicit Da-

yawush . k'hsháyathiya . imá . dahyáwa . tyá . maná . patiyáisha . washná . A'u
rius rex: hæ provinciæ quæ mihi in potestatem venere; gratiâ O-

ramazdáha . maná . badaká . áhatá . maná . bájim . abaratá . yathá?shám . hachárna
romasdis mihi subjectæ fuere; mihi tributum attulere; ut illis à me

) . athahya . k'hshapawá . ruchapatiwá . awa . akhunaw(a)yatá.
dictum est, noctequo dieque id factum est.

'Par. 1. I am Darius, the great King, the King of Kings, the King of Persia, the King of (the dependent) provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames, the Achæmenian.

'Par. 2. Says Darius the King:—My father was Hystaspes; of Hystaspes the father was Arsames; of Arsames the father was Ariyaramnes; of Ariyaramnes the father was Teispes; of Teispes the father was Achæmenes.

'Par. 3. Says Darius the King:—On that account we have been called Achæmenians; from antiquity we have been unsubdued; from antiquity those of our race have been kings.

'Par. 4. Says Darius the King:—There are eight of my race who have been kings before me, I am the ninth; for a very long time we have been kings.

'Par. 5. Says Darius the King:—By the grace of Ormazd I am king; Ormazd has granted me the empire.

'Par. 6. Says Darius the King:—These are the countries which have fallen into my hands—by the grace of Ormazd I have become king of them—Persia, Susiana, Babylonia, Assyria, Arabia, Egypt; those which are of the sea, Sparta and Ionia; Armenia, Cappadocia, Parthia, Zarangia, Aria, Chorasmia, Bactria, Sogdiana, the Sacæ, the Sattagydes, Arachosia, and the Mecians, the total amount being twenty-three countries.

'Par. 7. Says Darius the King:—These are the countries which have come to me; by the grace of Ormazd they have become subject to

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to me—they have brought tribute to me. That which has been said unto them by me, both by night and by day it has been performed by them.'—*Journal*, pp. xxvii., xxviii.

On this passage we have but a few observations to make. In the Persepolitan inscriptions, particularly in one called Niebuhr I., as interpreted by Lassen,* the subject provinces of the great king appear in a different order, and with some variations in the names. Between Uwazka, which in Lassen's copy is Uwaza (Susiana, Khuzistan, or Kissia), occurs Media. For Mudraya, which Rawlinson translates Egypt, is Xudrâja, rendered by Lassen Gordyæi. Then follow, evidently in a western direction, Çparda and Yuna. The first of these Lassen translates with what, we must confess, appears to us greater probability, Sardis, as representing the powerful kingdom of Lydia. It was called, as he thinks, Çvarda in the native speech; the old Persian changed the *v* into a *p*, while the letter was entirely dropped by the Greeks. Besides the words '*of the sea*,' which in Rawlinson's inscription precede, in the Persepolitan *follow* the Yuna, the Ionians, is another word and a repetition of the relative *tyija*; this Lassen translates 'Iones, tum terrestres tum maritimi.'

Major Rawlinson's inscription goes on to relate the assassination of his brother by the order of Cambyses, the usurpation of the throne by the false Smerdis the Magian, and the death of Cambyses on his return from Egypt (Mudraya), all according to Herodotus; the discrepancy is only in the names. The king's brother is called Bartius, the Magian Gomates. But so complete is the coincidence, that the very phrase of Herodotus concerning the brother of Cambyses as ἐόντα πατρὸς καὶ μητρὸς τῆς αὐτῆς, 'of the same father and mother,' is found in the two kindred words, *hamatâ*, *hampitâ*, which if, as we doubt not, correctly read, are but another slight deviation from the parent Sanscrit, in Greek ὁμομήτριος καὶ ὁμοπάτριος. The power and the overthrow of the false Smerdis are related in the inscription as below. The deviation from Herodotus is exactly what we should expect between Darius proclaiming his own exploits, and suppressing all which could throw doubt on his hereditary right, and a Greek historian, though with a habit and capacity of comprehending foreign and *barbarous* institutions possessed by few Greeks, yet still not absolutely free from the exclusiveness of a Greek; moreover for this very reason, with no temptation to invent anything disparaging to the title of Darius, which, according to his view, was no doubt quite as good as an elective as it would have been as an hereditary sovereign. The inscription thus relates the revolution which placed the crown on the head of Darius:—

* 'Ueber die Keilinschriften der ersten und zweiten Gattung,' p. 92 et seq.

'Says

'Says Darius the King:—There was not a man, neither Persian, nor Median, nor any one of our family, who would dispossess of the empire that Gomátes, the Magian. The state feared to resist him. He would frequently address the state, which knew the old Bartius, for that reason he would address the state, saying, "Beware lest it regard me as if I were not Bartius the son of Cyrus." There was not any one bold enough to oppose him; every one was standing obediently around Gomátes the Magian until I arrived. Then I abode in the worship of Ormazd; Ormazd brought help to me. On the 10th day of the month Bágayádish, then it was, with the men who were my well-wishers, I slew that Gomátes the Magian, and the chief men who were his followers. The fort named Siktakhotes, in the district of Media, named Nisæa, there I slew him; I dispossessed him of the empire. By the grace of Ormazd I became king; Ormazd granted me the sceptre.

'Says Darius the King:—The crown that had been wrested from our race, that I recovered; I established it firmly; as in the days of old, thus I did. The rites which Gomátes the Magian had introduced, I prohibited. I reinstituted for the state the sacred chaunts and sacrificial worship, and confided them to the families which Gomátes the Magian had deprived of those offices. I firmly established the kingdom, both Persia and Media, and the other provinces, as in the days of old; thus I restored that which had been taken away. By the grace of Ormazd I did this. I laboured until I had firmly established our family as in the days of old. I laboured, by the grace of Ormazd, that Gomátes the Magian might not supersede our family.'—*Ib.*

The rest of the inscription is occupied by successive rebellions in almost all the provinces of the empire, in each of which rose 'A LIAR,' proclaiming himself the rightful king of the realm. Darius announces his triumph over each of these Liars, and in general the death of the usurper. Of these the revolt of Babylon alone has left any distinct record in history. The impostor is named Nititabirus, who was Nabokhodrossor. It does not appear whether that was a title, or a name assumed in order to claim descent from the ancient Assyrian kings. The inscription is silent about the famous stratagem of Zopyrus, so well told by Herodotus; it simply commemorates a previous defeat of the rebel Satrap on the Tigris, and proceeds with true monumental simplicity: 'Then I proceeded to Babylon: I both took Babylon and seized that Nititabirus. Afterwards I slew that Nititabirus in Babylon.' The arms of Darius in the other rebellious provinces, Susiana, Media, Armenia, Sagartia, &c. were equally successful, if the victories were not quite so summary. The most dangerous insurgent seems to have been Phraortes, who claimed the throne of Media in right of descent from Cyaxares: 'Phraortes was taken and brought before me. I cut off both his nose and his ears and his lips (?), and

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and I brought him to ..... He was held chained at my door; all the kingdom beheld him. Afterwards at Ecbatana, there I had him crucified.'

The general coincidence and partial discrepancy between the inscriptions and the history as to the religious character of the revolution which raised Darius to the throne, are equally curious. The conspiracy which substituted the false Smerdis the Magian, for the brother of Cambyses, manifestly comprehended the transference of the whole sovereign power to the great sacerdotal caste. The Magi ruled the realm through the boy whom they had set up; and it was not merely the imposture, and the introduction of new religious rites, which gave offence—but there was likewise an assumption of all the great offices of state by the Magians, who environed the young monarch, and the establishment of a complete priestly theocracy, in place of the military monarchy supported by the great hereditary families of Persia. It may be doubtful (as the chief strength of Magianism was in Media) whether it was not, besides the usurpation of supreme power by the priesthood, a return also to the Median rule. The aversion of the Persian warrior nobility to this sacerdotal domination transpires clearly in the history of Herodotus. The detection and death of the usurper were followed by the massacre of the Magi. The military nobles not merely slew without mercy whomsoever of the order they could lay hands on, but established the festival of the Magophonia as an admonition to future ages; and on that day for ever thereafter no Magian could venture abroad without fear of death. (*Thal.* 79.) The inscriptions are, though brief, not less distinct on this subject. We have already cited the passage in which Darius boasts of having abolished the new rites introduced by Gomates, and restored the priestly offices, the chaunts, and sacrifices, to another order of priests. In a former paragraph he had said: 'Within these countries whoever was of the true faith, him have I cherished and protected; whoever was a heretic, him have I rooted out entirely.' His hatred of heresy would not do discredit to our darkest ages of intolerance. Darius bequeaths to his successors this great maxim of state:—'Says Darius the King:—Thou, whoever may be king hereafter, exert thyself to put down lying [remark the observation of Herodotus on the Persian's love of truth]. The man which may be heretical, him utterly destroy. If it shall be thus kept up, my country shall remain prosperous.' (p. xxxvi.) The religious revolution under Darius manifestly proclaimed itself as a reformation, as the restitution of the true worship of Ormazd. At first it might appear a monotheistic worship. We confess that we abandon with some regret—notwithstanding

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withstanding the anomaly of a Semitic root for part of a name of the deity which apparently belongs to the Zend or Sanscrit—the natural relation of the first syllable of *Auro*mazd or *Or*muzd with the Hebrew אוֹר, Aür, Light:—Ormazd, the great Principle of *Light*, antagonist to Ahriman, the great Principle of Darkness. But writes Lassen, 'I consider it clearly proved by Bournouf that Mazda means "the great Intelligence. As to the first half of the word, *Ahura* must be the Sanscrit *Asura*, vivifying, life-giving. In a list of Veda-words Asura is explained by Brahma, the Highest God; and then, as life-giving, as living. Ahuramazda is therefore the great living Wisdom." Auromasdes is throughout the inscriptions 'the Protector, the Giver of Victory, the all-ruling God, the Creator of the earth, and of the heavens, and of mankind.' But two paragraphs seem to give undoubted evidence of polytheism:—Ormazd has brought help to me, and the other gods which are.' The same term *baga*, God, applied throughout to Ormazd, is here in the plural *bagaha* applied to those other divinities, whom therefore we can hardly interpret as the other Amschaspands of the later Zoroastrian creed. In one also of the Persepolitan inscriptions, translated by Lassen, Ormazd is supplicated 'cum aliis gentiliciis Diis.' The word translated *gentiliciis* is mutilated and therefore the rendering conjectural; but the plural ablative *bagibis* is distinct (*Lassen*, p. 39). On the mystery of that inscrutable personage, Zoroaster, whether Myth, Man, or Archimage, the inscriptions throw no light. The great objection to the common theory of Hyde, Prideaux, Anquetil du Perron, Klenker, Herder, Malcolm, and De Guigniaut, which makes Darius Hystaspes the Gushtasp of Persian religious fable, and Zoroaster the contemporary reformer of Magianism, is, as has been observed, 'the silence of Herodotus.'* And here again we find the inscriptions, as far as they have yet been interpreted, maintaining the same total silence.

The Behistan inscription, deciphered by Major Rawlinson, is by far the most full and elaborate record of the glory of Darius; but the stately palaces of Persepolis are, in every part, covered with commemorative tablets to his glory, and that of his son Xerxes. They are engraven on the pillars and base of all those vast buildings, and surmount or surround the various sculptures and bas-reliefs, which show Persian art in its successive stages, and have been long familiar to us in the works of the older travellers, and especially in the spirited and accurate drawings of Porter. To these Lassen has applied the principles of interpretation with nearly the same result as Major Rawlinson,

* Milman's Gibbon, vol. i. note 334.

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Everywhere is the usual invocation of Auromazdes, or an appeal to his tutelar power: everywhere the same royal titles and descent, the same enumeration of the tributary kingdoms and provinces, differing only in a few names, or in the order in which they stand. Of these the most remarkable is the monumental inscription on the tomb of Darius at Naksh-i-Rustam, the Westminster Abbey of the kings of Persia, in the neighbourhood of Persepolis. This inscription begins with the usual assertion of the all-creative power of Auromazdes. We give it in Lassen's Latin:—

'Deus magnus Auromazdes. Is hanc terram creavit. Is istud cœlum creavit. Is mortales creavit. Is fortunam creavit mortalium. Darium regem fecit—unicum multorum regem—unicum multorum imperatorum.'

Ctesias relates that Darius built his own monument during his life-time; and, in the inscription, Darius seems to speak as if he were still king: he recounts his own titles, genealogy, and dominion. The catalogue of the nations follows who had paid tribute, or made voluntary contributions towards the construction of the edifice in honour of their king. It differs in some names from that of Behistan. We mark the discrepancies; the order is also different:—22. *Media*, Susiana, Parthia, Aria. 29. Bactria, Sogdia, Chorasmia. 24. Zaranga, Arachosia, Thatagydia, *Gandara*. 25. *India*, Çacæ Humacæ, Çacæ 26. *Tigrakhudæ*, Babylon, Assyria. 27. Arabia, *Gordyæi*, Armenia. 28. Cappadocia, Çparda, Ionia, Çacæ illi qui * * rdari. 29. Çqadra? Iones, Tacabræ, Pæones, qu.? 31. Cossæi Medici qu. Mæsia? Caracæ. The omission of Mudraya, Egypt, in this longer list is worthy of remark; in the monumental list there are several branches of the Sacæ, the generic name, it should seem, for the Scythian race. In Çquadra, Lassen supposes that he finds the proper Scythians. (?) For the Iones Tacabræ, he hesitatingly suggests the Teucri; the Cossæi Medici are the predatory tribes of the Cossæan mountains, described by Strabo; Caracæ he gives up.

So far we have surrendered our faith to our interpreters; but we must now be permitted to express our hope that these eminently ingenious men will not permit themselves to be betrayed by their own brilliant success into rash and hasty conjecture. Our mistrust will be rather excited than allayed by too close and felicitous accordance with the parallel points of history. In such inquiries it is impossible to be too severe, too conscientious, too critical, we may say—too self-denying. Major Rawlinson, for instance, in a paragraph which appears to contain the names of the six conspirators who joined with Darius in the slaughter of Gomates, makes this admission: 'The names are *almost obliterated*

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literated in the Persian, and several of them are *imperfect* in the Median. I have been able, however, to recover the following.' But the fragments of names thus pieced together and filled up, apparently by conjecture, so suspiciously resemble those in Herodotus, that we would suggest to Major Rawlinson whether the keenness of his vision or the powers of his glass may not have been quickened and increased by some reminiscences of the Greek historian. Vidafrana (Intaphernes) seems to want but one letter; but Major Rawlinson gives us no Zend or Persian form for Otanes or Hydarnes or Zopyrus; the letters *Gu* are lengthened into Gobryas; * * * *uksha* is made into Megabyzus. If this inquiry is pursued it may be well to compare the names as given by Ctesias. For Otanes, Ctesias has Onophas, for Intaphernes, Artaphernes, for Aspathines, Gobryas, and Megabyzus, Norondabates, Mardonius, Barisses. Hydarnes alone is nearly the same in both lists; and it is curious that Major Rawlinson reads Gobryas the *son* of *Mardonius*. We are still more startled, when Lassen almost thinks that he has recovered the name of the horse of Darius, which is left out by Herodotus.*

The more, in truth, we consider the marvellous character of this discovery, the more we feel some mistrust or misgiving returning to our minds. It is no less, in the first place, than the creation of a regular alphabet of nearly forty letters out of what appear at first sight confused and unmeaning lines and angles; and secondly, the creation of a language out of the words so formed from this alphabet; and yet, so completely does the case appear to be made out, that we are not in the least disposed to retract or even to suspend our adhesion to Professor Lassen and Major Rawlinson. To the latter, especially, an officer rather than a student by profession, almost self-instructed in some of the most important branches of knowledge requisite to the undertaking; tempted onwards, it is true, by these gradual revelations of knowledge expanding to his view, yet devoting himself with disinterested—but we trust, not hereafter to be unrewarded—labour, we would express in the strongest terms our grateful admiration. His indefatigable industry in the cause of science can only be appreciated justly by those who know what it is to labour for hours under the burning sun of Persia; for in some cases where the inscriptions are placed very high, are unapproachable by ladders, and are, perhaps, weather-worn or mutilated by accident, nothing less than the full effulgence of Ormazd can accurately

* Lassen has given an advantage on this point to the author of a bitter, and it might seem revengeful, pamphlet, the Hofrath Holtzmann. Even this writer, however, admits the principle of cuneiform interpretation, though he suggests here and there different versions. So also Dr. Hitzig.

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reveal the names and deeds of his worshippers. The early travellers, as well as Porter, Rich, and all who have laboured to obtain accurate transcripts of the Cuneiform inscriptions, bear testimony to the difficulties and even dangers which are incurred from this and from other causes.

So far, indeed, in the interpretation of the Persian series of inscriptions there has been an advantage which we can scarcely anticipate in the future progress of the inquiry: namely, the close alliance of the old Persian with the Zend and Sanscrit. After a careful perusal of the sagacious and learned paper of M. Westergaard on the second, or what has been called the Median series of Cuneiform writings, we are dismayed at finding a language of a different character and construction, and, of course, giving results much more obscure and conjectural. This is directly contrary to the authority of history, which describes the language of the Medes and Persians as if not the same, at least only dialectically differenced. There seems some doubt, therefore, whether this second language is Median, or if it be so, from whence does it derive the words and the constructions, which diverge so far from the older Persian and its kindred Zend? But when we come to the third series, the arrow-headed character, which represents in various—according to Major Rawlinson, five—distinct, or, at least, in some degree different, alphabets, the language spoken in the Assyrian and Babylonian provinces of the great Persian empire, the problem seems to become complicated to a hopeless and inextricable extent. What was the language of Babylon? What that of the older empire of Nineveh? To what race did it belong? From what parent-stock did it derive its origin? Was it of Semitic or Sanscrit descent? Where did the Aramaic family of languages break off, and those of the further East begin? Was there any neutral ground on which they met and mingled in some hybrid language?* Some passages in the sacred writings might seem to throw light on this question; but their interpretation is not without difficulty. During the siege of Jerusalem by the generals of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, as related in the 2nd Book of Kings and in Isaiah, the leaders of the Jews entreat Rabshakeh to deliver his summons to surrender in the *Syrian language*, that it may not be understood by the Jewish people:—'Speak, I pray thee, in the Syrian language, for we understand

* The Aramaic was not the native language (die Muttersprache) of the Assyrians, properly so called, where more probably a Medo-Persian dialect was spoken, as we may conclude from the form and the etymology of the personal names among the Assyrians. But the Aramaic was spoken throughout the whole of the Assyrian empire, west of the Tigris, in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia; and must as a language, so nearly bordering on the capital itself, have been currently known by the chief persons of the empire.—Gesenius on Isaiah xxxvi. 11.

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it; and speak not to us in the Jews' language in the ears of the people that are on the wall.'* This, at first sight, might seem to imply more than a dialectic difference. The jealous and watchful people might be expected to catch the general significance of a menacing speech in a language kindred to their own, and delivered in a tone loud enough to be heard from the wall. But, on the other hand, if the *Syrian* language was in no way cognate to that of the Jews, it is improbable that the Jewish leaders should have understood it; or that Rabshakeh and his colleague Rabsaris, who (as Gesenius observes) were, from their names, probably of the Aramaic or western part of the King of Assyria's dominions, should have been versed in the language of the Jews. Passages out of writings subsequent to the residence of the Jews in Babylonia and in other parts of the Persian kingdom, during which they may have acquired foreign languages, bear less directly on the question; but the petition mentioned in the book of Ezra as addressed to Artaxerxes King of Persia, and written *in the Syrian tongue, and interpreted in the Syrian tongue*, implies a complete difference from the language of the Persian rulers. As to Nineveh, 'that great city,' if we are to take literally the *preaching* of the prophet Jonah in its streets, as we read nothing of a special gift, we are to infer that his language was at least understood in its general signification; it must, therefore, have been a kindred dialect. On the other hand, in the description of the terrible nation who were to desolate Judea and lay waste Jerusalem, in the Prophet Jeremiah, it is said, as an aggravation of the fearful prediction, that '*it is an ancient nation; a nation whose language thou knowest not, neither understandest what they say.*' (Jerem. v., 15.) If the people here designated are (as there seems little doubt) the mysterious and perplexing Chaldeans, the Chasdim of the Scriptures, we are thrown back on the still more difficult problem of their origin. Of what race were Nabopalassar, Nebuchadnezzar, and Evil-Merodach, the great Chaldeo-Babylonian dynasty, which subjugated first, Nineveh, afterwards Palestine, and extended their borders to Egypt? Were they of Semitic, Iranian or Scythian descent? Many passages and the general description of the people in the Scriptures, seem to intimate that they were a northern race, who had swarmed southward in comparatively recent times, and had joined some earlier migration of the same stock already settled in southern Babylonia, and tamed by the barbarous civilization of that region. If so their strange language was probably of Scythian origin, and adds a third class to the Iranian and Aramaic dialects.

* 2 Kings xviii. 26.

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All these are questions now of no common interest; for it is not only that the Babylonian antiquities, the bricks, and cylinders, and other monuments covered with cuneiform inscriptions, are multiplying without measure in most great European collections; nor that it would be a most curious step in archæology and in the history of language, to decipher into some distinct language the third, the Assyrian, line of the trilinguar inscriptions at Behistan, Persepolis, and elsewhere; but on the banks of the Tigris, if not old Nineveh herself, that city of three days' journey, yet neighbouring cities are coming to light through European industry—and everywhere in those cities cuneiform inscriptions appear in countless numbers; on every account, therefore, these investigations grow, with the progress in discovery, in value and importance.

As these discoveries are by no means generally known in this country, it may be worth while to devote two or three pages to them. In the spring of the year 1843, M. Botta settled as French consul at Mosoul. M. Botta, a near relative—a nephew, we believe—of the celebrated historian of Italy, could not but inherit a taste for historical and antiquarian research. His first investigations were directed to that vast plain, broken everywhere with hillocks of brick rubbish, which spreads out on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite to Mosoul, and which has been generally supposed the site of ancient Nineveh. Here his researches were almost entirely barren and unproductive. Everywhere he found vast masses of bricks, either crude or glazed over with a gipsous substance. But the remains of stone or marble buildings, if they ever existed on this site, have been quarried away to build new cities, or are deeply buried under the masses of more vulgar *debris*. After collecting a few fragments of antiquities, M. Botta had almost abandoned his inquiries in despair. With a fortunate rashness, not often so well rewarded in the East, he listened to the splendid promises of a native guide, who offered to direct him to the ruins of some ancient buildings in the neighbourhood. He accompanied this guide—not without some misgivings, and rather expecting to find the remains of some old Armenian church or monastery—to a place four or five hours distant from Mosoul, named Khorsabad. This village lies north-east from Mosoul, on the left bank of a little river called Khauser. Khorsabad consisted of some fifty or sixty miserable hovels, inhabited by a race of wild half-caste Kurds, crossed with Arab blood. It occupied a mound or hillock, manifestly artificial, which commanded the whole country to a considerable distance, the view being bounded on one side by the mountains of Kurdistan, on the other by the burning desert. Its shape was irregular; but

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but there were indications of angles, not entirely crumbled away, which showed that it had been not merely raised by human labour, but of a regular form. It was 984 feet in length by 492 in width. After carefully examining this extraordinary mound, M. Botta found in one miserable hut, that the bed, or what served for a bed to the rude tenant, had worn down to a layer of worked stone, which appeared like a pavement. He bought out the occupant, whom a few piastres soon reconciled with his ejectment. He then commenced his operations, digging regularly downwards. The work of the pickaxe and spade became still harder and harder, till before long he came upon a wall, lined with sculptures in relief. This wall he followed on and on, till it broke off and turned at a right angle. At a short distance the wall began again and continued onward. He had evidently come upon a gate or door, and a passage to another chamber. We may imagine the ardour with which he pushed on his researches. At the end of six months he had laid open six chambers, or halls, some of very large dimensions, and 459 feet of bas reliefs, intermingled with Cuneiform inscriptions, destined, we trust, to interpret hereafter the design and subject of the sculptures. M. Botta's funds were now exhausted; he carefully copied the sculptures and the inscriptions, and transmitted them to the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris. On the representation of that learned body, the affair was taken up, with that honourable zeal which always distinguishes the French government in scientific or literary inquiries, by the Minister of the Interior, M. Duchâtel, and by the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Villemain. Funds were granted to pursue the discovery; and M. Eugène Flandin, recommended to the government by his knowledge of the East, which he had acquired as an intelligent and enterprising traveller, and as a skilful draughtsman, was sent out to the assistance of M. Botta.

It is chiefly from the account by M. Flandin, published in two numbers of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' that we derive our information on these interesting researches. M. Botta addressed letters on his part of the discovery to the distinguished Orientalist, M. Mohl. These letters appeared in the 'Journal Asiatique' of Paris, and have been published in a separate form by M. Mohl. The most full description, however, is that of M. Flandin. We wish, indeed, that we could enforce on most French travellers in the East, and on some of our own, a rigid fast of some considerable period from Châteaubriand and Lamartine. Here and there, especially at the commencement of the papers, it could not but occur to us how much more instructively and more agreeably M. Flandin would have written for

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for such salutary abstinence. Archæological inquiries especially demand a grave simplicity, and the more so when they approach subjects of such inherent grandeur as Nineveh and Babylon. But in all other respects these papers are worthy of that excellent journal. On M. Flandin's arrival in Mosoul it was determined, in order to carry on the operations without interruption, to purchase the whole village. Khorsabad turned out to be church property; it belonged to the chapter of a place no less famous in ancient history than Arbela. It seems the college of Imams had no reason to suppose their underground treasures of such value as those of some of our Northern Churchmen: a certain number of piastres satisfied their modest demands. But there was the Pasha, who was not so easily bought off as these exemplary theologians. Whether he had real faith in hidden treasures, or speculated on the strange and irresistible passion of the Franks for old mutilated stones, he seemed determined to have his full share in the enterprise. Happily this worthy Pasha died. Lest we should be suspected of uncharitable rejoicing at his decease, let us hope that he changed his mortal harem for the company of the Houries. The pashalik was for a time in abeyance; and the Consul of France and his colleague were enabled to proceed in their operations without interference. It was a work of intense labour, under a blazing sun; but a labour of infinite excitement, and rewarded with ample success. In six weeks more the whole building was laid open; fifteen chambers, or rather galleries, came to light, many of them measuring from 101 to 115 feet. The edifice seems to have stood on a platform or terrace of bricks cemented with bitumen; between two of the layers of bricks was a stratum of fine sand, six inches thick, no doubt intentionally placed there, and brought up from the banks or the bed of the Tigris. Some of the walls were from 10 to 20 feet thick, of coarse bricks, with mud for cement, and but little bitumen. All the corners (*encoignures*) of the chambers were of one block of squared stone. There was a regular facing of baked bricks covered with enamel. These long galleries, however, according to M. Flandin, were not above 13 feet in height; there were no windows, the light came from above. 'What then was the roof?' It was not of stone. M. Flandin is driven to the conclusion, which he acknowledges to be improbable, that it was vaulted (*en voûte*). There are no signs of pillars to support the roof, or indeed in any part of the building. The vaultings, he supposes, were of brick; and that form, he thinks, must have been most convenient, on account of the heavy rains and the snow to which the country is exposed from the Armenian mountains.

What,

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What, then, was this vast and singular edifice? M. Flandin discusses this question with good sense and judgment. It could not be a cemetery or necropolis; for, among other reasons, the whole of the sculptures appear to relate to the same sovereign. Nor can it have been a temple. M. Flandin found one chamber which seemed devoted to religious purposes, built of different stone, a kind of black basalt, with a niche which might have contained an altar.* It was no doubt, therefore, a palace built to his own glory, by one of the great monarchs of Nineveh, in the neighbourhood of his capital, and covered with sculptures commemorating the splendid exploits of his reign.

We have passed rather hastily over the architecture of this great Assyrian palace, some of the details of which we do not ourselves comprehend quite clearly; the most perplexing part, however, is M. Flandin's conclusion. We give it in his own words:—

'L'édifice découvert près de Moussoul m'a paru une imitation correcte, vraie, finement exécutée des *speos* d'Ipsamboul ou d'Eléphante; et si j'en croyais les taureaux symboliques qui gardent les grandes portes de Khorsabad, et rappellent les éléphants de Carli, ou le bœuf Nandi, je pencherais à croire que l'art Assyrien a plus d'affinité avec les monumens de l'Inde qu'avec ceux de l'Egypte.'

M. Flandin appeals also to the topes of India, some of which have vaulted roofs, and even cupolas. We presume that it is this succession of long low vaulted galleries which has suggested to M. Flandin the chambers in the rock-hewn caves of Egypt and of India; and certainly most of the vast massive structures on the plains of Egypt, excepting the Pyramids, may appear, as it were, architectural descendants of the primitive temples cut out of the solid rocks; but it would seem very singular that Assyrian architects, on the level plains of Mesopotamia or the shores of the Tigris, should first raise vast artificial mounds or terraces, and then take the models of the structures to be piled upon them from the low-roofed, and, as far as height, the disproportioned caverns of India or of Egypt. We find it difficult therefore to acquiesce in such a theory.

M. Flandin's second letter ('Revue des Deux Mondes,' tome xi. p. 88, &c.) describes the sculptures of this Assyrian palace:—

'Of all the discoveries made at Khorsabad, the most interesting unquestionably is the sculpture. The walls of the galleries and the exterior façades are ornamented by compositions cut in stone with an admirable fertility of design. Kings and virgins, priests and idols, battles and

* In the engravings to M. Botta's Letters appears an altar.

joyous

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joyous festivals—all is represented. The life of the Ninevites unfolds itself miraculously before us, from its religious symbols to its domestic usages—from the orgies of triumph even to the punishment of the vanquished.'

All this to the wondering Kurds is a creation of Satan. These sculptures are on marble tablets which form a facing all along the brick walls up to the height of nearly 10 feet. The tablets are in general from 6½ to 10 feet wide. In some of the galleries they are divided into two zones, each 3½ feet high, crowded with figures measuring about 3 feet 3 inches. These two zones are divided by long cuneiform inscriptions running from one edge of the marble to the other. In the other galleries, and on the exterior façades, the figures are larger, and reach from the top to the bottom of the marble slabs. The depth of the relief is in proportion to the size of the figures. On the façades are invariably found, and constantly repeated, certain figures with wings, with caps surmounted by horns or hawks' heads, with a pine-cone in the right hand, and a basket or sieve hanging from the left. These M. Flandin supposes to be divinities. There are others who appear to be priests leading the sacred goat as an offering. After the goat and the priests, comes the king in most gorgeous apparel, preceding his vizier, the great archimage, or Chaldean priest. The eunuch follows with the umbrella, or fly-flapper; then other eunuchs, or bearded warriors, bearing the royal arms, the bow curved after the neck of a swan, the mace with three lions' heads. Then come nobles with offerings representing four-horsed chariots, thrones, tables, vases, and small representations of captive cities. These processions extend to the length of 400 metres along the whole façades. Besides these are gigantic winged bulls with human heads, crowned with an enormous tiara: these surmount the principal gates of entrance. At the feet of the bulls seem to have been small lions chained to the walls. M. Flandin says that he has never found the lion anywhere at liberty: he is always chained like an enemy or a captive. The larger internal sculptures represent the same subjects, with the further embellishment of the barbarous tortures inflicted on prisoners, perhaps rebels. These the king seems to have reserved in the inner chamber for his own peculiar study and delight. But the greatest variety is in the narrow zones of lower relief. These are battle-pieces of extraordinary spirit and energy. In one place the king seems to preside over nine battles at once: he is trampling on his enemies, and cutting off heads with rare activity. In another place is a splendid festival, which naturally suggests to M. Flandin the feast of the great king in the book of Esther, 'given unto all his princes and his servants,' when he 'showed

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'showed the riches of his glorious kingdom and the honour of his excellent majesty many days, even an hundred and fourscore days' (Esther i. 3, 4). We must refer for the more full description of these sculptures to the letter of M. Flandin, which is in this part excellent, equally vigorous and graphic. As to the style of art displayed in these sculptures, at first sight it struck M. Botta as closely resembling that of Persepolis. If so, the Persians were the pupils of the Assyrians; and the fine arts of the ancient Ninevites were inherited with their empire by the Achæmenian kings. We know not whether M. Botta would acquiesce in the higher view of their merit, to which perhaps the pardonable enthusiasm of a discoverer has kindled his colleague:—

'Si l'on compare successivement l'art Assyrien, tel que les fouilles faites à Khorsabad l'ont montré, à celui des peuples qui ont précédé ou suivi immédiatement les Ninivites, on pourra, je crois, se convaincre que l'art Assyrien est infiniment plus pur que l'art Indien, souvent grotesque et monstrueux, aussi fin, mais plus savant dans tous les détails anatomiques que l'art Egyptien, qu'il surpasse de beaucoup dans l'étude de la nature; et si l'on ne craint pas d'arriver jusqu'à un parallèle des bas reliefs de Ninive, non seulement avec ceux des premiers ouvrages de la Grèce, mais avec ceux du Parthénon, on trouvera que notamment dans toutes les scènes analogues à celles qui ornent la célèbre frise de ce temple, le ciseau du sculpteur Ninivite n'est pas tellement inférieur à celui de Phidias qu'on ne puisse risquer entre eux une comparaison.'

If this be true, the Persian artists at Persepolis must have greatly degenerated from their Assyrian Phidias. We presume that some of these sculptures are arrived, or are on their way to Paris; but we are not aware what judgment has been passed upon them by the good judges of art in that city.*

M. Flandin examines, in the next place, to which of the two epochs in the greatness of Nineveh this palace and its sculpture belong. The discussion is pursued with excellent good sense and perspicuity, with full command of the subsidiary sources

* We have been favoured with a copy of some letters which have appeared in the 'Malta Times,' in which we are bound to say, that the enthusiasm of the writer as to the high style of art displayed in these monuments rises to the full height of M. Flandin. This writer suggests the following passage of Ezekiel as singularly descriptive of the sculptures:—'*She saw men pourtrayed*' (the Hebrew word may be rendered graven, or sculptured) 'upon the walls, the images of the Chaldeans pourtrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea,' xxiii. 14, 16. The writer observes that these sculptures have manifestly been painted with red ochre, except parts touched with more brilliant colours; and that the richly-decorated girdles and the head-dresses of the principal personages, whether tiaras, or mitres, or simple bands confining the hair round the temples, or flowing down the back, are among the most conspicuous objects.

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of knowledge on the subject: and is now throughout free from that sentimental, or semi-poetic style of reasoning, so misplaced in archæological researches, to the temptation of which, as we have said, M. Flandin seemed at one time disposed to sacrifice his sounder judgment. He rejects the earlier age, and the dynasty, which, commencing with the mythic Ninus and Semiramis, ends with the poetic Sardanapalus. Among his arguments is this: Diodorus, in his account of the siege of Nineveh by Arbaces and Beleses, says that battering machines and engines for the assault of towns had not at that period been invented; whereas in the sculptures they appear in ordinary use.* M. Flandin, therefore, descends to that second and last Ninevite dynasty, whose names are familiar to us in the Sacred Writings, the conquerors of Western Asia, the monarchs who led the children of Israel into captivity. Of the five sovereigns of this dynasty, Tiglath Pileser, Salmaneser, Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Nebuchadnezzar the First, most were warlike and conquering princes. M. Flandin weighs the different probabilities. The sculptures, he thinks, might, in some respects, serve to represent with fidelity the victories and the cruelties of Sennacherib. His wars with the kings of Ethiopia are confirmed by captives, in form, feature, and dress, evidently of the Negro race.† The objection to his being the founder of this great palace is the shortness of his reign, which lasted only seven years, and was principally employed in foreign wars. M. Flandin inclines, therefore, to Esarhaddon or Nebuchadnezzar the First. He imagines one siege to be that of the rebellious Ecbatana; and one of the attendant generals, he suggests, may be no less than the famous Holophernes. All this, of course, is conjectural, but there is this advantage, as to the ruins of Nineveh, and those in its neighbourhood, that the period in which conjecture may expatiate is strictly limited. After its predicted fall, at the end of that mighty dynasty, it ceased for ever to be a great city; the fame of its vast extent was handed down to posterity (Diodorus had gathered a tradition that it was larger than Babylon, thus illustrating several passages of the Old Testament), but the same authorities describe it as, if not abandoned to utter ruin and

* Πετροβόλοι γὰρ ἦ χελῶναι, χωστρίδες, ἦ κριοὶ πρὸς ἀνατροπὴν μεμηχανήμεναι τειχῶν, οὔπω κατ' ἐκείνους τοὺς καιροὺς ἐξεύρηντο. We should like to know the authority of Diodorus for this fact, which chronologically is of so much importance. The battering *ram* is mentioned expressly in Ezekiel, iv. 2; xxi. 27. See Rosenmüller *in loco*, and Gesenius *in voce* בָּרִים.

† M. Flandin adduces one curious illustration of the Scriptures:—'I will put my hook' (rather a circle, or ring) 'in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips.' 2 Kings xix. 28. (M. Flandin has fallen into a slight error. This is not the menace of Sennacherib to the King of Judah, but of the Lord against Sennacherib.) On the sculptures appear certain prisoners, with chains running through a ring which pierces the lower lip.

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desolation, never again rising to power or splendour. The severest historical criticism, therefore, if the Ninevite inscriptions should render up their secrets, may look to Khorsabad for valuable accessions to our knowledge as to this remarkable period in the ancient annals of the world.*

But Khorsabad is not the only place in the neighbourhood of Nineveh which has been brought to light by the unwearied activity of Europeans. Mr. Layard, an Englishman (with the countenance and support of Sir Stratford Canning, to whose influence and intelligent zeal for the promotion of all refined and intellectual studies we are indebted for the marbles of Halicarnassus, now in the British Museum), has been prosecuting similar discoveries in another quarter with signal success. Mr. Layard is known to the public by a paper in the same journal in which Major Rawlinson's earlier writings are found, that of the Royal Geographical Society. It is a description of Khuzistan, and of the wild tribes in that province of the Persian empire, which implies familiar acquaintance with their language, manners, and life, very rare in a European. It evinces great power of observation, intrepid activity, indefatigable industry, and considerable general acquirements. If it be favourable to the progress of these discoveries that he who embarks in them should have a perfect knowledge of the mind and habits of the Arabs, and so by being able to identify himself with the people, obtain their cordial co-operation, Mr. Layard seems qualified in every respect for the service. Mr. Layard we believe likewise to be on terms of intimate friendship with M. Botta; and more than suspect him to be the author of the letters in the Malta Times to which we have alluded above.

About six hours from Mosul, eighteen miles lower down the river, there is a place which bears the traditionary name of Nimroud—a village closely bordering on the ruins of an ancient city. This city, according to Ritter, who follows Mr. Rich, is the Larissa mentioned in the Anabasis of Xenophon as a deserted city with a high pyramid of stone.† Our discoverers, as we understand, aspire to still higher antiquity. In the La-*rissa* of the Greeks they would read the Resen of the book of Genesis, built by the Assyrians—'and Resen between Nineveh and Caleh; the same is a great city.'‡ But when we learn more fully what there is at Nimroud, we may conjecture with better hope of suc-

* There is this curious peculiarity about the Khorsabad inscriptions: none of them are found on the *external* façade of the buildings; they are all on the *internal* walls of the galleries.

† Xenoph. Anab. iii. 4-7.—Ritter, Erdkunde, vii. 2, p. 174.

‡ Gen. x. 12. This identification of Larissa with Resen is, however, as old as Bochart, who suggested that the 'La' was the demonstrative article.

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cess what has been. Nimroud occupies a large circuit, ten times that of Khorsabad, of artificial mounds: the largest of these, no doubt the tope or pyramid of Xenophon, is about 1800 feet in length, 900 in breadth, and 60 or 70 in height. On this mound Mr. Layard made his first attack. On digging down into the rubbish, chambers of white marble, covered with cuneiform inscriptions, came to light, but at first with no sculptures—fragments, however, in the rubbish seemed to promise that at length the sculptures would make their appearance. That the mound had once been a magnificent palace appeared manifest, and no less than that it had been destroyed by means of fire, either by an enemy or by some other Sardanapalus, who, in Byron's words,

> 'in this blazing palace,
> And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,
> Had left a nobler monument than Egypt
> Hath piled in her brick mountains o'er dead kings,
> Or *kine*——.'

A great part of the marble first discovered had been calcined,* or reduced to lime, and the earth was mixed with immense quantities of charcoal. But richer treasures awaited Mr. Layard. The first sculpture, we believe, was a gigantic bull, fourteen or fifteen feet high, unfortunately without his head. We presume that it is another bull which Mr. Layard describes as the first of his *grand* discoveries:—

'The human head of a magnificent winged bull, which is just now above the ground, to the utter amazement of the Arabs, who flock in crowds to gaze on it, and have made up their minds that it is old Nimrod himself appearing from the infernal regions. . . . . The head alone is five high, so you may form some idea of the size of the body, and the whole cut out of one block of marble.'

Then came two large winged lions, with human heads, eleven feet and a half long and eleven feet high. These Mr. Layard describes as very extraordinary specimens of Assyrian art. The bas-reliefs then began to appear, two of which were hunting-pieces and battle-scenes—the dimensions seven and a half feet long by three feet. Of these the finest, in point of design and execution, is a lion-hunt. The king is in a chariot drawn by three horses in full gallop, and guided by a charioteer. The king is discharging an arrow at a lion, which is springing upon the chariot; a second lion, wounded by several arrows, is lying under the horses' feet. Another relief represents the king in a chariot hunting wild bulls. It is inferior in spirit and life to the

* From M. Botta's letters it appears that in Khorsabad there are manifest proofs of the action of fire. P. 35.

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first. The battle-pieces represent the king and his warriors in their chariots with three horses; some of the horses are wounded, others prancing, others at full speed. Two of the chariots carry standards, with figures not unlike coats of arms upon them. In another is a moveable tower on wheels with a battering-ram, pushed up to the walls of a castle; the castle is defended by warriors in various attitudes; among the assailants is the king. In another the king is receiving the captives. In another he is triumphant; surrounded by musicians, with his eunuchs and warriors, he is pouring a libation over a dead lion. In one apartment is a procession of mountebanks, or something of the kind; one man, seven feet seven inches high, has two monkeys, one standing on his shoulder, the other walking on its hind-legs. 'They are capital,' writes Mr. Layard. Some of these, which could be more safely and easily removed, are, we rejoice to say, on their way to England. In a letter dated July 27, Mr. Layard announces that he has opened ten chambers, and that as he advances the sculptures are becoming finer and more perfect. Besides these sculptures, Mr. Layard has turned up in his researches on the Mount and in other parts almost a Pompeian collection of smaller curiosities, lamps, daggers, idols, copper ornaments, ivory figures, and sepulchral vases. There are quantities of painted bricks, in one place a whole floor, of which the colours, especially the greens and yellows, are still fresh and brilliant. Besides these are specimens of armour, and among them a pointed helmet, like those represented in the sculpture. There were also sixteen small bronze lions, quite perfect and extremely well executed, found all together under a great bull, which had fallen down. But the crowning discoveries of all, announced in a letter dated December 28, 1846, we must describe in the words of Mr. Layard:—

'During the last month the discoveries have been of the highest interest. I have now two palaces of different epochs; one contemporary with the building at Khorsabad, the other prior to it. Marbles from the latter have been used in the construction of the former, and sometimes even resculptured on the back. * * * I have already thirteen pairs of the gigantic winged human-headed lions and bulls. But the most remarkable discovery is, perhaps, that of a black obelisk, about seven feet high, which I believe to be one of the most interesting and unique monuments of antiquity known. Upon it are twenty bas-reliefs, and a very long inscription containing many names of persons and places. It was probably erected to celebrate the conquest of some country—India or a part of Africa; for with the prisoner who is brought before the king, there are animals which can alone belong to those regions. We have the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, the Bactrian or two-humped camel, several kinds of apes and monkeys, the stag, the wild-bull,

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wild-bull, the ibex, horse, &c. There are numerous figures bearing various objects, probably the productions of the country subdued. There are in all about eighty figures, all in the finest preservation and capitally drawn.'

To return to the Inscriptions. We rejoice to find by the last advices that Major Rawlinson considers himself to have made great progress in deciphering the Babylonian inscriptions. We hear, indeed, only of *names*, so that we are yet ignorant how far he may have solved the great problem of the language. According to the writer in the 'Malta Times,' the Khorsabad inscriptions are in this character, and probably, therefore, in the language of the second column at Van, and at Bisutun. Should this be the case, if the ruins are Assyrian, the language can hardly be properly Median, and what is supposed to be Median is a form of Assyrian. Major Rawlinson's studies have been of the *Babylonian* bricks, of which his residence at Bagdad has given him, no doubt, great command. According to his interpretation, the inscriptions, which vary but little, ascribe the foundation of Babylon to Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabonassar: thus agreeing with the book of Daniel, iv. 30. Mr. Layard also states that both Major Rawlinson and himself agree in finding names of the first Assyrian dynasty in the inscriptions of the earlier buildings of Nimroud, and the name of a king of the second in those of Khorsabad.

We here break off, anxiously awaiting further communications on the subject of the Inscriptions from Major Rawlinson. From his energy, perseverance, and sagacity, we may expect everything to be accomplished which can be accomplished. We trust that to him we are to owe, as the fullest insight into the character and language of ancient Persia, so also of some glimpses at least of the records of older Assyria; that Babylon and Nineveh, like Persepolis, will reveal to us, through his studies, the names and exploits of their kings. With regard to Mr. Layard, we have been favoured not only with the communication of extracts from his letters, but with the sight of drawings, from some of the objects which he has excavated at Nimroud. Ourselves and the public will, we trust, before long be able to form our own judgments on many of the most curious of the antiquities themselves. We have readily seized this early opportunity of bringing this subject, however imperfectly, before the attention of our readers, not merely in order to gratify their curiosity, not merely in justice to Mr. Layard, whose extraordinary enterprise, activity, and *management*, are deserving of all praise; but in order to express our earnest hope that the discovery will not be allowed to languish for want of support and encouragement (in urging that encouragement

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ragement we are urging the reward which will be most acceptable to Mr. Layard); that the Government will spare no expense in securing for the collections of this country the acknowledged riches so strangely brought to light.

ART. VII.—*Official and other Dispatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.* Second Edition. 8 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.

IT would be idle at this time of day to dilate on the treasure our country possesses in the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, or the wisdom which sanctioned their publication in the lifetime of their illustrious author. But there is a melancholy interest attached to the present edition, which, independently of the improvements it exhibits, seems to demand that it should not go forth altogether unnoticed. The fate of Colonel Gurwood has been one of the saddest which the tale of literary labour, often a sad one, ever told. A mind constitutionally excitable, operated upon by a frame of very peculiar organization, could not sustain the wear and tear of over-exertion in a new department:—the minute anxieties of literary detail worried him by day and by night—made society tasteless, and robbed the pillow of repose;—and the gallant soldier who had braved many a well-fought field—who had been first and foremost in at least one of the most perilous enterprises of the Peninsula—found himself unable to hold out against the insidious attacks of a morbid depression of spirits. It appears, moreover, that the expense of getting these volumes through the press broke down the little fortune which habits of strict economy had enabled him to accumulate; and that his widow and daughters inherit from him hardly anything except the legacy of a good name.

But to pass from these painful topics. This edition is considerably cheaper than the former; and being published in parts, it comes much more within the reach of ordinary purchasers. Further, it is enriched by a large quantity of new and valuable letters which were supposed to be lost, but had been recovered through the indefatigable industry of Colonel Gurwood, and the readiness of individuals and public departments to open to him their archives. Again, the arrangement is infinitely better. As many most curious papers, relating especially to India, were not obtained till the earlier volumes of the first edition had been printed off, Colonel Gurwood was forced either to omit them altogether, or to present them in the awkward shape of a Supplement.

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ment. All the letters, old or new, appear now in the proper order of date; and the continuity of the narrative is preserved by the introduction, in the shape of foot-notes, or of quotations in the body of the page, of extracts from the adjutant and quarter-master-general's directions; and yet, though so much matter is added, by judicious alterations in type and size of page, in place of twelve volumes the whole is compressed into eight.

This book, considered either as a literary curiosity or as a monument of character and wisdom, has still further distinctions. There is an important addition to it in the form of a *miscellaneous correspondence* from 1816 to 1834; also, of his Grace's instructions to officers commanding brigades of cavalry in the Army of Occupation; of three deeply interesting orders referring to military arrangements in 1827; of the Duke's opinion in 1829 in regard to a plan which was then proposed for altering the discipline of the army; of selections from his evidence given before the Commission for inquiring into Military Punishments; and of a paper, addressed in 1833 to Lord Hill, concerning the uses of the military governments, which have since been abolished. The Duke's letter to 'The Officers, calling themselves the remnant of the Captains and Subalterns of the Peninsula,' on the long agitated subject of a War Decoration, is likewise given. Here is also a legitimate Appendix, wholly new, and adding very essentially to the permanent usefulness of the book; comprising a careful selection from the dispatches and correspondence of the generals to whom the Duke was opposed. Lastly, we have now a really admirable index, of which, in so extensive a publication, the importance must be obvious.

The seventh and eighth volumes, in short, are in great measure new; and we cannot but hail their appearance, at the present juncture, as a particularly fortunate event. At any time, and under any circumstances, the Duke of Wellington's opinions on subjects connected with the organization and discipline of the army would be entitled to the utmost respect: but just at this moment, when we seem to have entered upon a new state of things—when the claims of the soldier are advocated in Parliament by Secretaries-at-War, and out of doors by the whole public press—it is in the highest degree interesting to observe how the greatest General of his age spoke, fifteen or sixteen years ago, of points which are now at length fixing the most serious attention of the community. With what admirable sense his Grace expresses himself on every question that is submitted to him! How just and clear are his views of things as they then existed! How consistent his reluctance to abandon the right of appeal to the halberts, *till the soldier should have been so trained and disciplined*

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plined by moral influences as to render such an appeal unnecessary! Let any one look back upon our troops as they were in 1813 and 1814, and he will not wonder at the Duke's saying, that nothing except a most severe discipline could have kept that, perhaps the finest army that the world had ever seen, from becoming quite unmanageable. So effectual was the dread of corporal punishment—managed as the Duke alone has been able to manage it—that the numbers of men flogged were fewer in the Peninsula than in any garrison of five thousand under an ordinary commandant:—but what could be done with forty or fifty thousand such men as he had to deal with, except to restrain them from committing outrages of every description by the terror of the lash? As to stimulating their better feelings by the hope of promotion to commissions, such a system was out of the question. Whatever could be safely done in this direction, the great leader tried; but he is obliged to confess that the beneficial result was small indeed. Read what his Grace wrote in April, 1829, and say whether a tittle of his evidence can be controverted:—

'Upon this point we ought to consider a little the nature of our officer, and compare him with the Prussian. Our officer is a *gentleman*. We require that he should be one, and above all that he should conduct himself as such; and most particularly in reference to his intercourse with the non-commissioned officers and soldiers. Indeed we carry this principle of the gentleman, and the absence of intercourse with those under his command so far, as that, in my opinion, the duty of a subaltern officer, as done in a foreign army, is not done at all in the cavalry, or the British infantry of the line. It is done in the Guards by the serjeants.—Then our gentleman officer, however admirable his conduct on a field of battle, however honourable to himself, however glorious and advantageous to his country, is but a poor creature in disciplining his company in camp, quarters, or cantonments. The name, the character, the conduct, the family and relations, the fortune, the situation, the mental acquirements of each of the men of his company, are not the sole objects of his thoughts, as of the Prussian officer, who carries into execution this same discipline in the company to which he belongs, with the men of which he lives as a companion, friend, and adviser.—The army of Prussia, besides, is at all times regularly organized:—each battalion in its regiment, each regiment in its brigade, each brigade in its division, each division in its *corps d'armée;* the whole under the personal inspection of the King: so that there is not a corps, division, brigade, regiment, battalion, company, or individual, whose conduct is not checked and controlled by his superior, as well as by the view and knowledge of the whole of the profession. Compare this with the British army; with our detachments in Ireland and the West Indies, Honduras, &c. &c.; with our detachments in transports guarding convicts to New South Wales; with our total want

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of inspection and control over either officers or men, in nearly all parts of the world; and we shall see cause for astonishment that there is any discipline in the army at all, notwithstanding the severity of the system of which we complain. If we can, let us make our officers do their duty, and see that the non-commissioned officers do theirs. But mind! this is a system of prevention. We shall thus avoid punishment in the best way, by preventing irregularity and crime. But I earnestly recommend not, by law or order, to say that Courts Martial are not to judge of the nature and degree of the offence or irregularity; or that, if there should be irregularity or offence, it should not be punished with severity according to its *nature and degree:* in which words must of course be included the consideration of time, circumstances, &c. &c.'—vol. viii. pp. 346, 347.

This pregnant *résumé* exposes in a very startling manner one of the greatest leading defects in the military administration of this country—we mean the utter absence of care for the education of the *officer*. Neither are the following answers less important.

'It has been suggested to the Commission that a system of ensuring a certain number of officers' commissions to the privates and non-commissioned officers of the army would be a means of inducing persons of a more respectable class of life to enter: is that your Grace's opinion?'—'That is more a civil and political question than it is a military one. I believe now there is a great want of employment for young men of education in the country, and some might be induced to enlist as privates, with a view to obtain commissions: but at the same time, I beg the Commission to observe, there are here the Life Guards, the Horse Guards, who are called *gentlemen of the Life Guards and Horse Guards;* and I believe that they do not get many of that class of men among them. It is possible, I think, that you might get a few gentlemen to come into the service, a few persons of better education and of a better description, but I do not think in large numbers.—The real truth is, there are very few commissions to be given away. The General Commanding in Chief would tell you that the number he has is scarcely sufficient to enable him to provide for those well reported of from the Military College; at the present moment, I do not believe he has a sufficient number to provide for all those well reported of at Sandhurst. Now, if that is the case, although thirty or forty commissions a year might be to be given in this way, it would hardly produce any effect upon the number in the army.'

'In point of fact, did you recommend many persons for commissions during the service in the Peninsula?'—'A great number. I gave commissions to a great number of non-commissioned officers; and those that were not given away to non-commissioned officers were given to volunteers serving with the army at the time.'—'With respect to those non-commissioned officers that were so raised to the rank of officers, have they generally remained in the army, or have they retired?'—'A great number have retired. In truth, they do not make good officers: it does not answer. They are brought into society to the

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the manners of which they are unaccustomed; *they cannot bear being at all heated with wine or liquor.* I have known them when I was serving in the ranks of the army, and I think, in general, they are quarrelsome, they are addicted to quarrel a little in their cups, and they are not persons that can be borne in the society of the officers of the army; they are men of different manners altogether.'—'Does that make them feel uncomfortable in the new situation in which they are placed?'—'I think so; *punctilious and uncomfortable.* There are very few indeed that stop any time, or that ever rise beyond the subaltern ranks of the army.'—vol. viii. pp. 358, 359.

These sentences, so full of consummate good sense, will be remembered hereafter—but the state of things they sprung from will ere long, we hope and believe, be mere matter of history. The attention of the Government is at length fixed on the moral training of the army; and the manner in which the Secretary-at-War's late announcement to that effect was received, cannot fail to strengthen his hands in the work to which he is devoting himself.

Before the retirement of Sir Robert Peel, his Secretary-at-War, Mr. Herbert, applied himself with zeal to the task of working out a scheme for the better education of the soldiers. He found in Mr. Baring, at that time Paymaster-General, a willing co-operator; and these two humane gentlemen were not slow in arranging a plan which seemed to give excellent promise of success. It was determined to begin by a considerable change in the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea. The method of training pursued there was to be carried forward, *per saltum*, from that which people used to admire in 1810, to the point at which the art had arrived in 1846. The old schoolmaster-serjeants who, for thirty years or more, had kept the intellect of the place in a state of lethargy, were to be pensioned off at once; and new masters, the best whom liberal terms could secure, were to be engaged. On the boys' school, which should become a model school for the whole army, a training institution was to be engrafted: it was to consist of a principal, doing also the duty of chaplain, of an assistant-master, and thirty pupils. The pupils, when duly qualified, were to be sent out, one by one, to officiate in the schools of regiments and depôts. Fresh candidates were to be received as these from year to year went off; and a permanent college thus established, from which—by degrees, indeed, but in the end completely—the educational wants of the army should be supplied as far as efficient schoolmasters could supply them. Finally, a new office was created—that of Inspector-General of Military Schools; and to the gentleman selected for it, Mr. Gleig, was committed the care of watching the growth of education

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education in the army—of making periodical inspections and reports—and of recommending from time to time such fresh arrangements as should seem most likely to foster its development.

Mr. Sidney Herbert, having thus far advanced the matter, retired from office. Few Secretaries-at-War had exhibited a greater aptitude for business than he, none a better feeling in regard to the soldier's true interests, as well moral as physical; while his personal manner had been on every occasion such as to win the confidence of all who came in contact with him. But the good work did not stand still. Mr. Fox Maule took up the arrangements exactly where Mr. Herbert laid them down; and, being well supported by Lord John Russell, he has prosecuted the business to an issue. All the measures which his predecessor had determined upon are now completed. The Military Asylum has become the fountain whence knowledge, and the means of acquiring it, are to pass off by many streams into the ranks of our army; and the roots are planted of a tree which, if it be judiciously sheltered in its early growth, cannot fail of bringing forth invaluable fruit.

Late in last summer, an advertisement invited candidates for the offices of assistant-master in the Training Institution, of head-master and under-masters in the Model-School, and of master of the Infant-School, to present themselves before a board of examiners at the Privy-Council Office. Many aspirants of excellent character and attainments accepted the invitation; and as the process of examination was conducted with perfect impartiality and great strictness, the choice fell upon individuals whose superiority could not be disputed. The consequence is, that, as regards its staff of teachers, there is, probably, not in Great Britain—if there be in Europe—an institution better supplied than this already is; and the whole has been placed under the superintendence of one who, though but collaterally allied to them, seems to possess all the educational talents of the Coleridges.

It was next determined to institute a close inquiry into the methods adopted in other services. The Inspector-General was directed to proceed to those countries on the Continent in which the moral and intellectual education of the soldier was believed to be most carefully attended to; and he in due time gave in a Report —of which however only a portion has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. Nor have we any doubt but the Secretary-at-War exercised a sound discretion here. The education question, as it affects troops, is a wider one than it may be convenient for any Government, particularly in times like the present, to discuss

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cuss all at once in its integrity. The education of the soldier is by no means limited to the class-room; in dealing with him our object is scarcely so much to sharpen his intellect as to improve his moral tastes—and these are far more likely to take their tone from the associations by which he is surrounded out of school, than from the lectures of his schoolmaster. The inquiry therefore embraces not only him but his *superiors*. We may hope, however, that the Inspector had accumulated observations, of which, by degrees, the public will have to recognise the benefit in successive steps of practical reform.

On his return, a fresh advertisement appeared, whereby thirty unmarried men, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five, were informed of the intentions of Government in regard to regimental schools, and invited to compete for admission into the Training Institution. The multitude of answers which poured in upon the War Office was quite extraordinary. Young men most respectably connected—the sons of clergymen, surgeons, officers in the army, and such like—offered themselves by dozens and scores. As many as lived within an easy distance were directed to present themselves forthwith—each coming provided with a testimonial of good character, to which the signatures of three householders must be attached, together with that of the clergyman of the parish or minister of the congregation to which the applicant belonged. An examination followed (we are told a pretty severe one) in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, sacred and profane history, and in geography, as well as in the elements of geometry and algebra; and, though acquaintance with the two last branches was not regarded as indispensable, still they who added them secured a preference.

The young men admitted into the Training Institution come, in the first instance, for six weeks upon trial. If, during this period, their habits or tastes appear unsatisfactory, they will be dismissed without scruple; if they conduct themselves properly, they will be regularly attested, and considered from that day forth as members of the British army. As long as they remain at the Institution they are to receive no pay; but the Government being at the entire expense of their education, and providing them with everything which they can require besides—clothing, board, lodging, books, stationery, &c.—it exacts from them, in return, an engagement that they shall serve ten years as regimental schoolmasters.

The position of the schoolmaster, as for the present settled, is a respectable one. He is to do no military duty, nor to be otherwise employed than in the business of tuition. He is to have under his charge—first, *every recruit* as soon as he joins; and next

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next, as many of the old soldiers and non-commissioned officers as may be desirous of an improved education. His own army-rank is to be that of a serjeant-major, if indeed a new order be not created in his person, namely, that of a warrant officer. He is to be provided with a comfortable quarter—with fuel, lights, stationery, and all the necessary appliances of study; and his pay, 17*s.* 6*d.* a-week, is to be raised, provided a favourable report be made after the termination of the first year, to a guinea. At the end of the ten years he will be free to claim his discharge; if he abide fourteen years, a pension will be granted besides; and in the event of his serving for twenty-one years, the pension will be proportionably increased.

Of the subjects to be taught, both in the Training Institution and in the schools of regiments after they shall be formed, it is perhaps premature to speak. Doubtless the schoolmasters will learn considerably more than they may find an opportunity of communicating to the ordinary run of their pupils; but the more a teacher knows, the larger share of deference he is sure to command; and as there are in every regiment young men whose thirst of knowledge needs only to be cultivated in order to make it a ruling passion, it is right that there should be at hand tutors both able and willing to guide such forward in their honourable career. Of course the humanising arts of music and linear drawing will not be neglected. We hope to see the day when in English regiments—as well as in those of Prussia and of Saxony—private soldiers will have learned to prefer an evening spent in quiet harmony one with another, to the dissipation of a pot-house. And we are very sure that if, by inspiring them with a love of Nature, we excite in them a curiosity to observe how God displays his power in the growth and diversities of plants and trees and animals, we shall have done more to wean them from habits of low debauchery (particularly in the colonies) than the preacher can hope to effect under present circumstances —may we not say under any circumstances?—by a thousand sermons.

We think the authorities quite right in not giving to the schoolmaster, at the outset, a more elevated position; but that he either can or will stay very long where he is now about to be placed, we hold to be impossible. The social instructor of ignorance is only just beginning among us to be rightly defined. We recognise him, at length, or profess to do, as the physician of men's minds; and the time is fast approaching when, if he bear himself aright, he will take his place everywhere beside the physician of men's bodies. It would be cruel folly to hold out to the first batch of schoolmasters hopes different from those which are presented to them

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them by their professional superiors; but we do not despair of living to see the regimental teachers members of the officers' mess, and treated both there and elsewhere with the same generous and considerate bearing which well-bred gentlemen of the sword put on in their intercourse with quartermasters and other civilians attached to their corps.

Meanwhile—during the next two or three years, or whatever period of time may be determined upon for completing the young men's course at the Training Institution—Government, if it desire to bring its own work to a happy conclusion, cannot be idle. There must be erected in all our principal stations—abroad not less than at home—school-houses upon an uniform plan, with suitable apartments for the masters. This is absolutely necessary; not only because in our barracks, as at present constructed, there is no place adapted for the manner of teaching which has come into use, but because, wherever a school-room, such as it is, exists, it has been taken away from the space originally set apart for the soldiers' accommodation. Indeed, it is a common ground of complaint in the army, that every movement heretofore made towards the elevation of the soldier's mind has cost him one more privation of his physical comforts. Take, for example, these two things—the school and the library. Where are they placed? In every instance the school is in an apartment which was built as a dormitory, which the troops cannot spare without considerable inconvenience: and the library can be of very little use as a general reading-room, because it is assigned to the barrack-serjeant and his family, or to the librarian, whoever he may be, as a home.

A judicious construction of school-rooms may be highly serviceable, moreover, as respects the duties of the chaplain. No right-minded officer tolerates without pain the shifts to which he and his men are often put in their attendance on Divine worship, when the odious riding-school and scarcely less objectionable drum-head service are scarcely relieved by the hurried conversion of a soldier's sleeping-room into a temple of God. But very many of our barracks are removed by a long space from churches, and then there is no choice, except either to dispense with worship altogether, or to have it performed in places rife with every association except religious ones. Now assume that the average attendance of adults in our regimental schools will, under the improved system, amount to one hundred and fifty. These, divided into six classes, and ranged on platforms along the longitudinal sides of an apartment, will require one measuring at least sixty feet by forty. Construct such a room and add ten feet to its length, wherein, behind a curtain, a communion-table,

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table, a reading-desk, and a pulpit can be set up. So manage the body that on Saturday night you may be able to occupy a large portion of it with moveable benches. The platforms which, for school purposes, one hundred and fifty men will fill, can easily for church purposes be made to contain two hundred. Your moveable benches will accommodate at least two hundred more; and thus you have a church sufficient for four hundred. As to shape, the nearer you can bring it to resemble our old English churches the better it will serve its two-fold purposes. From walls rising to about sixteen feet you have only to carry up a barn roof ten or twelve feet higher, and your structure is perfect.

All this will be necessary—but all this will not be enough. Few barracks in this empire can boast of a place of worship—not one, as yet, of an apartment erected especially for purposes of study—but all have their canteens. There it stands—that beastly public-house, the haunt of all the most degraded women of the town, a congenial resort for the blackguards who already have been billed up, a snare to the recruit from the first day that he joins his depôt. There it stands, the property of the Government, let by the Ordnance to the highest bidder, and almost always paid for by a rent calculated according to the number of men at the station. Will one of the great branches of our complicated machine for military administration continue, for the sake of sixty thousand pounds a-year, to throw temptation to vice in the very face of the young soldier? The canteen must be knocked on the head; and out of it such an institution formed as shall not thwart, but beneficially co-operate with, the school and the church.

In almost all foreign military stations there are canteens, which are kept, for the use of the soldiers, by cantoniers, who are themselves non-commissioned officers. The canteens are the property of the Government; but it exacts no rent, maintaining them, on the contrary, in order to accommodate the troops, and taking care that means of abusing the privilege shall never be afforded. Each cantonier, when his battalion departs, hands over the building and its equipments to his successor; and thus the canteens are transferred from regiment to regiment, unencumbered by the presence of a permanent landlord, who, like a huge spider fattening on the blood of flies, seeks only to enrich himself at the expense of ruin to the thoughtless. Wherever this system of management prevails, canteens are not only not noxious, but useful. It often happens that the cantonier both caters and cooks for the non-commissioned officers; and here and there we have heard of the same functionary providing their meals for the

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the officers of his regiment. Why should we not take a lesson from our neighbours?

The Government wants an apartment in which to deposit the garrison library. It is desirous, also, that the soldiers, having a pleasant reading-room to resort to, shall make as much use of the books as possible. It will find both the one and the other, and various additions to the soldiers' comforts besides, in an improved canteen. Let that name cease at once to denote a public-house. Put it, as far as concerns the keeping in repair of the material edifice, under the charge of the barrack-serjeant; but let it be in every other respect the soldier's club-house. Establish in every regiment and depôt a committee of non-commissioned officers, who, subject to the control of the adjutant and the commanding officer, shall manage their club. Permit no spirits to be brought into it under any circumstances whatever, and if you can exclude even beer it will be so much the better. Fit up, however, one or more apartments in which coffee and tea shall be sold, and (*pace Ducis Maximi*) encourage your men to go thither and smoke their pipes. In other rooms have tables and benches, with newspapers, magazines, and fires and candles burning till tattoo; and should it so happen that the schoolmaster is both able and disposed to give a course of popular lectures on mechanics, natural history, or any other interesting subject of the sort, let him have free access for this purpose to the most commodious apartment in the place. Will it be difficult to bring all this about, or is there any very awful risk that men accustomed and encouraged to seek recreation thus rationally, will ever and anon do outrage to the constraints of military discipline? If you be afraid of bringing non-commissioned officers and privates too closely into contact, there is no reason why the canteen should not be divided —one portion for the former, the other for the latter. But at all events establish your soldiers' club-house. It does not appear that evil arises from the intermixture of serjeants and privates as it now takes place in barrack reading-rooms, wherever they exist. Why should we be afraid of a soldiers' club-house under well-considered regulations?

Were some such arrangement as this effected, the necessity of providing *day-rooms* would, in a great measure, be obviated. Having the club-house to repair to as soon as his meal was over, the soldier would not be driven, as he so often is now, to seek in tap-rooms the comparative luxury which he cannot find elsewhere. Nevertheless, the soldier cannot, even as regards his quarters, be left altogether as he is. We must provide for him comfortable

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comfortable washing and cleaning rooms. We must supply his dormitory with such articles of furniture as are not denied to prisoners in their cells; and, above all, he must be delivered from the contaminating influence of a constant intercourse with women dead to all sense of shame. And here we may observe that the Secretary-at-War, if he carries his bill for restricting the time of enlistment to ten years, will certainly have much strengthened his own hands in any attempt which he may make to elevate the social condition of married soldiers. Perhaps, even now, it would be difficult to persuade Parliament to forbid by law the marriage of soldiers, unless with the consent of their commanding officers; but if no man can henceforth be engaged for more than ten years, we see no reason why the existing rules of the service on this point should not be rigidly enforced. Henceforth, in that case, let no woman be acknowledged in a corps who has married a soldier contrary to the will of the commanding officer. Let no aid in money or otherwise be afforded her to follow her husband, and if she do make her way to his head-quarters, let nobody connected with the regiment notice her. Such language may sound harsh in the ears of those who do not know the extent of the evil which a soldier brings upon himself and upon the partner of his folly by marrying without leave; but they who do know this will perfectly understand that there is mercy in our sternness, especially if, after ten years are out, the man becomes in this and in every other respect his own master. But while this is done, for Heaven's sake do not leave the women whom you have admitted into barracks where they now are. There is something horrible in the thought of subjecting these poor creatures to the degradation which they have heretofore suffered. It must come to an end. The wedded state is a holy state, whether it exist in a palace or in a hovel; and the soldier who has taken to his bosom a woman of whom his commanding officer approves, must have an apartment to himself wherein to shelter her.

You cannot build school-houses and schoolmasters' quarters for nothing; and the sacrifice of 60,000*l.* in canteen-rent may cost the Board of Ordnance a pang. But the building part of the matter need not be very costly, unless indeed the Ordnance undertake it, in which case we would not volunteer to calculate the expense; and the loss of the canteen-rent must be put up with—for it is the price of iniquity. Besides, neither this nor the outlay required in effecting alterations in the barracks will be positively wasted. In a very few years the Government will probably find that it has put out its money at good interest. Even in an economical point of view, vice is much to be deprecated in an army.

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army. General and district courts-martial are not held for nothing. Military prisons are expensive playthings—and men under confinement eat and drink a good deal—without making any return. And there is not a medical officer in the service but will support us in saying, that at least one-half of the disease of the army—and one-half the expenses of cure—are the results of vice and intemperance. Cure your men, even in part, of the love of drink—teach them to feel the value of a sound mind in a sound body, and you will have gone a great way towards diminishing the cost of their keep.

The relation in which the army used to stand towards the rest of the nation is, we presume, on the eve of undergoing a complete change. No man will henceforth be a soldier for life: a much larger portion of the community than ever before learned the art of war will be trained to the use of arms. We hope that the ten years' enlistment scheme may operate beneficially in bringing into the ranks a better description of men, and in putting a stop to desertion; and there can be no doubt at all that, as regards our capability of resisting foreign invasion, we should, under the proposed system, be twice as powerful as we were under the old. At the same time there is no denying that, when taken in connexion with the new regulations as to corporal punishment, and the rapid diffusion of intelligence among the lower classes, the measure is a very serious one—that we must observe its introduction and watch its results with deep anxiety.

The average age for enlistment has been about nineteen. Recruits become, as soon as they have taken the oath, servants of the Crown for life, with no right to claim their discharges unless they can purchase them, and certain to be kept to their colours till old age or failing health shall have rendered them unfit for service. Such as live to earn, by the latter means, their dismissal and their pensions, go away with broken constitutions—yet soldiers at heart still: their best days have been spent in the army; there is seldom about them a disposition, in their declining years, to hatch plots or join conspiracies against the Government. They might, for a spurt, break the law, by heading mobs in attacks upon factories, or in rows with the police; but there has been neither the power nor the will to prove dangerous subjects; they have lacked the cunning that is required to concoct schemes of rebellion —they have been unable, through physical debility, to do much towards working them out—and above all, they have been comparatively few in number. Will such be the case for the future? If out of the 150,000 men whom, for argument's sake, we count on

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on for making up the strength of the army, one-third part claim periodically the benefits of the new Act, we shall have—ten years hence—50,000 trained soldiers let loose at a blow upon society; which number will have increased in eleven years to 100,000; in twelve, to 150,000; and so on, till every town, village, and hamlet in the United Kingdom swarms with them. Perhaps the numbers of retiring men may be much less than Mr. Maule anticipates—but still they will be large—that cannot be otherwise; and observe, these discharged soldiers will not be, like the dependants on Chelsea Hospital, worn out old men. A vast proportion of them will go back into civil life with minds and bodies able and vigorous, and with dispositions virtuous or the reverse, according to the tendency of the habits acquired in the service. Again, the discharged soldiers, under the new régime, will have been accustomed, let things take what course they may, to a very different sort of discipline from that under which their predecessors lived. There will be, practically, no more terror of the lash; and though Weedon, and South-Sea Castle, and Fort Clarence be places of residence as little inviting as need be, still men who know that they are liable to be sent thither only till ten years are expired, may be apt to harden themselves against the infliction, and will assuredly go home, after two or three visits, burning with the desire of revenge upon the Government which has thus dealt with them. In a word, the days of iron discipline are past; if you wish to keep your troops efficient, and to return your soldier contented to his home, you must prepare him to look back on the years which he spent under his colours as the happiest of his life.

Again, if it be the purpose of the Government, as we have heard, and in part believe, to take a leaf in their colonial policy out of the book of the old Romans, what better preparation can they make for settling good military colonies abroad than by bestowing a good moral and intellectual education upon the individuals who are to be invited to join them? We sincerely hope, and in some measure expect, that one important arrangement of Lord Grey's, with reference to Australia, will work well. We are confident that at least it cannot do harm, provided proper care shall have been exercised in selecting the five hundred pensioners who, with their families, are to people, under their own officers, the frontier settlements of that interesting country. But we shall entertain no doubt at all of the entire success of the scheme, as a permanent one, as soon as we see the working out of such changes, as we have ventured to recommend, in the barracks. Moreover, there will be little difficulty—but the

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the reverse—supposing the soldier encouraged to pay attention to natural history, and to the pursuits connected with it—in imbuing his mind, while at school, with a desire ultimately to settle in some new country where opportunities shall be afforded of indulging his tastes by the same process which earns for him an honourable subsistence.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Winter of* 1846-7 *in Antrim; with Remarks on Out-door Relief.* By A. Shafto Adair, F.R.S. 8vo. 1847.

2. *First Annual Report of the Board of Supervision for the Relief of the Poor in Scotland.* Folio. 1847.

3. *Second Letter from an Irish Gentleman to an English Friend.* 8vo. 1847.

4. *Minutes of Evidence taken before her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law and Practice in respect to the Occupation of Land in Ireland.* 1845.

CONSIDERING that the calamity under which Ireland lies prostrate has been by no means confined to Ireland, but, besides sorely afflicting many of the finest regions on the Continent, has made itself visible enough even in England, and at this moment presses not more heavily on the sister island than it does on several provinces of Scotland—it is surely a wonderful fact that the speakers in Parliament have, with exceptions hardly worth alluding to, persisted in discussing the whole matter as if the visitation were not only exclusively Irish in its locality, but so directly brought down upon that country by the peculiarities of her political and social system, as to demand the hurrying to a precipitate conclusion some of the most intricate problems connected with the interior administration of Ireland. If England had suffered as much as Munster—if our grain crops had failed as largely as their potatoes—would it have suggested itself to the good sense of the English nation that now was the heaven-appointed moment for listening to every crude speculation that could be sported concerning the general management of English estates and the laws for the permanent relief and regulation of English pauperism? But more—the very same calamity has overwhelmed the Hebrides and the whole western coasts of the Highlands—and there in blood and in language, and in almost all the habits and arrangements of life, the population bears a character far nearer akin to the Irish than in any other districts of our empire: and yet not one word has, to our knowledge, been either spoken or written

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written about the necessity for seizing this opportunity to remodel any one of the laws or the institutions of Scotland.

As to this last point it may be said, that Scotland never had anything like an efficient poor-law till within these two years—that the law then introduced cannot be supposed to have as yet come into universal or at least into symmetrical operation—that it is too soon, in short, to appeal to the working of the Scotch experiment. And we agree that if a cry had arisen for another great instalment of poor-law legislation for the north, it might be very rationally answered that a much more deliberate trial is due before a fresh step be taken in that quarter. But we must add, that we think the real and most decisive answer would have been, that the actual system ought to have a longer trial under the ordinary average circumstances of the Highland population: that to revolutionize such a law as a permanent institution, under the immediate pressure of a most extraordinary affliction, would be worthy of no senate out of Bedlam or Laputa.

We are, however, surprised that the landed proprietors of Ireland, in the House of Commons, should not have demanded some attention to the records of the Scotch experiment so far as it has proceeded—*valeant quantum*. The Scotch Commissioners have produced, at all events, one Report—and, considering that it is a first report from gentlemen not previously exercised in business of any similar description, we must say one of the most creditable documents of its class ever laid on the table of the two Houses. Why has no Irish Member pressed on the attention of Parliament the fact, that, so far as the experience of these Scotch Commissioners has gone, their authority is against any system of out-door relief for able-bodied paupers in ordinary times; that they have already had occasion to inquire pretty closely into the views and opinions of the local magistrates of every class, of the clergy of every persuasion, of boards for parochial administration constituted not on one scheme or principle all over Scotland, but in a variety of ways—in effect, of the whole body of rate-payers, urban and rural; and that the result is, a modest but distinct intimation that the difficulties of administering relief equitably will be insurmountable, unless something equivalent to the workhouse test be established in the Highlands, as it is already in the great towns? (*Report*, p. xxiv.)

But how does the case stand as to Ireland herself? A poor law has now been about eight years in operation there—a poor law based upon the principle that the workhouse should be the test, as well as the refuge, of destitution. The provisions of this law were framed (the Irish were told) in the spirit of that best practical wisdom which is the growth of long experience. The excellences

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cellences and defects, the failures and successes of the English system, had shown what was to be adopted and what avoided in the construction of the Irish; the active reforms which were in process of being carried out in the old law encouraged a hope that no cause or pretext for a similar process of alteration would be gratuitously overlooked in the planning of the new, and quieted the apprehensions of many by an assurance that the principle on which the new system was to be founded would be permanent. Accordingly, there was a very general acquiescence in the Irish Poor Law on the part of those on whom its exactions were to press most heavily. The probable cost of carrying its provisions into effect was estimated at an amount which was not likely to exceed three per cent. on the gross rental of the soil; and it was affirmed, that at such a cost liability to death by destitution could be prevented. Although a rate of three per cent. on the gross rental of the land constituted a tax of more than ten per cent. on the net income—landed proprietors acquiesced almost without a murmur. They saw that some poor law must be enacted,—and they were willing to give a noble contribution to its furtherance. One hundred and thirty poorhouses, each ample for the accommodation of eight hundred individuals, were to be maintained at their cost and charge. The probable expenses of such an establishment would be above four hundred thousand pounds per annum, in seasons when provisions were at a medium price; in years when prices were high, it would rise to considerably more than half a million; and the owners and occupiers of real property in Ireland were made liable to this amount of taxation, on an understanding that such would be, most probably, its maximum. What the amount will be if the changes now contemplated are realised, it would be daring to pronounce; but it is matter of reasonable conjecture that poor's-rates, if a system of out-door relief be established,—with whatever sincerity the Legislature may desire to guard its operation,—will exceed the net income of all the landed proprietors in Ireland.

And here it is only proper that we should listen to the 'Irish Gentleman,' who, in his Second Letter, thus expresses views and feelings by no means confined to himself:—'Since (he says) new 'legislation on the general subject is to all appearance inevi- 'table, surely it is high time to ask, and to urge discussion of 'the question, why the landed interests alone are to be held 'responsible for the maintenance of the poor, and to be crushed 'and effaced beneath the burden? It is no answer to plead old 'laws, or rather abuse and misinterpretation of law, in defence 'of a gross injustice. Even the great charter of the Poor-Law 'system, the Act of Elizabeth, if it expressly exempted one

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'species of property from taxation, could not justify the extension 'of a similar immunity to classes not in the same circum- 'stances with those on whom the exemption was originally be- 'stowed. But that well-known Act, if I understand plain English 'words, makes no invidious distinction. On the contrary, 'it enacts that provision for the poor shall be made by *taxation* 'on every inhabitant. Here, assuredly, is no precedent for an 'arbitrary exemption. But look to the New Scotch Poor Law '—the very recent produce of deliberation—and see whether it 'recognises any other principle than that of an equitable distribu- 'tion of the burthen. This law of 1845 left each parochial board 'in Scotland at liberty to choose for itself, among three different 'modes of assessment, the one best suited in their opinion to the 'circumstances of the parish. The first of these modes is: "One 'half of the assessment may be imposed on the owners, and the 'other half on the tenants or occupants of all lands and heritages 'within the parish, according to the annual value of such lands 'and heritages." But observe the other two equally lawful 'modes:—

'"2nd. One half of the assessment may be imposed upon the owners "of all lands and heritages within the parish, according to the annual "value of such lands and heritages—and the other half upon *the whole* "*inhabitants according to their means and substance other than lands* "*and heritages situated in Great Britain or Ireland.*

'"3rd. The whole assessment may be imposed as an equal per "centage upon the annual value of all lands and heritages within the "parish—and upon *the estimated annual income of the whole inha-* "*bitants from means and substance other than lands and heritages in* "*Great Britain or Ireland.*

'"In all these modes," say the Commissioners, "that which may be "regarded as the national principle, *that each man shall be assessed* "*according to his means*, has, in effect, been preserved."'—*Report*, p. v.

'This example deserved surely to be borne in mind when a re- 'modelling of the Irish Poor-law was undertaken by the existing 'Government. A recognition, so very recent, of the equitable 'principle deserved at least to arrest some attention. It should, 'also, be borne in mind that the burden imposed by the poor 'law in Ireland is of new creation—that, unless there be some 'attendant and equivalent compensation, it must lessen the value 'of the property on which its weight is thrown, and that every 'such partial infliction is an act of injustice. To "give the poor 'a right," and to impose on the rich a correlative duty, may be 'politic and wise; but to give a right which shall take effect upon 'one species of property only is not just or good. Religion,

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'which discourses more of duties than rights in its charitable pre-
'cepts, does not determine in this matter as our laws decide.
'"To do good, and to distribute, forget not," is an injunction
'laid upon all. "Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much,
'give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence to give
'gladly of that little." This is the language of revelation—it is
'the language, I may add, of reason—but it is not the language
'of our law. The Act of Parliament says, not, "if thou have
'*much*," but "if thou have *land*;" its injunction is, "if thou have
'much *money*, thou mayest give nothing; but if thou have little
'*land*, thou must give, however unwillingly, of (or *all*) that little."
'This, be it remembered, is of recent enactment for Ireland: and
'it is of this that a vast extension is urged: the severity of it will
'fall on existing proprietors alone; their lands, if they are com-
'pelled to part with them, will be sold at a depreciated value,
'and their successors will have an allowance for poor's-rates, as
'they have now for tithe rent-charge, in the diminished rate of
'purchase. But such considerations are not likely to be listened
'to at the moment.

> 'We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
> Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
> To lift them up, but rather set our feet
> Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom.'

'It is, I fear, too true that something of this Over-reach spirit
'sustains and exasperates the "fierce and terrible benevolence"
'which, under the form of making provision for want in Ireland,
'would impoverish the landed interests, gentry, farmers, labourers
'—would reduce the poor into irretrievable paupers—and would
'assign to the moneyed classes no other part than to look on, and
'profit, if they are so disposed, by the revolution.'—*Second Letter*, pp. 5-8.

We have thought it fair to quote the views of this writer because we know him to be a man of high character as well as high talents, of large experience in Irish affairs, and who has not stirred from his place since these distresses began. We cannot, however, allow ourselves to be considered as adopting his opinion; we think that he is himself not free from the error he justly exposes in others—that of being willing to alter the principle of English as well as Irish legislation on a very delicate subject, under the pressure of very peculiar circumstances, and on the strength of a Scotch precedent, the working of which even he cannot say has as yet been adequately tried. We must hold that the meaning of the Act of Elizabeth has been clearly settled by a long series of decisions; and it seems, in fact, certain, from the

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language of the Report, that the second and third modes of assessment under the Act of 1845 will very speedily give way to the first all over Scotland. (See p. vi.)

We must at the same time acknowledge that he seems to us to have made a strong point *ad homines* in his references to this Scotch Bill. We think the present Government would have been not a little puzzled to answer those observations if delivered in Parliament; but we are still more at a loss to guess what answer they would have received from those members of the late Government who support Lord John Russell in his new Irish project. For ourselves, we shall merely say that we do not in the least understand *how* the second and third mode of assessment legalised for Scotland by Sir Robert Peel in 1845 could have been carried into execution at all but for the machinery arranged for his income-tax of 1842; and, by the bye, if any one of our readers has continued, in spite of the Elbing letter, to doubt that Sir Robert from the beginning designed his income-tax to be a permanent one, the clauses above quoted from his Scotch Poor Bill must be quite sufficient proof that he had resolved on its perpetuity before August, 1845.

In his anticipation of the practical results of the measure now before Parliament the letter-writer has our entire concurrence. And we must be pardoned for saying that the passion for changes, involving in their consequences these calamitous results, could not be so energetic as we know it to be, if Irish landlords had been doing themselves justice before the hour of pressure came. We give them credit for much good: we believe them to be, as a body, upright, and generous, and humane; but a reputation has been formed for them, and very widely diffused, by the acts and omissions of the few, and the great majority are suffering from their not having taught the public to distinguish between their case and that of some who, among them, are not of them.

We beg to state a case with the details of which we are thoroughly conversant. Some years since, two gentlemen became purchasers of property in the same neighbourhood, and, as it happened, a part of each property was placed in the same electoral division. Our comparison shall be made on the portions thus brought under the same poor-law regulations, and, as to locality, in juxtaposition with each other. These portions constituted, each, about a ninth of the electoral division; one of them sends more than three times its due proportion—*more than a third* of the poor from the whole division—to the workhouse; the other sends *not one pauper*. The former, besides its funded pauperism deposited to this large amount, keeps up a floating capital of wretchedness apparently undiminished, sending applicants to relief-

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relief-funds, and mendicants to good men's doors, in the same proportion; while the latter maintains, in both these respects, the same noble abstemiousness. The distinction between the two properties is not of very ancient standing. At the time of the purchases pauperism pervaded both. One landlord became a resident, and bestowed almost a second purchase-money in raising the condition of some of his tenants, in removing without ruining others; and, after all this laudable exertion, he and his industrious tenantry are to be overwhelmed by the pauperism cultivated on the neighbouring estate.

We state this case as one immediately and in all its features within our own cognizance; but we shall be borne out by every man of real knowledge in Irish affairs when we add that the case we have quoted is only a fair sample of hundreds in almost every Irish county. In short, the popular voice demands the ruin of the existing race of landlords as the just retribution of whole systems of social arrangement which, as a class, these existing landlords have spent their lives in endeavouring to ameliorate in practice, but so completely fixed by law, and consolidated by time and habit, that no efforts of one generation could by possibility eradicate them as systems. For example, there is nothing we hear or read more of than the system of Middlemen; and we grant that it was an unhappy one in its origin, and that there is not a word to be said in its favour as *generally* operating in our own times. But it is a system including as many classes and genera and species as any in Linnæus—and of all these distinctions the English public are as profoundly ignorant as of the scientific details of botany. Take, however, one class of cases often dwelt upon as a fair specimen of the results. The account is too true. We ourselves have known hovels erected for the express purpose of serving as places of refuge for unhoused wanderers of all descriptions; we have known the thief, and the beggar, and the prostitute welcomed to these abodes, and have heard the sentiment of the Roman emperor travestied by the rustic proprietor of such dens, in excuse for his criminal connivance. We have had opportunity, too, to learn the history of many of these fugitive tenancies—some weeks of quiet, while the little hoard gathered elsewhere was in process of exhaustion—some weeks of timid enterprise (if honest employment could not be had) in a disreputable calling—a short space of brazen defiance when exposure had come—and then 'a flitting' to some untried region or to the workhouse. The vacated abode soon found a worthy successor, and the grasping *landlord* (so called) became secured, as in the former instance, against the only contingency which concerned him, by receiving a rent in advance.

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vance. Now, no one can affect to palliate such an abuse as this; nor do we say that it is never in the power of the tenant *in capite* to reform the evil. But can he, as the general rule, do so? We may answer by referring to a very recent fact which occurred on one of the noblest and, on the whole, best administered estates in Ireland. The princely owner was anxious to enlarge the gardens immediately attached to his chief Irish mansion by taking in a small parcel of land, part of the original crown grant to his patriotic ancestor. *He* did effect his object—but how, and at what cost? This great Lord had to buy out no less than nine Middlemen before he could at last re-enter upon the possession of his own land.

A gradual correction of this evil might be effected by the exertions of landlords favourably circumstanced; but the malign influences that are taking their advantage of the dreadful visitation of the season may destroy every prospect of this nature. The crotchety pseudo-economist, the pandar to the prejudices and passions of the English ten-pounder, and the inveterate enemy to the integrity of the empire, are all at work—to force on Parliament steps which, once taken, it will be impossible ever to recall. We have no belief that, even if the wisdom of the legislature were left undisturbed by such clamours, it could at once devise a set of laws adequate to the permanent cure of the great standing evils of Ireland. But at any rate Parliament ought not assuredly to yield to the cries for actually revolutionary changes, without examining into the possible efficacy of any existing law, were it but applied in the spirit of stricter justice, to check any mischief of which no man can deny the existence. May we hope to be pardoned even now for a word or two upon one point of this nature?

There is in the existing poor law a provision for noting excess of rent above value by a nominal fine; landlords could express their willingness to have the nominal fine converted into a real. They could propose that wherever a landlord exacted a rent exceeding by a given amount (say fifty per cent.) the poor-law valuation, he should be liable to the amount charged against his electoral division for every rack-rented tenant who passed from his land or tenement into the union workhouse. This would not be to interfere with private right—it would not prevent any man from 'doing what he pleased with his own'—it would be merely making known to him that, when he carried out his principle to the extent of doing what he pleased with his neighbour's also, he should no longer meet with indulgence.

It may be said that an enactment of this description could be evaded. Perhaps it could. The spirit of it, at least, would take effect

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effect in rendering more odious the practice it stigmatised. But we are far from thinking that it must necessarily be inoperative—it would arm an unscrupulous tenant against an oppressive landlord—giving increase of poor's rate as a set-off against increase of rent—a menace of the workhouse as an answer to the 'notice to quit'—it would thus make the worry become mutual between them—it would make the odour of the oppressor's gain more offensive in the distrust with which it was associated than it would have been in the immoralities connived at. It would eventually abridge an evil occupation. The baffled extortioner would sell; and assuredly if confiscation is to efface the existing race of Irish proprietors, the worst of the class are the best to begin with. In truth, we can imagine but one real objection to such a law: the poor-law valuation may not be, in all instances, correct. Let it become so, and we are persuaded that, for Ireland, it would be good to set it up as a standard by which rent should be legally adjusted.

When it is known that, without adequate explanation, rents shall be in the same district above and below the Poor-law valuation—one landlord letting thirty, or fifty, or a hundred per cent. above a valuation which another shows that he considers excessive—it will be readily understood that there must be discontent, and that, most probably, there is ground for it.* The Poor-law valuation has made this inequality manifest; it should suggest also the practicability of a due adjustment. Good landlords suffer much, and the peace of the country suffers; good morals and social order suffer from an evil which rarely benefits even him who inflicts it. The land which is over rented invites the incendiary, harbours the outlaw, nourishes lawlessness and discontent. Wherever crimes are perpetrated, *there* they are planned. The very prosperity of a neighbouring tenantry stimulates evil passions in the serfs of an oppressive landlord. This is natural. If, as occasionally it is found in Ireland, 'lands but divided by the running brook' shall be distinguished by squalidness and comfort, by moderate and by exorbitant rents, it is not to be accounted wonderful that the wronged and neglected shall be goaded by their miseries and by ill advice to revenge themselves on a community which disregards their sufferings. The measure we suggest would not be without its good effect in inspiring hope in the hearts even of lawless as well as wretched beings.

While we offer this suggestion, we must repeat our conviction,

* See 'Evidence taken before Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Occupation of Land in Ireland,' 581, 799, 600, 625, 702, 101, 662, 892, &c. &c.

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that the time is not ripe in Ireland for permanent legislation. It is no doubt a late hour in the history of that country and of our connexion with it, but, however mortifying the avowal, it is but the dawn of our acquaintance. It is not that we had not had abundance both of facts and sober and wise opinions placed before us. We can point to a whole library of books and treatises of various classes, many of them exhibiting the highest powers of intellect, and the most admirable felicities of language also. But all this produced little effect on even the most cultivated orders of our countrymen—and we have now evidence enough that it produced absolutely none among classes whose opinions have come to be of the most direct and commanding importance. Our countrymen in general must on a little reflection feel and admit that we are not overstating their extreme penury of real knowledge on the internal condition of Ireland. Now it is that circumstances are forcing knowledge upon them—now it is that they cannot shut their eyes or their ears—now it is that Ireland is herself proclaiming to us her secrets—now should be the time for learning all that she is willing to reveal: and the more we learn, for months yet to come, the less precipitate we shall be in rushing to conclusions on our yet imperfect information. This is the time to acquire knowledge—there is a machinery at the disposal of the legislature and government such as was never yet placed at any government's command—there is distress and perplexity over the whole face of the country and in the hearts of its smitten inhabitants, such as renders deceit or disguise very unlikely to be generally planned, and impossible to be persevered in successfully. There is an active benevolence at work, by which the characters of men are elevated to a height at which sinister views and practices are contemned; and living, as they do, in the presence of an awful visitation, we have, it is not fanciful to affirm, a further assurance of their sincerity, in that mysterious connexion which the heart acknowledges between truth and death.

This is the time to look for truth. It is not the time to legislate as if all necessary and attainable truth were known. We desire, for example, to know how we may distinguish between the landlords who respect and those who are careless of their duties, and we believe that through the intervention of the workhouse and the relief committee an unerring test is attainable. We would call for returns from the hundred and thirteen workhouses to show the cost of each union, each electoral division, *and each town-land,* from the opening of the houses to the present day. The cost of procuring such returns is not worthy of a moment's consideration. Indeed the labour to be expended on their

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their preparation would be little more than a graceful excuse for the employment of a few of the labour-rate officials, on whose hands unoccupied time may hang too heavily. Were the books of the workhouses kept as they ought to be, such a return could and should be made, weekly, by the clerk of each union. Once begun by the answer to a parliamentary inquiry, the value of the returns would be too manifest to allow of their being ever afterwards neglected A comparison between unions, divisions, and town-lands would be, in no small degree, a comparison of their respective proprietors, and an appeal to an authority which no such parties can disregard—the tribunal of public opinion. This would be an important step in the progress of inquiry. The next should be to obtain, through relief committees, the social statistics of their respective electoral divisions, distinguished into the several town-lands;—the population and the circumstances of each—what was the principal employment of the inhabitants—the extent of their holdings and the nature of their tenure—the amount of the rent for which they were liable—the poor-law valuation of their tenements—whether their landlord was resident—whether he were a middleman or a proprietor in chief. The relief committees should also be required to return the names, ranks, and occupations of all who contributed to their funds—the amount of their voluntary contribution, direct or indirect, and the per-centage on the gross proceeds of their property, at which they were rated for the poor and for county charges. Such returns, owing to the manageable extent of the relief districts, could be made at no very great expenditure of cost and labour; they would requite a far greater outlay of both than is necessary for their production.

The reports from the Relief Committees would, we believe, do more than any other possible class of documents towards revealing the extraordinary elements constituting a very large proportion of the lower population. We have some indications of what their nature would be in the pamphlet of Mr. Shafto Adair, who has been devoting himself during some months past to the care of the suffering people on his father's estates in Antrim. This gentleman tells us that in the town of Ballymena, which may contain 6000 inhabitants, the applicants for employment at the first meeting of the committee were in number 230:—they were all enrolled—but on inquiring, there were but 'very few' among them of whom any resident in the town had any knowledge—who were recognised in the slightest degree by any one of the eight clergymen, Protestant and Romanist, combined zealously in the anxious labours of the occasion. In the end it turned out that none of these men had ever done a day's work of any sort in their lives. They

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They had all been mendicants, but nevertheless not migratory. All passed their nights in the town—but their days had been spent from youth upwards in begging potatoes from door to door in the country about. Except a shilling gained now and then by some casual job on a market-day, not one of them could show that he had ever earned a penny by anything that he could pretend to call labour. Not one of them knew how to hold a spade or a hoe more than the naked oyster-hunter of the coasts of Kamskatka. And Ballymena has flourishing manufactures—and it is in the midst of the best-regulated of the Irish provinces. (*Adair*, pp. 9—11.)

The social condition of such a country as this being at last laid bare to the general apprehension of the British public, its grievances and compensations clearly stated and calmly weighed, we could afford to leave its political activities to the vigilance and energy of the police, who will repress outrage and explore conspiracy, and to the speeches and pamphlets of the various parties in which Irish patriotism has its incarnations. We do not speak in scorn of any one of these ardent sections, but we firmly believe that Government, under the present state of things, will incur no risk by postponing its consideration of political parties in Ireland. At any time, perhaps, to reason with one principal class of agitators would be a superfluous labour: to be diverted by such a task now from the work of real and momentous importance would be as idle as weak.

And, in truth, it may be fairly urged, that the most seasonable argument which Great Britain can advance in reply to the representations employed against her, is the exhibition of earnest good will towards the whole people of Ireland. It is *by good offices* the invectives of her adversaries can best be refuted and turned aside. The truth is not to be disguised, that there has been a very considerable diminution in the cordial attachment towards this country once felt by a preponderating portion of our Irish fellow-subjects. If such a feeling can be thoroughly re-established, faction will subside into inactivity, and, if it persist in vexing the public ear, its ravings will be harmless. It is formidable and embarrassing so long only as it finds meet audience *in a people*. It may become powerful, if it can frighten, or worry, or delude the State into concessions which shall give it new hold on the allegiance of its multitudes, and corroborate its allegations that it moves, *or that it virtually is*, the Government.* Ireland is not

* The effects of one experiment may be sufficient to explain the nature of our apprehensions. We confidently affirm that the establishment of this National System of education was in itself a movement, and one of vast importance, in the direction of Repeal.

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not in a condition to be intrusted with the care of herself. She has elements of power, and even of greatness, but they are not reduced to order; were England to abandon her, they would be elements of ruin.

The duty of England is manifest; it is not to indulge the passion or caprice of daring visionaries, or even the will of an abused people, but to consult for the common good, and to see that Ireland derive more benefit from connexion with us than in the worst days of old she seemed to suffer wrong. A great work has been well begun in the liberal outpouring of relief from individuals and from the State; let care be now taken that neither faction nor precipitancy mar the good that is in progress. A poor-law may relieve and stimulate industry; it may also have the effect of perpetuating and extending pauperism. We are not disposed to seek or to find objections against that merciful law, the Act of Elizabeth, but we feel that a main part of the excellence of every law is its suitableness to the circumstances in which it is to be set in operation.

Repeal. Its great rule, acted upon as it has been by successive cabinets, has already cost England not a little of that best stay of national connexion, the spontaneous affection of Protestant hearts.

Nor should this disastrous result occasion surprise. The rule of the National Board (and through all variations it never lost its original character), comprehensive and impartial as it has been represented, is, in fact, most partial and intolerant. It was framed for a country in which two religions were at issue—Protestants holding that, as matter of the last necessity, the Bible should be read in the national schools, Roman Catholic *ecclesiastics* insisting that it should be prohibited. Keeping this antagonism in view, the National Board had as its duty to frame rules suitable to the circumstances; and in the judgment to be pronounced, was free to favour one or other of the parties, or else to remain neutral. The latter was the course which one would most naturally anticipate. The Commissioners of Education had a choice of three courses —either to require the reading of the Scripture in schools—to make no rule whatever respecting it—or to adopt the principle of the Church of Rome. If they decided for the reading of Scripture, they had to fear the discontent of three thousand Priests; if they determined against it, the whole Protestant body would think themselves wronged; if they determined against favouring either party, or affirming either principle, many, no doubt, would feel regret; but no person could feel that his adoption or rejection of the national system was more than a matter of individual concern. Instead of allowing their rule to be violated, had the Commissioners of Education abstained from framing it, Romanists and Protestants could have alike given their aid to carry the new scheme into execution. The patron in each several instance would have been answerable to God and his own conscience for the practice adopted in his school. The scheme would have been tried under very diversified circumstances; the piety and wisdom of the country, and the charities of social life, would have been brought to the aid of a comprehensive design, and, where no man's principle was assailed, every man's good feelings would have been quickened into beneficial exercise. Meantime the National Board would have retained the funds, and could have withheld them whenever a grant seemed inexpedient. A different course was chosen; the Commissioners were pleased to found the national schools on the distinguishing principle of the Church of Rome, and thus to widen division between two portions of the Irish people, and to cause an estrangement of Irish Protestants from old notions of loyalty and true zeal for the British empire.

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On looking to the Poor-Law Act already in operation in Ireland, it forces a very important peculiarity on our attention. An ecclesiastic cannot be a poor-law guardian in Ireland. Ministers of the Established Church pay a very heavy rate on their incumbencies, and yet they can exercise no control over the expenditure of the funds to which they largely contribute, nor exert directly a beneficial influence on the condition of poor persons for whom they are solicitous. We know very well that the regulation originated in a kind intention towards our clergy. The reason is plain; but is it a sufficient reason for abandoning a great principle of our law,—a reason for taxation without representation? Further, it implies an attempt to carry out a law under the disadvantage of having its most efficient instrumentality annulled or incapacitated. The beneficed clergy would be, in Ireland, the most natural mediators between the great proprietors and the poor. One with the landlords in interest, one with the poor from duty and in that sympathy which professional intercourse induces, they are the very persons who would moderate best between the two parties; and the unhappy circumstances of the country compel the rejection of them. Should there not be a change in the law, adapting it to the changed instrumentality through which it is to be administered?

The number of individuals who would require aid from the poor-rates in Ireland, exceeds, beyond all proportion, the poor of England in that day when the statute of Queen Elizabeth became law. A poor law was designed, in part, to retard the increase of population, not to overtake it in the various stages of progressive and rapid enlargement. Further, there are parties of much power and influence who have a direct interest in assuring relief to paupers while keeping them estranged from the workhouse, and these parties who have but slight concern in the augmentation of the poor-law liabilities. It is plainly the interest of large numbers of the Roman Catholic clergy that out-door relief be given, and comparatively very few of their body are much concerned in the charge which will be thus imposed upon the electoral division. It will be a result for which we should not be unprepared, if the principle of out-door relief be conceded, to see the gentry and farmers in the south and west of Ireland impoverished, occupants of small farms gradually, but not slowly, melting away into the swelling mass of pauperism, the clergy of the Established Church suffering confiscation through the rates unequally imposed upon them, and the whole process of revolution directed to its final issue by a body of clergy who pay little or no share of the general contribution, and who may draw great gains from its artfully-directed outlay. It is a most pleasing duty to acknowledge

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acknowledge that the Romish clergy, with rare exceptions, have during the pressure of this great calamity acquitted themselves in an admirable manner; but we must not on that account forget for a moment the unhappy results of their general practice in forwarding, not discouraging, one of the most fatal of all the sources of misery and guilt among the poor of Ireland.

A poor law should be administered in a spirit of charity. But charity is not indiscriminating. Establish a rule of out-door relief, and, in spite of all ingenuities of subordinate regulation, you will speedily find that you have confounded all distinctions between the honest and the vicious, the industrious few and the idle many, among the Irish poor. The evil of such a rule is too well known in England to require exposure; but it ought to be kept in mind that the rule which was law and tradition amongst us is as yet unknown to Ireland. Legislation had *to reform it here:—there* it will have *to impose it* upon a people on whom its influence will be still more prejudicial. *To create* a right to out-door relief in Ireland, is to allure one-half of the rural population into pauperism—it is to pronounce agrarian outrage legitimate—it is to create offices, which will be well paid, for incendiaries—it is to convert the whole face of the country in many districts into, not a workhouse, for work will not be done, but into haunts of laziness and vice—it is to demand of every man, honest enough to withstand spoliation, that he shall hold his life forfeit to the assassin in any moment that finds him unarmed and unguarded—it is to arrest civilization in its progress, to oppose the manifest purpose of God, that Irishmen shall be raised to the common lot of labour; and to reduce a people to that state, the worst and darkest of all, in which honest industry has no hope, and idleness no apprehension for the future. The workhouse makes a distinction between the pauper and the poor—it serves too as a main drain or great receptacle, into which elements unfavourable to the moral wholesomeness of rural life are discharged. The profligate and the pilferer, as well as the incorrigible beggar, can be forced within its shelter, and society at large lightened of their presence. We have known instances of thanksgiving on the part of farmers on whom the poor's-rates pressed very heavily, that they had their reward in a secure and quiet neighbourhood. How will these persons feel when their taxation is increased for the purpose of keeping the plague among them; when they must deny themselves and stint their children, to pay for having vice and vicious example permanently stationed at their doors? Is it to be expected that under such a trial parents or children will resist contamination? There will be a legalised scramble for property: will they not soon insist on snatching at their part? There will be idleness and

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and intemperance, and qualities to give it the attractions of something better than brute riot; and the British Government will compel industrious poor men to pay for the maintenance of this agency of corruption. If the evil is to be done, let it be accompanied by some semblance of a corrective. Let there be laws of coercion prepared, and penitential asylums ready. Let each electoral division have its station of police—let each poor-law guardian or officer have his body-guards—let something be done to show that the State, while catering to the appetites and passions of the disorderly and idle, does not wholly contemn the interests of human souls, or account the lives of virtuous subjects altogether without value.

We give Mr. Poulett Scrope credit for most sincere humanity; but he is a man of lively imagination, and the extent to which he has become blind to the plainest facts in this case is truly lamentable. In direct opposition to this gentleman, we must say it is absolutely necessary to keep our eyes fixed on the great and hitherto unquestioned fact, that the root of all the misery of Ireland is the aboriginal idleness of the people—that hatred of regular labour which has always characterised them ever since history began. More than five centuries ago Giraldus Cambrensis thus described them:—'Given they are to idleness above all things: they count it the greatest riches to take no pains, and count it the most pleasure to enjoy liberty.'* It is now two hundred and fifty years since the great author of the Argenis depicted them as seen before the potato had been heard of:—'Their dwellings, not rising above the stature of a man, are in common to them and their beasts. Wonderful is their indifference as to shelter and food, from their immemorial habitude of poverty. Their slothfulness is such that the culture of their fertile soil is a thing almost unknown. They content themselves with pasture and the natural ease with which cattle can be sustained in such a territory as theirs. In base idleness they wear out their lives; and the sufferings abundantly caused by such a course of barbarism they will rather meet by patience than by exertion —(*incommoda ex eâ barbarie frequentia patientiâ quam laboribus malunt refellere.*)'† We can hardly conceive how this state of things should have survived—if it had not been for the introduction and abuse of the potato. Fatal has been the facility with which masses of men could thus obtain the means of animal existence. Most pernicious has been the boon that prolonged exemption

* We give the translation of Camden in his 'Hibernia.'

† Satyricon, Pars iv. cap. 4.

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from that primeval ordinance which associated labour with *human* life.

'Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.'

It has been much the same in the Western Highlands, the only part of Scotland where the race is purely Celtic—where the *Erse* is still the language of the people—where the coasts swarm with a population depending for their subsistence almost entirely on small patches of potato-ground, and inveterately averse even to so very light a labour as that of the fisherman.

It seems to be expected by many that the terrible lesson of this famine will of itself be sufficient to generate an universal and permanent distrust of the potato system even in Ireland. We wish we could partake in this expectation. Our anticipation, on the contrary, is, that the potato disease will prove a visitation as transitory as the cholera, and its warning be as soon forgotten by the poor; that the diminution of the population will but place new facilities at the command of survivors disposed to renew and prolong the ancient slothfulness of that ruinous barbarity; that the potato-gardens will flourish again, and no such paradise want either its woman or its devil; that the thinned swarms will very speedily be denser than ever; and, finally, that the only permanent change produced will be the addition, in the form of an extended poor-law, of an enormous stock of hitherto unknown temptation to the indulgence of the national hatred of toil. And the cunning of the race is as proverbial as that hatred. They are endowed with natural capacities of no mean order—they are, perhaps, unequalled among northern populations for quickness of imagination, fertility and ingenuity of device. The really difficult question is that started by Mr. Adair—whether even the workhouse test would be found ultimately an effectual one. Our doubt is, with him, whether the workhouse might not, when time had overcome the original prejudice against it, turn out a Castle of Indolence. But certainly it does astonish us that we should have it gravely proposed, and by the very statesmen who based their great Poor-law Reform in industrious England upon the principle of the workhouse test, to dispense with that test in Ireland—substituting no other which any man who knows Ireland can suppose to be in the least efficient.

In the first of Mr. Nicolls's Reports to the Secretary of State (Sect. 15) we have this striking sketch of the very distressed winter of 1837-8:—

'The desultory and idle habits of the Irish peasantry are very remarkable. However urgent the demands on them for exertion,—if, as in the present season, their crops are rotting in the fields from excessive wet, and every moment of sunshine should be taken eager advantage of, still, if there

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there be a market to attend, a fair or a funeral, a horse-race, a fight, or a wedding, all else is neglected or forgotten; they hurry off in search of the excitement and the whisky that will abound on such occasions; and with a recklessness hardly to be credited, at the moment that they are complaining most loudly of distress, they take the most certain steps for increasing it.'

We could fill our Number with pictures of the same complexion from the last few months—but in the presence of so much real misery we are willing to be silent. We shall not ask how many sturdy Irishmen that were getting high wages on the railways in the north of England and west of Scotland rushed over to their own country, because 'they heard the Government was to give light work to everybody.' We shall not repeat what the newspapers have truly told about the scramble for Government light work on the part of substantial men, who ought to have been rate-payers themselves—and the *speculating* on the chance that the Government would in the end cause their fields to be tilled for them. Every word that we said in our last Number about the insane folly of the '*public works*' has been since confirmed from every quarter:—there could be no use in again dwelling on that most disgraceful and disgusting topic. It will be sufficient to copy a few sentences from one of our last letters:—

'Nobody can get people to till the land because they are paid at least sixpence a-day more for doing nothing on Mr. Labouchere's roads than they ever had earned by the plough. . . . . A lady was implored to enter a cottage to see the father of a family dead, for whom they could not buy a coffin. She went in—took a look at the corpse, gave the widow a sovereign, and came away—but she had dropped her *tear-wiper*, and went back to get it, and there she found the corpse sitting up and holding the sovereign to the light. You will suppose the lady's name was *Mrs. Hubbard*.'

Before we leave our own immediate and very serious subject, we hope it is quite unnecessary to explain that our repugnance to out-door relief by no means applies to such an extension of mercy during a season of extraordinary calamity. As a temporary measure it must be of necessity to enlarge the powers of those who are to provide for the destitute. When the workhouse is full, it is a plain duty to relieve distress elsewhere. Our objection is to a permanent system of out-door relief for able-bodied men anywhere—but especially in the case of a Celtic population.

There is indeed one species of relief not given in the workhouse which we would most gladly see afforded to the rural population of Ireland—it is care of their sick. There are, no doubt, dispensaries within limits not altogether impracticable, and there are county infirmaries, and there are fever hospitals attached to

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to the union workhouse. All this does not meet *the* want—we do not hesitate to say *the great physical want*—of the poor. The poor man's abode is not the suitable place of rest or recovery for sickness; and yet the removal to a distant hospital, and the fatigue and cost of the journey, cause home with all its discomforts to be preferred. Well-aired rooms, cleanliness, judicious care, and proper nourishment, would often, in the course of a week or fortnight, remove ailments under which, in their ordinary state, the afflicted languish long; and were these advantages afforded in the neighbourhood of the sufferer's home, there would be no drawback on the good they are capable of accomplishing. We would bring them near. There should be an infirmary in every electoral division, with beds for ten patients, a good nurse to preside over it, a physician to pay it periodical visits, and a dispensary annexed. The cost of erecting and furnishing each house of this description would not exceed 500*l.*; the expenses attendant on each would not amount to 200*l.* per annum, exclusive of medical attendance; and four could be with much ease superintended by one physician. A million of money laid out in the erection and furniture of the houses, 400,000*l.* allocated to the annual expense of their support, would not be too much for the good to be obtained by the outlay. Many a time one protracted sickness—protracted because of the ill appliances amidst which it was endured—has changed utterly the condition of a family, reducing it from a state of humble comfort to hopeless penury. Many a time the disease, which timely removal to the infirmary would have arrested, makes progress through a family and neighbourhood, and inflicts evils from which there is no recovery. And many a time, too, the remoteness of a competent physician places life and health at the mercy of some uninstructed but adventurous practitioner, whose remedies may be more pernicious than the disease. In parts of Ireland where in-door labour contributes much to the revenues of the household, sickness has a paralysing influence on the family. One uneasy head may suspend the labour of three looms; and, in many an instance, pain is concealed until it becomes disease, that the labour necessary for the day's support be not interrupted. An infirmary at hand would be a happy refuge in cases of this description. Many a family, we feel persuaded, who are now inmates of the workhouse, would have been earning a comfortable subsistence by honest industry, had resources of this description been accessible to them in a time of trouble.

We are in the presence of such a visitation as has never perhaps been

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been witnessed in any period of high general civilization—as Lord Stanley well compressed the truth, 'A famine of the thirteenth century in the middle of the nineteenth.' The spectacle is more terrible than the poet's dream of the infernal regions. Here, as

> '——————— in the jaws of hell,
> Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell,
> And pale diseases, and despairing age,
> Fear, want, and famine's unresisted rage'—

but his picture is poor and dim compared to the mighty visible tragedy, rendered only the more grim and dreadful by the grotesque accompaniments of fraud, knavery, and jobbing. To argue and declaim, in the midst of such a crisis, upon the general arrangement of things in Ireland, is like fighting about theories of shipbuilding in a storm. These questions, however grave, are all perplexed and difficult—and they can all wait: a brief postponement of them will involve no evil which may not be repaired; to produce them is to distract attention when it ought to be concentrated, and to provoke a recurrence of the evil from which Ireland has suffered more than any country in the world—precipitancy of legislation.

What an opportunity was lost at the commencement of the alarm! A minister of unrivalled talents, of the maturest experience, with the entire confidence of the Crown and the Peers, a great and steady majority in the House of Commons, very general respect and confidence on all sides, no doubts or hesitations in any section of the Conservative party but what half-a-dozen plain words could have dispersed in an instant; the only feasible competitors for office low in spirit, all but hopeless; and all the external relations of the country in that condition of ease and security which might be counted on as the natural state of things while a Lord Aberdeen was at the Foreign Office, and the Duke of Wellington sat in the Cabinet—what good measure was there that Sir Robert Peel might not have carried without any difficulty whatever? And when was there such a moment for the display of the resources of a great intellect and a masculine character? If Sir Robert Peel, understanding and anticipating, as he certainly did, far more clearly and fully than any other statesman in England, the nature, the growth, and the ultimate magnitude of the evil as respected the potato cultivation, had proposed any temporary regulations whatever for the relief of the immediate wants of the Irish, coupling with their announcement a set of vigorous plans for the instant encouragement of every possible effort to substitute other crops for potatoes;—if he, knowing so well as he did the habits of the Irish, the natural indolence and childish

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childish want of foresight among them, had spared no exertion to do for the mass of them what the proprietors of all but the semi-barbarous portions of Scotland, and of all those parts of England that were much affected by the first failure in the potato-crop, actually did for the people under them—if he had taken such a course as this, instead of jumping into the arms of the League—mutilating his ministry, fracturing his party, destroying confidence at home and abroad, and all for the value of a measure which was no sooner passed than repealed; a measure of sweeping, headlong innovation, against which he had been speaking and voting for more than thirty years of public responsibility; and which, first, as being proposed by him, and secondly, as being proposed at a crisis of extraordinary excitement, could not but be met with the deepest suspicion and distrust by all who remembered his career; if he had proved the man when the hour came,—how different would at this moment have been his own position; and, what we are sure he must feel far more keenly, what a heap of imbecile administration and still growing misery and destitution might have been avoided! What blessings might he have bestowed! What a glorious fame might he have fixed! But, distinctly foreseeing the consequences, he would yield to the vain temptation before him—he would strike the blow that he knew was to leave his own hand palsied, and place the country, when beset by the worst and deadliest of internal dangers, in the keeping of those whom he had always known and a hundred times proved to be entirely incompetent for conducting either our finances with discretion, or our police with firmness; or of maintaining that attitude of dignity in the sight of the world at large which is essential to the tranquillity of Europe; and in the absence of which we never can be safe to deal with great Irish questions so as either to satisfy England or benefit Ireland.

Before these pages are published the House of Commons will, no doubt, have passed Lord John Russell's Relief Bill by a very large majority, and under such circumstances it may seem ridiculous to attempt further discussion. But we must be allowed to state our personal knowledge that some of the most important votes have been given, not on conviction of the wisdom of the measure, but in spite of a most clear perception of its dangerous tendency—solely, in short, upon that fatal principle that 'the movement is irresistible,' and that 'since the thing must be, it had better be carried with as much as possible of the appearance of unanimity.' This weak and unworthy principle has already been acted upon too often. Let the House of Lords, on this occasion, assert their dignity by doing their duty. If they con-

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ceive that matters have gone too far for them to be safe in rejecting the bill, let them at least do what there can be no risk whatever in doing—let them insist on the bill being, in the first instance, of temporary authority only—let them limit the ministerial experiment, say to two years. That a most daring experiment it is, its authors will not venture to deny—a full sense of that fact is implied in every *official* speech that has yet been delivered; and we are certain that the proposition to limit the operation until it can be tested by some experience, will be at heart approved by every member either of the late or the present Government who has had any considerable personal acquaintance with Ireland:—excepting, of course, those (if such there be in high places) who have seriously made up their minds that, for a mere chance of benefiting the most barbarous class of the Irish people, it is consistent with duty and justice to incur the all but certainty of destroying every class above them.

ART. IX.—*The Life and Correspondence of the Right Honourable Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth.* By the Hon. and Rev. George Pellew, D.D., Dean of Norwich. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1847.

WE have on former occasions stated some general objections to biographies written by very near relations, and published before personal interests and passions can have so far subsided as to afford a sufficient freedom of judgment to either the biographer or the critic. It is scarcely possible that a work of this class should not be marked by a too strong partiality of the writer to his subject: and our readers will not expect that the Life of Lord Sidmouth by his son-in-law has overcome the difficulties and disadvantages to which such a biography is essentially liable, and from which those of Mackintosh, Romilly, and Wilberforce were not exempt. But we must take the good and evil together. If we are not to have biographies thus favourably coloured, we shall have few—if any—that are worth having. Families will not communicate their papers and commit the characters of their relations to unfriendly, or even indifferent, hands; and it must be confessed—and especially as to politicians—that the temple of Truth would be a very precarious and perilous passage to the temple of Fame. We are content to accept, even from the master-mind of Tacitus, the *Panegyric* instead of the *Life* of Agricola; and with a kindred pen we may be well satisfied, if it fulfils the first portion of the celebrated precept—*Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* We shall be

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be therefore less disposed to complain of the natural and amiable bias under which the Dean of Norwich writes, than to endeavour candidly and amicably to correct it.

But there is another defect, very minor indeed, but still prominent enough on the face of these pages to deserve some notice. Horace Walpole says, 'I love the light parts of a great character.' But there is no part of a biographer's duty so difficult as to discriminate among these lighter matters, and to select *quod tollere velis*, from the variety of trifles which float along the surface of human life. In this selection a fastidious reader may, perhaps, think that the Dean—influenced, no doubt, by his recollections of Lord Sidmouth's own conversation—has not always been successful. It has been observed that the Chair of the House of Commons seldom fails to impart to its occupants a certain florid stateliness of diction and demeanour, like what would be called in common life *pomposity*—a sort of theatrical air, which, assumed at first as a duty of their public station, becomes a habit of their private life. To this Lord Sidmouth was no exception; and indeed his natural temperament was so genial, and his affections so warm, that he was additionally disposed to assign a too emphatic value to the persons and incidents with whom and which he happened to be connected. With this amiable weakness his biographer shows too much sympathy, and has swelled his work—perhaps to the extent of a third—with minor circumstances, and above all with a complimentary correspondence, which few readers will think worth the space they occupy. In another edition we should venture to suggest the omission of all these *testimonia obscurorum virorum*, which, however kindly intended, certainly add nothing to Lord Sidmouth's reputation.

In the last preliminary point on which we shall touch—delicacy towards the survivors or near friends of those who were actors with or against Lord Sidmouth in the conflicts of the times—it must be admitted that the Dean of Norwich has conducted his narrative with great delicacy and discretion. This reserve, however—so becoming the character and station of the Dean and his relation to the Addington family—could not, it is obvious, be maintained in the history of a life essentially polemic without some sacrifice of vivacity and vigour, and—may we not add?—of historical justice. But besides the natural good feeling of the author, there is another motive which must have tended to restrain the freedom of his pen: it happened, from a strange concurrence and complexity of circumstances, that there was no public man of Lord Sidmouth's time—Pitt or Fox—Grey or Grenville—Sheridan or Tierney—Perceval or Ponsonby—Liverpool or Wellesley—Castlereagh or Canning—with whom it was not Lord Sidmouth's

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Sidmouth's peculiar fortune to stand in the successive and alternate relations of ally and antagonist. It was once pleasantly said (we are not quite sure whether by Windham or by Canning) that Addington was like the *small-pox*, and that every administration must *have him once*. Of that text these volumes are a curious and copious exposition. Everybody knows or knew the scattered facts; but we think this concentration into one view of Lord Sidmouth's political alliances will surprise the ordinary reader, as it has certainly startled us; and, what is still more curious, it appears that, in all these schisms and amalgamations, Lord Sidmouth was himself most conscientiously persuaded—and that goes a great way in persuading the rest of mankind—that he acted with the most perfect consistency and on one undeviating line of principle. We shall discuss this curious problem in more detail hereafter; we only notice it here to account for the *couleur de rose* which tinged so remarkably his own, and consequently tinges also his biographer's retrospect of himself and of all his contemporaries, except, perhaps—if indeed it amounts to a distinct exception—*Mr. Pitt*. Mr. Canning would have been a more vivid one, but that the gentle temper and delicacy of the Dean of Norwich keep that hostile figure so entirely in the back-ground as to be scarcely visible, unless, indeed, to use Tacitus's famous Hibernicism, he becomes more conspicuous by his unaccountable absence. This interesting point, also, will be further examined in the course of the summary which we shall now proceed to give of the more important portion of these volumes, which, amidst some superfluity of minute circumstances, contain much original and valuable information on the state of parties, and what we may call the arcana of personal politics, hitherto imperfectly or partially known.

We must begin by apprizing our readers, once for all, that we do not profess to follow the details of Lord Sidmouth's public life. We take for granted that they already know, better than any sketch of ours could trace, the chief historical events of the period; we must content ourselves with noticing as much as we can find room for of the more prominent points of his personal history, and of such political circumstances as receive any new light from this publication.

Henry Addington was born on the 30th of May, 1755, the elder of two sons of Dr. Anthony Addington, an eminent physician, and the familiar friend of the great Earl of Chatham, who —as our readers will recollect (Quart. Rev., June, 1840), and as these volumes further show—was occasionally employed by Lord Chatham in those little *souterrain* negotiations to which, by a strange contradiction, that high and haughty mind was willing to

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to stoop. This created an early acquaintance between their sons; but of this, says Dr. Pellew, 'very few particulars have been preserved:' and we see many reasons to doubt whether it was so very intimate as has been supposed. Pitt was prepared under 'the prophetic eye' of his father for Cambridge. Addington, after passing four years at Winchester School and two years more under Dr. Goodenough, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, who prepared a few pupils for the university, proceeded to Oxford. At Winchester he formed some of the closest connexions of his after-life; particularly with Huntingford, one of the assistant-masters, whose worth and learning his grateful pupil, long after, rewarded with the bishopric of Gloucester — and Charles Bragge, who subsequently assumed the name of Bathurst, married Addington's youngest sister, became a member of his government, and was, after his elevation to the peerage, the spokesman of his small but not unimportant party in the House of Commons. At Oxford began his friendship with Lords Wellesley, Stowell, and Colchester, which with the two latter grew into very close alliance, and lasted (as indeed it seems to have done with all his early friends *but one*) undiminished to the tomb.

He was so early designed for the bar as to be admitted to Lincoln's Inn while yet at school—not, however, in January, 1771, as the Dean states, but in 1772—still unaccountably soon. There, about 1780, he began to reside for the closer pursuit of his legal studies, and then it probably was that his childish acquaintance with Pitt, now following the same object in the same place, may have been renewed and ripened into intimacy. Pitt, though two years younger, outran his friend, was called to the bar and went the circuit in 1781; while Addington's studies were interrupted in the September of that year by his marriage, and in 1783 finally abandoned, as is stated (vol. i. p. 30), for the political views opened to his ambition by Pitt's precocious advancement to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Shelburn's short administration. There seems, however, to be here some anachronism or error, for we find (though it is not noticed by the Dean) that Addington was *called to the bar* in May, 1784, five months after Mr. Pitt had become Prime Minister, and just a month after his own election for Devizes—a borough in which Mr. Sutton, who had married his second sister, had the predominant influence; and this seat he filled till his peerage.*

It

* Dr. Pellew a little overrates the honour done to Addington, by insisting on his 'unanimous election through the confidence which his pleasing manners created in the *inhabitants*.'

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It seems somewhat strange, considering the very familiar friendship which is supposed to have existed between them at that period, that Addington should have had no official or even parliamentary share in Pitt's triumph over the Coalition. This we suppose is to be accounted for by what the author calls 'his more than common reluctance to take a part in debate,' which resisted the invitation of Pitt and exhortations of Bragge, and, adds the Dean, 'had considerable influence on the contingencies of his future life.' It is indeed very remarkable that, except in seconding the address at the very formal requisition of Pitt in 1786, and again in 1787 on a *horse-tax*, and once in 1788 on the Regency question, he seems never to have spoken before his election to the speakership. His early call and long confinement to the chair must no doubt have confirmed this natural indisposition or inaptitude for the athletic struggles of debate; so that when, after seventeen years of spectatorial silence, he was at last forced to descend into the arena, he was found to be no match for his competitors. In the presence of such masters as Pitt and Fox, of the electric power by which popular assemblies are excited, captivated, and subdued, it is not surprising that Addington's plain good sense, unadorned by anything like oratorical graces, and by no means improved by his too pompous delivery, should have seemed unequal to the dignity and importance of his position. This, and the narrowness of the base on which his ministry had been (perhaps under Pitt's advice) originally constructed—though not the immediate causes of the overthrow of his Government—were the main sources of the ridicule and disrespect which prepared that catastrophe: but of this too we shall see more hereafter.

Though Addington took so little part in debate, he was diligent in committees and studious to acquaint himself with the forms and business of the House; and of this application he received a very early and unexpected reward: for the first public act of His Majesty's recovery after the great Regency crisis (9th June, 1789), was to approve his election to the chair, vacated, after only five months' tenure, by Mr. Grenville's removal to the House of Lords. On this subject Addington used to tell,—

'In August, 1788, Lord Grenville passed a month with me at Lyme. One day we visited Lord Rolle at Bicton, and were speculating on the

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inhabitants.' Devizes was a close corporation, in which Mr. Sutton's influence would have been equally efficacious for any one not decidedly objectionable. We cannot allow the old system to be defrauded of the merit of having introduced Lord Sidmouth into Parliament—where he probably would never otherwise have arrived. The instances of any of our eminent statesmen having been the produce of populous constituencies are very rare.

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probable successor to the then Speaker, Cornwall; giving it as our opinion that we neither of us had any chance, and that Mr. Edward Phelips, of Montacute, would be the most eligible person. Within twelve months we were both Speakers ourselves.'—vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

For the chair he was eminently well qualified—a commanding figure, a handsome and dignified countenance, a clear and sonorous voice, a gracious manner, an imperturbable good temper, youth, health, and strength, with unwearied diligence and patience, and a peculiar aptitude for that species of formal business in which the Speaker is so particularly engaged.*

Very soon after his elevation to the chair, the fluctuating and objectionable mode of remunerating the Speakers partly by fees and partly by sinecures was brought to the attention of the House, and a net salary of 5000*l.* was proposed, and would have been unanimously voted, but that an amendment, increasing it to 6000*l.*, was carried by a division of 154 to 28; and we notice this incident chiefly to show the theatrical modesty—vulgarly called humbug†—with which it was the fashion for Speakers to treat the House;—for the minority, composed of Addington's particular friends, were certainly the 28 gentlemen of the whole House who were most anxious for the 6000*l.* against which they voted.

In December, 1792, occurred what is called the dagger scene, in which Mr. Burke produced and threw down on the floor of the House a dagger, which had been sent from France to Birmingham as a pattern for a very large order, and which had been put into his hands as he was coming down to Wesminster. The Opposition (as Addington related, and as we heard from one of themselves) endeavoured to raise a titter at this exhibition, which Burke, collecting himself for an effort, at once extinguished, recalling the seriousness of the House by a few brilliant sentences, of which Lord Sidmouth's memory preserved the conclusion.

"Let us," said Burke, "keep French principles from our heads, and French daggers from our hearts; let us preserve all our blandishments in life, and all our consolations in death—all the blessings of time, and all the hopes of eternity."—vol. i. p. 98.

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* We hope we may be excused for adding to this portrait of Addington, the general opinion that the present Speaker—the son of one of his steadiest friends—is, of his five successors, the person who most nearly resembles him in a combination of qualities for that very peculiar office.

† We venture to use this term on this occasion under good authority. A member passing the chair one evening whispered Speaker Manners Sutton that he was going away to escape the *humbug* of such a person's speech. 'Sir,' replied Sir Charles, with comic gravity, 'I wish you would learn to speak more respectfully of the quality most indispensable for duly filling this chair.'

On

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On the 29th of June, 1793, Addington, attending at the levee, first saw Sir Edward Pellew, who that day received the honour of knighthood for the first and one of the most brilliant of our naval triumphs—an earnest of the still higher services which led that great officer to the successive honours of the baronetcy and two peerages. Addington, like a true-hearted and well-judging Englishman, was an enthusiastic admirer of the naval service. His acquaintance with Pellew ripened into a cordial friendship, political as well as personal, which was in after years knit still closer by the alliance of Lord Exmouth's third son, the author of this work, with Lord Sidmouth's second daughter.

It is new to us that about this time he was offered the Secretaryship of State, but Addington very wisely declined exchanging a position in which he was an object of general respect and favour for the difficulties and anxieties of political office.

In 1795 the House of Lords concluded the trial of Warren Hastings by a general acquittal. Concerning this defeat of what Mr. Burke strangely thought the most important labour of his life (*Burke's Cor.*, iv. 343), he addressed to the Speaker half-a-dozen letters in a strain of indignant regret, marked, like all his proceedings from first to last in this affair, with an extravagance, an enthusiasm of hostility to Hastings, for which we have always felt ourselves unable satisfactorily to account, and which contrasts strangely with the general benignity of that pure heart and bright intellect, and sadly with his pathetic allusions to the recent loss of his son, which has left him, he says, 'a poor, feeble, undone creature in a desolate old age!' (vol. i. p. 144.) His heart was broken, but, towards Hastings, not softened.*

In the part of his work at which we are now arrived the author introduces some of Lord Sidmouth's anecdotes of Mr. Pitt, which we are surprised to find so few, and some of them hardly worth telling. But we know so little of Mr. Pitt's private life, that we are glad 'to lose no drop of that immortal man.' Lord Sidmouth

* From the *fatras* of Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs we are glad to be able to extract one discriminating paragraph. Dr. Burney had attended Mr. Burke's funeral, and his daughter writes to him :—

'How sincerely I sympathise in all you say of that truly great man! That his enemies say he was not perfect is nothing compared with his immense superiority over almost all those who are merely exempted from his peculiar defects. That he was upright in heart, even when he acted wrong, I do truly believe; and that he asserted nothing he had not persuaded himself to be true, from Mr. Hastings's being the most rapacious of villains to the King's being incurably insane.

'He was as generous as kind, and as liberal in his sentiments as he was luminous in intellect and extraordinary in abilities and eloquence.

'Though free from all little vanity, high above envy, and glowing with zeal to exalt talents and merit in others, he had, I believe, a consciousness of his own greatness, and shut out those occasional and useful self-doubts which keep our judgments in order by calling our motives and our passions into account!'—*Mem.* vol. vi. p. 115.

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himself, as was the fashion of the time, was of a very convivial turn, and would say of his great friend, what might be said of himself, 'he liked a glass of port wine very well, but a bottle better'—

Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

On one celebrated and single occasion Mr. Pitt came into the House with Dundas, both under some influence of wine; for which the Speaker's decorum gently chided him next morning, by saying that it had so disturbed the clerk at the table as to give him a violent headache. Pitt replied, that 'he thought it an excellent arrangement that *he* should have the wine and the *clerk* the headache' (vol. i. p. 153). This was the occasion of one of the epigrams of the 'Rolliad:'—

'*P.*—I cannot see the Speaker!—Hal, can you?
D.—Not see the Speaker? hang it, I see *two*.'

Pitt was, Sidmouth thought, the most fascinating companion he had ever met with, and had a peculiar talent of improving the sentiments of any one he talked with, and returning them to him in a better dress.

'Once, he said, he dined at Pitt's with Dundas and Adam Smith, when the latter said to him after dinner, "What an extraordinary man Pitt is!—he makes me understand my own ideas better than before." '—vol. i. p. 151.

This we can very well believe. Adam Smith said once to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his pompous, dictatorial way, that he made it a rule never to talk of what he understood (*Boswell's Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 356); and as he talked, so there seems reason to suspect that he sometimes wrote, what he did not himself very clearly comprehend. It is too droll and too characteristic to be omitted, that after this dinner Mr. Speaker wrote a *sonnet*, yea, a sonnet to *Dr. Adam Smith on his Essay on the Wealth of Nations*—the sonnet being, as might be expected, about as poetical as the subject (vol. i. p. 151).

'Mr. Walker, a large cotton-manufacturer, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Blackburn, M.P., once waited on Mr. Pitt, as a deputation on the state of the cotton-trade, when Pitt so succeeded in reconciling them to his own views, that Walker said to Blackburn, on leaving Downing Street, "one would suppose that man had lived in a bleaching-ground all his life." '—vol. i. p. 151.

Yet, Lord Sidmouth remarked,

'How Pitt got his mass of knowledge no one ever knew. He was hardly ever seen after his accession to power with a book in his hand; sat late at table; and never rose till eleven, and then generally took a short ride in the park.' 'He must, therefore,' adds Dr. Pellew, 'have extracted

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extracted information from those he conversed with, as plants imbibe nutriment from the air around them.'—vol. i. p. 151.

One of the most characteristical features of Pitt's mind was its hopeful spirit. Addington writes to his brother, Aug. 3, 1795:—

'The accounts from Quiberon and the West Indies are deplorable in the extreme. If it be a truth, that "magni est animi semper sperare," which I believe it is, Pitt is an illustration of it, as I have ample reason for saying, from a letter which I received from him yesterday.'

As a still stronger instance of the 'surprisingly hopeful temperament' of Pitt's mind the Dean gives us the following letter:—

'Downing Street, Sunday, Oct. 4th, 1795.

'My dear Sir,—By the last Paris papers, which reach to the 1st, I rather think the Convention will carry its point, though it is not yet clear that it will be without a convulsion. The accounts from Sir J. Warren [off Quiberon] do not promise much on that side, and those from the empire grow worse every day; but I am still sanguine that the line we talked over will bring us speedily to a prosperous issue. I am going next Thursday, for a week or ten days, to Walmer, and hope to return with my budget prepared to be opened before Christmas; and if that goes off tolerably well, it will give us peace before Easter. Ever yours, 'W. P.'

'Never,' adds the Dean,—

'Did a great and wise man indulge in a more rash prediction. At that period the blessing of a permanent peace was at the distance of twenty years.'—vol. i. pp. 156, 157.

Mr. Pitt was undoubtedly mistaken. But, in justice to his sagacity, it should be recollected that, while he was writing, the great crisis of *Vendémiaire* was in suspense, and that, but for the victory obtained on the very next day by Barras over the Sections of Paris, Mr. Pitt's expectations would probably have been fulfilled. That day—the celebrated 13 *Vendémiaire*, one of the most important in its results that the world has ever seen—produced *Buonaparte*, and with him a long series of consequences that no human foresight could have anticipated.

On the 27th of September, 1796, a new parliament assembling, Addington was, for the third time and without a dissentient voice, elected Speaker; and a short session closed with gloomy prospects, which the ensuing year awfully confirmed. It was cheered, indeed, at its outset by the victory of St. Vincent, and at its close by that of Camperdown; but the failure of Lord Malmesbury's negotiation at Lisle, the rapid successes of Buonaparte in Italy, and the disgraceful peace imposed on Austria—the financial crisis that suspended the cash payments of the Bank, the mutiny in the fleet, and, in short, the portentous darkness of the horizon in every quarter at home and abroad, during this eventful year, 1797,—were

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were enough to confound the wisest and terrify the bravest. And here we meet a short and apparently slight passage, which we feel it to be our duty to examine. From a letter to the Speaker from Pitt, when setting out for a short holiday at Walmer, is quoted this sentence :—

'Meanwhile, I will write to you as fully as I can respecting public prospects, and particularly finance, on which, as the essential point, I have been lately working most.'—vol. i. p. 183.

On this the author observes—

'Of the fulfilment of the above promise unfortunately no epistolary proof remains; but probably this was the period to which Lord Sidmouth alluded in the following statement, which many years afterwards he made to the author:—"*Pitt told me, as early as* 1797, *that I must make up my mind to take the government.*"'—vol. i. p. 183.

And this is thrown in by the Dean without any further explanation, and in the ordinary course of his narrative. Now, we must say, first, that Mr. Pitt's stating that he would communicate to the Speaker his views on the public prospects, particularly finance, was no more than, as the whole volume shows, he was in the frequent habit of doing, and cannot, in the slightest degree, justify a surmise that he had any intention whatsoever of quitting the helm at that awful moment. And as to the statement of Lord Sidmouth, that Pitt, as early as 1797, told him '*that he must take the Government*'—we must take this opportunity of stating that, with perfect confidence in Dr. Pellew's accuracy, and (though, of course, in a less degree) in the goodness of Lord Sidmouth's memory, we receive with considerable doubt these hearsay anecdotes, which, even if exactly reported—which they seldom can be—may, from the absence of explanatory circumstances, give, unconsciously on the part of either narrator, an erroneous version of the real case. For instance: Dr. Pellew states, in one place, that Lord Sidmouth *told him* that Lord Grenville had *told him* that he, Lord Grenville, *knew the author of Junius*. Now, here is a plain fact told in unambiguous words, vouched by the most respectable authority; and which yet we cannot credit, because we *know* that Lord Grenville to his family and familiar friends—those with whom he talked most confidentially—did repeatedly and constantly declare (as we believe his nearest surviving relative, the Right Honourable Charles Wynn, can attest) that 'he *knew* nothing of the author of Junius, and had only *conjectures*, the grounds of which he did not intend to disclose.' So, likewise, as to the statement now in question, that Mr. Pitt thought, in 1797, of devolving the government upon Lord Sidmouth, we are convinced there must be some grave mistake, either in the precise terms employed, or their date,

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or the interpretation now given to them. Mr. Pitt might have talked of some eventualities—sickness, death, &c.—which might remove him, and, in such a case, of Addington's succeeding him; but not, we are satisfied, of his voluntarily quitting the helm. It may be said that he did, four years later, actually resign the government into Addington's hands. This, as we shall see, when we arrive at that period, is not exactly the case; but if it were, the then state of affairs was not merely different, but directly opposite. But we need not rest our disbelief on mere inferences, for we have, in the adjoining pages of this very work, proofs, as conclusive as negative proofs can be, that Mr. Pitt could not have had, in 1797, any such design as Lord Sidmouth's anecdote seems to imply. On the 21st of January the Dean records that the failure of the negotiation at Paris

'Had by *no means dispirited* the Minister, who wrote to the Speaker in his usual *sanguine and dauntless* strain.'—vol. i. p. 182.

Again; about the close of the session Dr. Pellew says that—

'The despondency which pervaded the nation is strongly indicated in all the letters received by the Speaker, *excepting those of Mr. Pitt*, which still breathe the language of *confidence*.'—vol. i. p. 191.

And again, some months later, Mr. Pitt writes:—

'If the spirit of the country keeps up, which I trust there is not much reason to doubt, I am more and more satisfied that *I see my way* to what is right, safe, and honourable.'—vol. i. p. 192.

And again, about the middle of October he has prepared

'The outline of a scheme of finance in the event of the continuance of *the war for one or two years;* and I have persuaded myself that it contains nothing that ought to be thought impracticable or even grievous, if the country feels a just sense of its situation, and of the stake depending.'—vol. i. p. 193.

Can there be, we ask, any probability—nay, any possibility—that Mr. Pitt, feeling such 'dauntless confidence,' and thus planning a budget for two prospective years of war, could have ever thought, 'as early as 1797, that Addington *must take the Government?*'

This has been a long commentary on a short passage, but it is a compliment we pay to the historical importance of Dr. Pellew's work, and a tribute of justice to the memory of Pitt.

Parliament met in November, and Mr. Pitt opened his war-budget, one feature of which was tripling the assessed taxes; and on this occasion Addington appeared for the first time, and with no great credit, as a financier. The Speaker thought that this taxation measured by expenditure, might not reach the case of opulent persons whose expenditure was smaller than their income, and who might *wish* to contribute more largely to the exigencies

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exigencies of the state; he therefore proposed in committee a proposition, 'which he had often meditated,' to permit such persons an opportunity of coming forward by voluntary contribution. This clause, though so much at variance with either financial principles or the tendency of human nature, was, we are told, met by such a generous enthusiasm in the country that it produced *two* millions—a prodigious sum, too large to be permanent; and accordingly the Speaker's 'long-meditated' expedient was repealed in the following year—but it was, perhaps, the germ of the Income Tax.

In 1798, the Speaker, animated by the martial spirit of the times, accepted the command of a troop of yeomanry cavalry:—

'My study,' he writes, 'exhibits a curious scene: the journals are diversified by helmets and sabres; and a book of military tactics is now lying upon my table in close contact with the orders of the day.'

We can remember that the fine figure and consequential air of the Speaker emerging from the wig and gown in a gay cavalry uniform was one of the amusing topics of the day.* About this time occurred an incident in which Addington's conduct seemed to partake more of the cavalry officer than of the Speaker of the House of Commons. On the 25th of May, in a debate on the vote of seamen which was not very patriotically opposed by Mr. Tierney, Mr. Pitt indignantly declared that '*no man could oppose it in the manner Mr. Tierney had done unless it were from a wish to impede the defence of the country.*' On this, Mr. Tierney appealed to the Speaker, who, as Dr. Pellew admits, was censured, and not by the Opposition only, for not having sufficiently exerted his authority both to redress Mr. Tierney's complaint, and to prevent the obvious consequences of Mr. Pitt's refusal of any explanation; but we were not aware of the full extent of the blame fairly attributable to the Speaker until we read the following statement (i. 205) dictated by Lord Sidmouth to the Dean in February, 1841:—

'On the day afterwards, which was Saturday, I was dining with Lord Grosvenor, when a note was brought me from Mr. Pitt, stating that he had received a hostile message from Mr. Tierney, and wished me to go to him, which I did as soon as the party at Lord Grosvenor's broke up. Mr. Pitt had just made his will when I arrived. He had sent, in the first instance, to Mr. Steele to be his second; but finding that he was absent, he sent next to Mr. Ryder (the present Lord Harrowby). On the following day [*Whitsunday!*] I went with Pitt and Ryder down the Birdcage Walk, up the steps into Queen Street, where their chaise waited to take them to Wimbledon Common. Unable to rest, I then mounted my horse, and rode that way. When I arrived on the hill, I knew, from seeing a crowd looking down into the valley, that the duel was

* We believe that a not dissimilar exhibition—minus perhaps a little of the *consequence*—may be now occasionally seen in Hampshire.

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then proceeding. After a time I saw the same chaise which had conveyed Pitt to the spot mounting the ascent, and riding up to it, I found him safe, when he said, "You must dine with me to-day." Some one afterwards observed, "The Speaker knew of the meeting, and ought to have prevented it;" but Lord Chatham remarked that I could not have taken any step so injurious to his family: in fact, as I had received the information from Pitt himself, my interfering would have looked too much like collusion. Lord G. and Mr. W. went to the ground as friends of Mr. Tierney, and remained there all the time.'

This—considering that the Speaker ought to have stopped the affair *in limine*, and was in duty bound to an official and indeed judicial impartiality—seems to us to savour too much of the Sir Lucius O'Trigger style. The Dean adds that Lord Sidmouth did not seem to think that he had committed any error on the night of the altercation, but that he was 'not equally satisfied with himself for his non-interference to prevent the subsequent breach of the laws of God and man.' Of this repentant feeling we see little trace in his own statement; and the truth, we believe, is that Addington was a warm-hearted, gallant creature, who, well as he loved form, loved his friend better, and his friend's character best of all; and would in his own case have preferred settling any such matter by the sword than by the mace. This misplaced chivalry, however, was no excuse either for the partiality he showed, or the sanction he lent to a scandalous breach of public morality.

We have no further personal notice of the Speaker till the Committee on the Irish Union on the 12th February, 1799, in favour of which he made a long and well-reasoned speech (i. 233), of which however the point most important to his character is what he did *not* say—

'that he would *not* now offer an opinion as to the expediency, in the event of a union, of extending to the Catholics of the empire generally a more ample participation in the privileges enjoyed by Protestants.'

We can hardly doubt that at this time he must have had at least a suspicion of the disposition of Pitt and a section of the Cabinet to obtain the co-operation of the Irish Roman Catholics by further concessions, and though this cautious paragraph avoids a premature avowal of opinion either way, we are satisfied, from the context of the speech itself, from Addington's character and principles, and from *contemporaneous impressions* which we are old enough to have received, that Dr. Pellew is right in thinking that the Speaker had already, notwithstanding his affectionate deference to Pitt's opinions, made up his mind to resist any further step towards Catholic emancipation. This indication is not unimportant.

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The correspondence between Pitt and Addington, heretofore chiefly employed on matters requiring the *Speaker's* technical advice, seems to have now become more frequent and familiar. None of Addington's letters are produced, and Pitt's are of little interest. We should, however, out of respect to a great name, have made some extracts from them, but that we have before us more matter essential to the history of Addington than we can satisfactorily make room for. We must not, however, omit the following view of the intimate and affectionate relations existing between them at the close of 1800, when they spent together at Addington's country-seat, Woodley, near Reading—three not unanxious yet happy weeks—the last time they were destined to meet in the unleavened cordiality of private friendship :—

'Unfortunately, the early meeting of Parliament deprived Mr. Pitt of the opportunity of seeking the permanent re-establishment of his health by a visit either to Bath or Cheltenham ; and compelled a resort, during the little leisure that remained, to such temporary expedients as might patch him up for the ensuing campaign. He therefore offered himself as an invalid guest to be nursed at Woodley, which place he reached on or before the 19th of October, and where for about three weeks he was attended to by his friend, with all that affectionate anxiety which belongs to so tried and almost fraternal an intimacy. Writing to his brother on the above-mentioned day, the Speaker observed :—

'"Pitt is now here. It is to me most gratifying that his wishes anticipated mine, and led him to think of Woodley before I proposed it to him. It is, of course, desirable that his indisposition should not be talked of. He is certainly better, but I am still very far from being at ease about him. Sir W. Farquhar is to be here on Tuesday, and it will then be determined whether he is to remain here or proceed to Bath or Cheltenham. My opinions and wishes incline the same way. He wants rest and consolation, and I trust he will find both here. The feelings towards him, not of myself, for of those I say nothing, but of others under this roof, are really not to be described." '—vol. i. p. 266.

The first parliament of the United Kingdom assembled on the 22nd of January, 1801, and Mr. Addington was for the fourth time called to the chair—little suspecting that circumstances destined him to but a few days' occupation of it.

And here may be said to begin the peculiar and characteristic value of this publication. The authentic documents found in Lord Sidmouth's repositories, and especially the autograph correspondence of George III., are of considerable interest, and, taken in conjunction with the '*Malmesbury Diaries*' and the '*Life of Eldon,*' will help to clear up some important points both of public history and private character.

On the propriety of printing the confidential correspondence of the King with his Minister, the Dean of Norwich seems to

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have shared the scruples which our readers know we have long had on such publications. We need not here repeat our reasoning on the principle; it is enough to say that the proceeding in this individual case is exempt, we think, from any reasonable objection. A small portion of the King's correspondence on the change of ministry in 1801 was published (from other sources) in 1827 by Dr. Phillpotts,* and, more recently, the larger collection of Lord Eldon; and we really think that the production of the sequel now given cannot be thought indecorous or premature: it seems, on the contrary, due to the historical character of Pitt, Addington, and the King; and it makes no revelation of which any one can we think have a right to complain.

Of sundry errors which this publication will dispel, the first is the notion so generally accepted that Mr. Pitt's resignation and Addington's appointment was a kind of illusory arrangement—'a juggle,' as it was called—of which the Catholic question was only the pretext—the real object being to enable Pitt to escape not merely from his supposed pledges on that subject, but from what was much more urgent—the responsibility of a war which he felt that he could neither carry on nor terminate with credit or even safety. This very general and not unreasonable hypothesis we have twice before contradicted, on the authority of Lord Eldon and afterwards of Lord Sidmouth himself.† These volumes now afford *in extenso* the real facts of the case. It has also been the fashion with a certain class of writers to misrepresent still more indecently George III.'s opposition to Mr. Pitt as arising from mere *insanity*—all his scruples as the crazy wanderings of a disordered mind. This is just reversing *cause* and *effect*. No doubt the King's mind was constitutionally so sensitive and excitable that any great anxiety had a tendency to disorder it; but it is the *converse* of this proposition that his detractors, contrary to all fact and reasoning, assume; and in the particular case now under consideration—the most important question of his whole life—we shall find the King acting with sober and rational consistency on the principles which we know he had announced at the first dawn of these discussions in 1793 and 1795. When he found that the danger, which had been described to him as imaginary or very remote, was thus suddenly and violently forced upon his personal responsibility, it was very natural that it should create anxiety and even indignation; but it

* These were two letters of the King to Lord Kenyon in 1795; and two others of Mr. Pitt to the King (31st Jan. and 3rd Feb. 1801), and two answers from his Majesty (1st and 5th Feb.). *Extracts* of the letters of the 31st Jan. and 3rd Feb. are reprinted in the present work. We think both Mr. Pitt's and the King's should have been given entire, to complete the case.

† Quarterly Review, vol. lxxiv. p. 90, and vol. lxxv. p. 454.

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did not impair—and indeed seemed rather to improve, in proportion to the importance of the occasion—his habitual good sense, nice feeling, and sound judgment. We doubt whether any of his subjects could have shown essentially more good heart or more good head than George III. did during the whole of this painful struggle. His spirit carried him through the contest, and, like the athlete of antiquity, failed him only when he had reached the goal. We wish we could find room for every line of the entire series of royal letters, but we are forced to confine ourselves to those that are necessary to establish and explain the historical facts of the case.

Parliament had met on Thursday, the 22nd of January, 1801; after the election of the Speaker the re-swearing of the members proceeded, and the session was to be opened on Monday, the 2nd of February, by the usual speech from the throne. We beg our readers to observe these dates. The Cabinet had, it seems, for some time (but we know not exactly how long) been deliberating on what was called Catholic emancipation; but, strange to say, the King had been kept in entire ignorance of it:—

'Earl Spencer informed me that the question on the Roman Catholics has been under consideration ever since the month of August, though never communicated to me till Sunday last' (Feb. 1st).—*The King to Mr. Addington, 7th February*, 1801.—vol. i. p. 298.

As the measure, however, was necessarily to be mentioned in the speech from the throne, it must be, at last, communicated to His Majesty, but it is evident that Mr. Pitt knew enough of the King's mind to be unwilling to do it in person. Mr. Dundas and Lord Grenville seem therefore to have been employed—about a week after Parliament had met, and four or five days before the speech was to be delivered—to break the matter to the King:—which they appear to have done timidly and imperfectly, stating it not as a *determination of the Cabinet*, but as an '*intimation* of their own *opinion*,' which they believed 'Mr. Pitt also *favoured*.' And it was not till Saturday, the 31st of January, that Mr. Pitt screwed up his courage to communicate the real state of the case to the King, and then only in a letter which reached His Majesty the very day before the speech was to be delivered, beginning thus:—

'Downing Street, Jan. 31st, 1801.

'Mr. Pitt would have felt it, at all events, his duty, previous to the meeting of Parliament, to submit to your Majesty the result of the best consideration which your confidential servants could give to the important questions respecting the Catholics and Dissenters, which must naturally be agitated in consequence of the Union. The knowledge of your Majesty's general indisposition to any change of the laws on this

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subject would have made this a painful task to him; and it is become much more so by learning from some of his colleagues, and from other quarters, within these few days, the extent to which your Majesty entertains and has declared that sentiment.'*—vol. i. p. 290.

It would seem that this tardy communication was known to the quidnuncs in the street almost as soon as to the King; for Lord Malmesbury's Diary mentions it under the same date (1st Feb.), adding that Pitt—

'Either from indolence or from, perhaps, not always paying sufficient attention to the King's pleasure, had omitted to mention the fact ministerially till he *brought it at once* for his approbation.'—*Malmes. Cor.*, vol. iii. p. 1.

Here is, however, a slight mistake: it is clear that Mr. Pitt had never seen His Majesty on the subject at all. His *first* communication was the letter delivered on the 1st of February, which may be said to have at once opened and closed the question; for it contained the first and only distinct announcement of Mr. Pitt's views, and concluded with Mr. Pitt's offer, or, perhaps we might say, menace, to resign.

The communication to which Lord Malmesbury referred was probably that made by Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas, which, it appears, by Lord Colchester's Diary † (vol. i. p. 311), was on the 29th of January; though it is possible, as also stated by Lord Malmesbury, that something may have passed between the King and Mr. Windham at the levee of the 28th. It was, we suppose, at this interview of the 29th that Mr. Dundas having endeavoured to answer the King's scruples about the coronation oath by drawing a distinction between his *personal* and *legislative* duties, the King stopped him short with a homely rebuff—'*None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas.*'

In the evening of Thursday, the 29th, the Speaker, while entertaining company at home, and entirely unconscious of what was going forward, was surprised by a long letter from the King—the first he had ever received—stating, after a gracious apology for calling on him, His Majesty's '*apprehensions* that Lord Castlereagh' (who was not in the Cabinet) 'intended, *during the ensuing session*,' to bring forward the Catholic claims, and then proceeding—

* This is one of the letters published by Dr. Phillpotts, and reprinted by us *in extenso*, Quarterly Review, vol. xxxv. p. 285.

† Mr. Abbot, a college acquaintance of Addington's, became, when they met in Parliament, one of his most intimate friends. He kept (how regularly is not stated, but during the period now before us) a journal which has been communicated to the author by the present Lord Colchester, and affords, next to the royal correspondence, the most accurate, confidential, and valuable materials of the present work. Lord Colchester was a man of singular acuteness, accuracy, and discretion, and with ample access to the best sources of information; and if there be much more of his journal, and that it at all answers the specimens here given, it must be, we think, very curious and valuable.

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'It is suggested by those best informed that Mr. Pitt favours this opinion. That Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas do, I have the fullest proof; they having intimated as much to me, who have certainly not disguised to them my abhorrence of the idea, and my feeling it as a duty, should it ever be brought forward, publicly to express my disapprobation of it, and that no consideration could ever make me give my consent to what I look upon as the destruction of the Established Church; which, by the wisdom of Parliament, I, as well as my predecessors, have been obliged to take an oath at our coronations to support.' His Majesty then urges the Speaker to endeavour, '*as from himself*,' to open Mr. Pitt's eyes on the danger of agitating the question, and to prevent his ever speaking to the King on a subject on which, adds His Majesty, 'I can hardly keep my temper' (vol. i. p. 286). The reader will here observe that the King did not yet know that the measure had been determined on in the Cabinet so as to be made a topic of his Speech—he only *apprehended* that Lord Castlereagh might bring it forward in the *course of the session*—was informed no further than that it was *suggested* to him that Mr. Pitt *favoured* that opinion—and that, having found Grenville and Dundas, two of Pitt's most intimate friends, disposed the same way, he had recourse to the Speaker—a third, if possible still nearer, friend—to use his private influence to prevent Pitt's ever speaking on the subject. Thus, then, it is certain that the King was taken entirely by surprise, and that Mr. Addington became involved in this affair—by no arrangement with Pitt, by no prospect of office, nor by any kind of personal object whatsoever; but only—for the mere purpose of inducing Pitt, by friendly interference, to continue the same silence that he had up to that date (a week after Parliament had met) maintained towards His Majesty.

In this amicable mediation Addington thought for a moment that he had been successful; for we find His Majesty acknowledging, on the 31st, a letter from him in these terms:—

'Queen's House, Jan. 31st, 1801.

'The King has just received Mr. Speaker's letter, and is highly pleased at the just grounds to hope that Mr. Pitt will see the impropriety of his giving countenance to a proposition not less big with danger than absurdity.'—vol. i. p. 287.

This hope was deceived, and next morning, as we have said, the King received from Mr. Pitt the first formal notification of his resolution, which seems to have been a kind of surprise to the Cabinet as well as to the King; for his Majesty writes to Addington on the 13th of February—

'Mr. Dundas assured me that he did not know of Mr. Pitt's first letter till after I had received it (1st February); and he protests that he did not look on the last *conversation* on the enabling the Catholics to sit in

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in both houses of Parliament as a final decision, but explains it *as those of ministry who remain*, do'—vol. i. p. 805—

that is, we presume, as a subject for consideration and discussion. Here, however, professing to be disciples and humble followers of Mr. Pitt, reverencing him, we may almost say, 'on this side idolatry,' we must confess that we are unable to repel Lord Malmesbury's censure, or to account satisfactorily for his not having obtained the King's sanction before he permitted Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, the Lord-Lieutenant and Secretary for Ireland, to pledge the Government to any further concessions, and for his protracted silence during the long period those communications were going on. The only excuses that suggest themselves to us are that he was not fully aware of all the proceedings in Ireland, or that, as Mr. Dundas's statement to the King seems to suggest, he considered them only as *projects*, which took no precise and tangible shape in his own mind till close upon the meeting of Parliament. We know that, when proposing the Union in 1799, he made the prospects of any such measure depend on a more favourable temper of the times (vol. i. p. 279); and though we should be amongst the last to doubt of the propriety of his final determination, we can very well believe that he was to a very late moment in some degree of hesitation. If he had not been so even as late as November, it seems very unlikely that he should not have at least *sounded* the Speaker on so important a point in the three confidential weeks that they passed at Woodley, which it seems certain he did not, and, on the whole, we incline to think that Mr. Pitt's reserve towards the King may have arisen from his not having made up his own mind either on the extent of the concession, or the exact time and form in which he should produce it. This is the only reply, *valeat quantum*, that our present information enables us to make to Lord Malmesbury's observations. We had hoped that this publication would have afforded some better explanation, but it does no more than corroborate, as far as it goes, the essential points of Lord Malmesbury's statement.

It has been, however, alleged that the King's mind had been previously prepared and poisoned against Mr. Pitt's proposal by secret advisers:—and this imputation, fortified by an erroneous interpretation of some passages in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, has been in some subsequent works so malignantly magnified into charges of intrigue and treachery, that we must embrace the opportunity of placing this matter in its true light—and the rather because the Dean of Norwich has given us no original information on the subject, and seems to acquiesce, not indeed in the injurious imputation, but in the misinterpretation on which it rests.

We begin by reminding our readers of the real character of Lord

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Lord Malmesbury's diaries. There can be no doubt of their accuracy and truth, so far as he himself is concerned—that is of his stating the matters as they appeared to him at the time he was writing—not history, but—a *journal*, in which he noted down the rumours of the day as they reached him; and though he was in general exceedingly well informed, these floating rumours were often inaccurate—sometimes false, and always of course liable to be tinged by personal and accidental feelings: we therefore frequently find the assertion of one day modified or contradicted by the explanation of another. Looked at altogether, weighed, balanced, and compared, Lord Malmesbury's Diaries are excellent materials for history—but not so, insulated passages and occasional opinions. The question before us is a case in point;—when he mentions, under date of the 1st of Feb. 1801, that Mr. Pitt's tardy proposal was ill received by his Majesty, he adds, with a sneer prompted by his personal dislike of Lord Auckland, that 'he and Lord Chancellor Loughborough took care that it should reach his Majesty in the *way most likely to displease him.*' This mode of stating the matter conveys the idea that Mr. Pitt's secret was maliciously or treacherously revealed to his Majesty in such a way as to increase if not create his displeasure against his scheme: and in another passage Lord Malmesbury says that Lord Auckland was supposed to have employed the Archbishop of Canterbury in this intrigue, and then adds, 'if this be true, Lord Auckland made a mockery of religion,' &c. &c. But Lord Malmesbury admits subsequently some facts that obviate this censure on Lord Auckland: first, the Archbishop had married Lord Auckland's sister—what therefore was more natural than that Lord Auckland, not of the Cabinet nor in confidence with Mr. Pitt, should acquaint his brother-in-law of the rumour of a matter so nearly affecting his Grace's peculiar duty and station? Lord Malmesbury further states that the 'Archbishop consulted the Bishop of London and the Primate of Ireland, and they both agreed that it was his duty to speak to the King.' (vol. iii. p. 16.) Who can doubt that it was so? and what possible blame is imputable to any of the parties, except indeed to Mr. Pitt, whose reserve had exposed the King to the mortification of hearing, through a circuitous channel, what he should have first heard from his minister? But finally we have an admission which throws a doubt over the whole story, and at all events defeats the *particular* object with which it is told,

'The Archbishop,' says Lord Malmesbury, 'wrote to the King, *then at Weymouth;* and the King wrote a long letter to Pitt, expressing his knowledge and disapprobation of the measure. Yet did Pitt take no pains to prepare him afterwards for it, but brought it forward *ex abrupto.*'—vol. iii. p. 21.

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The King left Weymouth early in October. So that, according to Malmesbury's own ultimate story, Lord Auckland's interference, so far from being an intrigue which exploded on Pitt in the closet in February, 1801, had produced an open and candid communication to him of the King's opinion *four months earlier*. The affair thus explained would be natural and creditable to the King and his supposed advisers; but there must be still some mistake even in Lord Malmesbury's last version as well as his first, for we have the King's own evidence that till Sunday the 1st of February he had had no communication whatsoever with Mr. Pitt on that subject.

Equally easy and still more important is it to refute the charge which some recent writers have raised, on Lord Malmesbury's slight and afterwards retracted innuendo, of Lord Chancellor Loughborough's having betrayed his colleagues' secrets to the King and exasperated him against them. His colleagues' secrets! Why the secret was neither his nor theirs, but the *King's*, and known to them only as the King's servants; and if the Chancellor *had* told the King *his Majesty's own secret*, would he not have done his indisputable duty, and would it not have been highly dishonourable—nay, constitutionally criminal, if the Lord Chancellor, a privy-councillor—a cabinet minister and in the peculiar trust of *Keeper of the King's conscience*, should knowingly have kept him in ignorance of a secret that touched his conscience so nearly? We insist on this point on general and constitutional grounds; but, in the particular case, it turns out that no defence is necessary—for Lord Malmesbury tells us that the Chancellor was kept in greater ignorance than the King himself, and was not aware till the 4th February, when the misfortune was complete, that these differences existed. He knew, of course, that the Irish question was under discussion during the summer, and took his share in the deliberation; but he does not seem to have known that Mr. Pitt had taken his line upon it and brought it to a crisis. We find in the appendix to these volumes a document, on the envelope of which George III. had written with his own hand—

'*The Lord Chancellor's Reflections on the proposal from Ireland of emancipating the Catholics.* Received Dec. 13th, 1800.'

Under which Addington had written,

'*From the King:—given to me in February*, 1801.'

This paper is a strong but temperate argument against the extension of the political privileges of the Roman Catholics, proposed in a '*paper of Lord Castlereagh's*,' which had, we suppose, been sent over in the summer and *circulated*, as it is called,

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called, amongst the cabinet for their observations. It is clear, from the form and style of Lord Loughborough's *Reflections*, that they were intended, in the first instance, for the information of his colleagues, and we find from a subsequent note in Lord Malmesbury's Diary (vol. iv. p. 20), that this paper was drawn up at the time the subject was discussed in cabinet in August, 1800, and communicated to the Duke of Portland (and probably to his other colleagues) so early as the first days of *September*, five months before Mr. Pitt communicated the matter to the King. It was, perhaps, on some renewal of the subject in December, that this paper was, as it certainly deserved to be, placed by the Chancellor in his Majesty's hands. It is even now interesting for the ability and temper with which Lord Castlereagh's 'paper' is considered; and for the—we regret to confess—too prophetic apprehensions of how little was to be hoped, and how much to be feared from the proposed experiment, which it foretold would inflame instead of allaying the distractions and disaffection of Ireland.

It is interesting in another respect also to the characters of the King and Lord Loughborough. 'It is now,' says Lord Brougham, 'generally believed that the fancy of the Coronation Oath which acted so powerfully on the King's mind, was devised and suggested by the subtle mind of Lord Loughborough.' This, we think, the *Reflections* go far to disprove. The King we know had consulted Lord Kenyon, as far back as March, 1795, on certain legal doubts arising out of the Coronation Oath. These doubts were in the King's own autograph; but, though it is very probable that the King's original scruples as to his own oath were spontaneous, we have always thought that the legal points in support of his Majesty's views were suggested by a lawyer—probably the Chancellor of *Ireland*, Lord Clare—but certainly not by Lord Loughborough. This impression the *Reflections* fortify — for, had the doubt on the Coronation Oath been a favourite crotchet of his, it is hardly credible that, although the Test Act and the Oath of Supremacy, and indeed all the other legal impediments or guards, are enumerated and commented on, there should be no allusion whatsoever to the *Coronation Oath;*—and on now looking into the paper more closely one is surprised at its silence on that as well as the congenial topic of the *conditions* on which the Hanover family enjoyed the crown: nor is it likely, if the King had been assured of Lord Loughborough's concurrence on this favourite topic, that his Lordship should have been kept in ignorance of all the proceedings at the end of January, when the question

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question of the Coronation Oath was uppermost in the King's thoughts. So that on the whole we are satisfied that the scruple was not suggested to him by Lord Loughborough.

But the Chancellor did not reject the whole of Lord Castlereagh's proposals; there was one portion of them which he approved of; and as it is, we think, of great prospective importance, though not exactly belonging to our present object, we cannot refrain from noticing it.

After summing up his ably-argued and temperately-worded opinion against any further grant of political privileges, Lord Loughborough proceeds to observe on another proposition of '*Lord Castlereagh's Paper*,' the *payment of the Roman Catholic clergy*. To political concession the Chancellor declares himself hostile; but—

'The state of the Catholic clergy *is quite a distinct consideration*; it ought to have been taken up when the laws that proscribed the exercise of their functions were repealed; at that time it was unfortunately neglected, but *it cannot be too soon resumed*. That the clergy of a tolerated sect of religion should feel a certain dependence on Government is a *wise and liberal policy*: the mode of creating that dependence is a subject of much delicacy. It must not be such as to impair their influence over their people, nor lessen their respect, and therefore cannot be entirely precarious. *The Government is stated to have already entered into some engagements on the subject, and they ought to be fairly fulfilled.*'—vol. i. p. 511.

The Chancellor goes on to consider, in the same favourable view, the details of such a measure. We most earnestly recommend to those of our readers who doubt about the recommendation we have heretofore ventured to urge for A STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY OF IRELAND, the clear and unambiguous advice and reasoning of Lord Chancellor Loughborough—the ablest supporter of George III.'s anti-catholic scruples—which advice and reasoning that Protestant and most conscientious monarch appears to have communicated, in the awful struggle which he was then making against political popery, as the rule and guide of his selected Protestant minister Mr. Addington—who we shall see by and by fully adopted Lord Loughborough's, and we presume his Majesty's, views, on this subject. This question already stood on the firmest grounds of reason and policy; but we are not sorry to present it to our readers with the express authority of Lord Loughborough and Lord Sidmouth, and with the obvious sanction of King George, the most steady and powerful champions of the old principle of Protestant ascendancy. We beg leave here to refer to our former statements (Q. R. vol. lxxvi, p. 278) of the proceedings

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ings of Mr. Pitt's and Mr. Addington's ministries in reference to this most important subject: and we take this opportunity of repeating our solemn admonition, that, until this step be taken, Ireland never can be reclaimed from the political disaffection, the religious bigotry, and the Celtic barbarism, which are the real causes of all her material as well as her moral miseries. How can you hope to feed and fold the flocks without the help of the shepherd? *

From this digression we return to the 1st of February, 1801. As soon as the King had received Mr. Pitt's letter, of which we have given an extract above, he addressed the following to Mr. Addington:—

'Queen's House, Feb. 1st, 1801.

'The King has received this morning the expected paper from Mr. Pitt. He is desirous of returning an answer to it in the course of the day, as he cannot bear to keep a man whom he both loves and respects under a most unpleasant state of suspense, when, on the real matter of the communication, his Majesty's opinion is most completely and unalterably formed. He therefore is desirous of seeing Mr. Speaker of the House of Commons this forenoon as early as Mr. Addington's attendance at divine worship may be over, and that he will then come here in his walking dress, as the King would wish to have his safe opinion as to the mode of conveying sentiments that certainly will be affectionate, though the determination cannot be pleasing; but these are meant to be so couched as to stave off the evil, though without encouraging the smallest hope of ever giving way, where conscience and every duty to the country point out the culpability that must attend the King's departing from what he feels to be his religious and civil duty.
—vol. i. pp. 288-9. 'GEORGE R.'

This letter, be it observed, must have been the suggestion of the King's own head and heart. He had now no adviser whatsoever. On the same day his Majesty wrote to Mr. Pitt the letter published by Dr. Phillpotts, in the same style of personal affection

* We cannot in this awful season of famine refrain from expressing some anxiety about the Roman Catholic clergy, a class of persons whose particular case we have never heard mentioned, but whose distress we presume must be very great. Their situation is peculiar—they are supported solely by their people, and, when the people are starving, the priest, though perhaps the last to starve, must starve at last. The established clergy are, we know, suffering grievously under both their own losses and their unbounded charity; but some of them have glebes, many, we hope, still receive some portion at least of their rent-charges, and not a few of them have affluent connexions. They, at least, can hardly be reduced to actual starvation; but we fear that many of the poor *priests* must be in a deplorable state: they cannot work—they cannot beg—their morsel, if they have one, they are, we have no doubt, as willing as their Protestant brethren to share. We hope the Government have inquired into their condition, and, if it be as we suspect, some special means should be openly taken of affording them relief. The famine would indeed be, as all God's visitations ultimately are, a blessing, if it should facilitate this great, this *only* opening to the regeneration of Ireland.

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towards his minister, but of unshaken adherence to his public duty. To this Mr. Pitt replies on the 3rd, holding his former ground, and somewhat more explicitly urging the expediency of his Majesty's making as soon as possible a new ministerial arrangement; to which the King, in his answer of the 5th of February, though still in terms of great personal regard, unhesitatingly assents. From the 1st to the 5th Addington was unsuccessfully employed in endeavouring to reconcile these contradictory opinions. It seems however clear from the expressions of the King's note to Addington of the 1st, that he had even then begun to look to him as his future adviser, and on the dispatch of the King's final letter to Mr. Pitt of the 5th, Addington formally accepted the duty of forming a new administration. There is no documentary evidence as to the special motives that may have prompted Addington to undertake this important task, but we may safely conclude they were his duty to the King, with whom, so suddenly placed in such difficult circumstances, he had been thus accidentally brought into communication—his own sympathy with his Majesty's views, and Mr. Pitt's concurring advice and persuasion—all conspiring with something of that personal ambition common to all public men, and of that happy confidence '*in himself and his fortune*' which was a marked feature of Addington's sanguine character.

The King assisted warmly and usefully in the new arrangements. We extract a few of the most remarkable passages of his communications to the embryo minister:—

'Queen's House, Feb. 5th, 1801 (at night).

'I shall go to Windsor early in the morning. I shall leave this to be sent to Mr. Speaker, wishing to apprise him that in consequence of his suggestion I have spoken to the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Portland, and Earl Spencer; the Lord Privy Seal [Westmoreland] being confined, I could not see him. The former seemed much affected, and considerably afraid; the second very honourable and explicit as to his readiness to support and to hold office; the third, as was supposed, very moderate in his language, but determined to retire, if Mr. Pitt, on the ground of the difference, should give up his employment. I have been desirous of stating the complexion of each, as thinking that more intelligible than attempting to state their language.'—vol. i. pp. 294-5.

In the following our readers will observe his Majesty's courtesy towards Lord Grenville, coupled with the important statement, that had the retiring ministers dealt fairly and candidly by the King in the outset, the schism might perhaps have been averted.

'Windsor, Feb. 7th, 1801.

'Just as I was going to dinner I received the box containing Mr. Speaker's letter, and the two notes I had communicated to him. I am pleased

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pleased with finding that he was yesterday with the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Portland, and that the result of their language was satisfactory, and that he is pleased with the language of those with whom he has as yet had occasion to converse.

'I was rather surprised, before I left town yesterday morning, to receive a letter from Lord Grenville, which shows that Mr. Pitt has already mentioned his intention to retire. I forward it to Mr. Speaker, as well as those I have received this morning from the Earl of Camden, and from Mr. Secretary Dundas. Lord Grenville's is so very handsome that I instantly answered it; but thought it right to remark, as my line was dictated by a sense of religion and political duty, those who proposed the unfortunate subject of disunion could only plead expediency as the plea of their conduct; that I was certain *if they had openly, in the beginning, stated their opinions to me*, I should have been able to avert it entirely: to Mr. Dundas I more fully stated this, as he had been apprised of my sentiments when corresponding with the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as also on the occasion of the schism with Lord Fitzwilliam.'—vol. i. pp. 297-8.

Mr. Abbot, afterwards Speaker and Lord Colchester, was selected as Secretary for Ireland, and certainly no better appointment could be made; but Mr. Abbot happened to hold one of the profitable law sinecures (since abolished), Clerk of the Rules in the Court of King's Bench. The King saw the inconsistency of this office with the higher one for which Mr. Abbot was destined; but his kindness was reluctant to expose Mr. Abbot to the resignation of a permanent provision for a precarious political place, and he condescended to suggest a mode of compensating Mr. Abbot, which, though a political puritan cannot approve, will, we are satisfied, do the good-natured Monarch (who hit the blot, and therefore felt himself interested in finding an alternative) no injury in the opinion of posterity.

'Queen's House, Feb. 13th, 1801.

'As it is my inclination not to have a thought that can tend to the assistance of the administration now forming and delay communicating it to Mr. Addington, as I mean to have his affection as well as his zeal, it has occurred to me this morning, that Mr. Abbot would stand much more creditably as Secretary of State for Ireland, if he were to relinquish his employment in the Court of King's Bench. Should Mr. Addington see it in the same light, I should think a message from him to Lord Kenyon would easily gain that lord's consent to some creditable man being allowed to arrange with Mr. Abbot for that employment. If I am not right on this occasion, I desire the matter may rest here.'

This, however, could not be so managed, as we learn from the following letter from Abbot to Addington:—

'Feb. 16th, 1801.

'In obedience to his Majesty's wishes, I have arranged everything for the entire and absolute resignation of my office in the Court of King's

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King's Bench, previously to my receiving the seals of Secretary of State for Ireland. To-morrow I expect to be divested of my law office; and as I shall, by that act, relinquish the whole of my independence for life—so far as fortune can constitute that—I cannot give a fuller proof of my entire reliance on your friendship, and upon his Majesty's gracious disposition.'—vol. i. p. 313.

The prosperous career of this eminent person was an ample reward for the risk and sacrifice which the suggestion of the King then imposed upon him.

While these affairs were in progress the King fell ill. On the 14th February it was publicly known that he had a severe cold—which, however, did not interrupt either his attention to business or to incidental circumstances. Lord St. Vincent had just been named by Addington as First Lord of the Admiralty, and the anniversary of his great victory was graciously remembered by the King, and dexterously applied to help his minister's arrangements:—

'Queen's House, Feb. 14th, 1801.

'This is to acquaint Mr. Addington that the severity of the weather has engaged us all to remain in town: therefore, if there is anything required of me, he will know where to send. This is the anniversary of the Earl of St. Vincent's victory. *I should think it would flatter him much if Mr. Addington would desire him to call on me.* Any hour this forenoon will be perfectly convenient, as I shall not stir from home.'—vol. i. p. 306.

On the 16th the public was informed that the '*cold*' had grown to '*fever*.' On that day, however, his Majesty's note to Addington exhibits nothing like derangement:—

'Queen's House, Feb. 16th, 1801.

'The real care I am taking—for I have not been down stairs this day—with James's Powder, which Dr. Gisborne advised, certainly is removing my cold. If not inconvenient to Mr. Addington, I shall be very desirous of seeing him at twelve to-morrow; and though he may have much to communicate, I shall not be without information for him, which I think will give him confidence and pleasure.'—vol. i. p. 308.

The incident told in the Quarterly Review of the King's having in church, on *Sunday the 8th of February*, exhibited some mental excitement by the loud and vehement manner in which he repeated the response in the *Venite*—'*Forty years long was I troubled with this generation, and said that it is a people who do err in their hearts, for they have not known* MY *ways*'—may perhaps be referred to Thursday the 13th, when there was church service on account of a general fast. However that may be, it is certain that the conflict between his affection and respect for Mr. Pitt, and his own conscientious views of his religious and constitutional

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tional duties, was the immediate cause of a derangement of mind, which suspended the royal functions for about three weeks.

Addington had resigned the chair on the 10th of February, his successor was elected on the 11th, and he vacated his seat on the 19th; but the King not being then in a condition to receive Mr. Pitt's resignation, Addington was re-elected, and took his seat on the 24th as a private member:—

'And it would have been difficult perhaps accurately to answer the question, Who is now Prime Minister? Mr. Pitt and his friends continued to perform the necessary routine duties of their offices, and Mr. Addington held constant communication with the palace, where, as Mr. Adolphus has correctly stated in a note to the seventh volume of his History, by suggesting the simple remedy of a pillow filled with hops, to promote sleep, he contributed, as was supposed, materially, to the restoration of his Majesty's health.'—vol. i. p. 309.

We do not think the dignity of biography would have been unduly compromised by the author's having told us that Addington's recommendation of the pillow of hops, coupled with the recollection of his father's profession, suggested to the hostile pleasantry of Mr. Canning the celebrated nickname of THE DOCTOR—which, though not permitted to infringe on the respectful decorum of his son-in-law's pages, obtained, from a variety of concordant circumstances, a popularity and vogue which is hardly yet extinct, and was not without some effect in lowering the minister in the giddy (perhaps even the aristocratic) prejudices of the public.*

During this strange interregnum, while Addington's position was very awkward, that of the country became alarming, and the condition of the King excited general sympathy. This induced Mr. Pitt's personal friends (Dundas, Canning, &c.) to press him to cut the knot of all these difficulties by revoking his resignation, and offering to resume—or in fact continue to hold his office—postponing, *sine die*, the Catholic question:—

'For a time (says Abbot's Diary) Mr. Pitt gave way to their instances, and authorised a message to the Duke of Portland, that if it should be the King's earnest wish, and also Mr. Addington's earnest wish, to have the former administration restored, he was prepared to discuss the circumstances. To this Mr. Addington answered, that it never was his wish to quit his former situation; that the late ministers had declared their own *irrevocable determination* to resign, and they had advised his accepting the Government as the only thing that could stand between the Crown and ruin; and that even now his own personal

* The Dean's *réticence* reminds us of Voltaire's remark on the omission of the name of *Scarron* from Madame de Maintenon's epitaph:—'Ce nom n'est pas avilissant; et l'omission ne sert qu'à faire penser qu'il peut l'être.'

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wish would be, to be restored to his family, and give them back the power they had resigned, if it could be done consistently with their own honour and the King's desire. That *they* might open the matter to the King if they pleased, but *he* would not propose it; and he trusted they would think fit previously to consult the King's physicians as to the effect such a proposition might have upon his Majesty in his present state of health. Mr. Pitt at length said he thought the project utterly improper, and that he would hold no intercourse with those who would not concur in a strenuous support of the new administration; nor should he think those persons friends to himself who croaked about their instability.'—vol. i. pp. 335-6.

This is, we are satisfied, a true summary of the case, of which there are some details in these pages, but more in Lord Malmesbury's. Pitt, beyond all doubt, under the importunity of Dundas and Canning and his own sincere affliction for the pain he had given the King, had agreed to go on, '*never stirring*' the Catholic question—and wrote to the King 'a *dutiful*, humble, and *contrite* letter' to that effect—*Malm. Cor.*, iv. 31; but Addington feeling, not unreasonably, a strong personal reluctance to appear in so humiliating a position, and confirmed, we have reason to suspect (though there are no traces of it in these volumes), by the secret wishes of the King, would not submit thus to sacrifice and indeed stultify himself. Of this Pitt was too just and too honourable to complain, but we are not surprised that it afforded the mischief-makers future opportunities of impairing his cordiality towards Addington. Let us not expect even the greatest men to be exempt from the foibles of humanity, and let us fairly admit that the *amour propre* of both Pitt and Addington must have been called into somewhat like hostile action on this and several subsequent occasions, and ought to be taken into more serious account than friendly biographers can bring themselves to see, or at least to allow.

As yet, however, and for long after, all was smooth and fair. Pitt effectually helped Addington to compose his ministry, and induced his brother, Lord Chatham, and a majority of the former cabinet to join the new one. But there was one circumstance in the aspect of this administration that derogated somewhat from its weight, and afforded a fruitful theme to its adversaries. Addington's own connexions had a share in the secondary offices to which their standing as public men hardly entitled them. Mr. Bragge, his brother-in-law, then in his first Parliament, was raised to the Privy Councillor's office of Treasurer of the Navy. His brother, Mr. Hiley Addington, was Secretary of the Treasury. His schoolfellow and intimate, Mr. Bond, just come into Parliament was

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was a Lord of the Treasury. So afterwards was his cousin* Mr. Golding, who does not seem to have been in Parliament at all. Mr. Adams, another brother-in-law, was a Lord of the Admiralty. These were all respectable gentlemen, whose abilities were equal to their positions—and we do not know that they at all exceeded the proportion of private friends that every first minister used, and perhaps ought, to have in his administration—but they were as yet little known, and their connexion with the Premier was easily misrepresented as being their sole merit.

This, with Addington's own inferiority to the great masters of debate amongst whom he stood, gave ample scope to the satiric pleasantries of Canning,† a strophe of one of whose sallies, caricaturing the style of the *Doctor's* oratory and the class of its admirers, had no small effect in its day, and still clings to the memory:—

'Cheer him when he hobbles vilely,
Brother Bragge and Brother Hiley!
Cheer him when his audience flag,
Brother Hiley—Brother Bragge!'

Brother Bragge, however, was a well-informed and judicious

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* The Dean does not mention this *relationship,* but we find it stated in the publications of the day.

† The pleasantries of Canning, though nowhere alluded to in these volumes, and only now lingering in a few failing memories, had so much influence in Addington's defeat, that we think it worth while to preserve two or three specimens of this kind of small shot. In allusion to those specious orations with which Addington used to captivate the country-gentlemen, Canning quoted 'I do remember an apothecary..... *gulling of simples!*' On another occasion, when Addington was loftily enumerating his various measures of national defence, Canning interjected, loud enough to be heard, '*Oh, most forcible Feeble!*' 'The relative merits of Pitt and Addington,' he said, 'might be determined by the *Rule of Three inverse:*—

'Pitt is to Addington—
As London is to Paddington!'

And we have half forgotten a French epitaph which concluded,

'——————— Cy gît
Ministre par hasard et *Médecin malgré lui.*'

Mr. Pitt himself would in private indulge a smile at his successor's somewhat prosy orations. We heard very lately from one of the company still happily surviving, that about this time Pitt, who was expected to a dinner-party, did not come in till the second course, 'begging pardon for being so late, as he was obliged to hear Addington out; *and the Doctor, you know, travels with his own horses!*' As we are on these light matters, we may add another specimen of that quiet, dry humour which Mr. Pitt possessed, but seldom indulged in. On his '*Additional Force Bill,*' in 1805, he had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done *except in case of actual invasion.* Pitt replied, 'That would be too late;' but the gentleman still insisted on the case of *actual invasion.* By and by they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he never would consent to its being *sent out of England*—'*except,* I suppose,' rejoined Pitt, '*in case of actual invasion.*'

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man, who spoke with considerable weight; and we have heard that, in his earlier day, *Brother Hiley* was remarkably lively and clever; and he certainly was, in our time, a sensible as well as amiable gentleman.

But if Addington's muster-roll had been even more liable than it really was to this objection, it contained enough of independent respectability and talent to counterbalance any subordinate weakness—the Duke of Portland—Mr. Perceval—and Lord Liverpool:—Lord Eldon—Lord Harrowby—Lord Westmoreland—Lord Chatham—Lord Castlereagh—Lord St. Vincent (an able officer, but a harsh, rash, and unpopular minister)—Lord Ellenborough—Lord Colchester—Lord Bexley—Mr. Yorke, and several others—in short, no less than three future Prime Ministers, and ten or twelve of the most distinguished members of subsequent cabinets. But *without Pitt* nothing, in the opinion of the country or of Europe, could be strong—an axiom of which Addington was never sufficiently persuaded.

Though his Majesty had between the 10th and 15th of March so much recovered as to be able to transact the technical business necessary for the change of ministers, and though he grew gradually better, his state was still precarious; and in the superlatively kind and flattering notes which the Dean of Norwich produces from the King to Mr. Addington there may, we think, be found some slight traces of the royal malady. Some phrases convey a degree of familiarity, and even fondness, which—while they mark the King's satisfaction at the, no doubt, gentler and more assiduous attentions than he had been accustomed to from Mr. Pitt—reveal also, we apprehend, something of a feebler state of mind; for, indeed, it was well known to those acquainted with his Majesty's habits that the presence of excitement might often be detected by somewhat less of dignity, as well as of grammatical accuracy, in his expressions:—

'Queen's House, Sunday evening, 15th March, 1801.

'The King cannot find words sufficiently expressive of his Majesty's cordial approbation of the whole arrangements which *his own Chancellor of the Exchequer* has wisely, and, his Majesty chooses to add, most correctly recommended. 'GEORGE R.'

'Kew, June 14th, 1801, half-past seven, A.M.

'The King is highly gratified at the repeated marks of the sensibility of Mr. Addington's heart, which must greatly add to the comfort of having placed him with so much propriety at the head of the Treasury. He trusts their mutual affection can only cease with their lives.'—Vol. i. pp. 353, 407, 8.

And here—since so many of his Majesty's letters have been already

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already made public,* and as more may be expected to follow—it will not, perhaps, be superfluous to offer a few observations on their composition and style, and on his mode of transacting business.

The King saw his ministers once a-week at levee, when those who had any business that could be transacted verbally went into the closet; and on any emergency he was always accessible; but the greater part of his communications with them was in writing. The minister submitted the matter in the third person, and a simple form: as, '*Mr. Pitt transmits for your Majesty's consideration,*' &c.—or '*Mr. Addington submits for your Majesty's approval;*' and the King replied invariably (or nearly so) in a similar style: '*The King has received*'—or, '*The King returns the warrant*'—'*The King is much pleased*'—or '*The King regrets,*' and signed, without any supplementary words, '*George R.,*' or 'G. R.'

His Majesty was very methodical and punctual in his arrangements, and he expected ordinary business to be transmitted in despatch-boxes over night, to be ready for his inspection at a fixed and early hour of the morning. Boxes from the Home and Foreign Offices went almost every night:—from other departments as occasion required. Once a-week he had returns of the state and distribution and movements of every ship and regiment of the navy and army in particular forms, which he examined and observed upon, and certain of them were retained for his own use. These and other routine communications from the various departments usually, we believe, reached the King on Thursday morning, because, as the levee was on Wednesday, he might there receive any verbal communications explanatory of the papers that were to be looked at next day. He was very careful never to cause any unnecessary delay, and in order, we presume, to prevent the possibility of his despatch-boxes being delayed in their transit for any undue purpose, he carefully noted the *hour* and *minute* that he received and sent them. Business extraordinary or of any immediate interest was received at all hours, and despatched with like regularity and celerity. No clerk in a public office or banking-house was ever more assiduous or accurate in the daily discharge of his duties than King George III.

It must be remembered that, until the total loss of his sight, the King had no private secretary, nor any help of that kind, in the transaction of the variety of affairs that poured in upon him

* Particularly the collection in Mr. Twiss's very valuable and very entertaining work. Many of those letters, and some of Mr. Twiss's remarks, confirm our observations on the style of his Majesty's correspondence. The number of the King's letters published by Mr. Twiss are about thirty—those by Dr. Pellew about forty-five.

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from all departments, and which nothing but a wonderful memory and an extensive and minute acquaintance with all the business and interests of the country could have enabled him to get through. His letters to his ministers were always written *currente calamo*—often on the spur of important occasions—without draft or copy—and seem never to have been read over; at least erasures or corrections are very rare in any that we have seen; so that a word is not unfrequently omitted, and the grammatical construction of the sentences is not always regular; indeed, it may be thought that his writings seem often to partake of that hurry of manner which at all times marked his conversation, and which was so long the vulgar and ignorant measure that satirists and libellers took of his Majesty's intellect. We believe that every man's correspondence is liable to be affected in these particulars by the emotions of his mind, and it is certain that the King, ever after his great illness in 1789, and perhaps before, was influenced by accidental disturbances (whether agreeable or otherwise) even when there was no derangement whatsoever of the understanding. Lord Brougham, who had obtained by the inspection of the King's correspondence with Lord North a close insight into an important portion of the King's life, gives the following able sketch of his discharge of—if we may so call them—his *official* duties:—

'He made himself thoroughly master of all the ordinary details of business; insomuch that Sir Herbert Taylor has ascribed to him a more thorough knowledge of the duties of each several department in the state than any other man ever possessed; and this is the testimony of one both singularly accurate in stating facts, and eminently qualified to form such a comparative estimate by his own intimate acquaintance with official details.

'The correspondence which the King carried on with his confidential servants during the ten most critical years of his life lies before us, and it proves that his attention was ever awake to all the occurrences of the government. Not a step was taken in foreign, colonial, or domestic affairs, that he did not form his opinion upon it, and exercise his influence over it. The instructions to ambassadors, the orders to governors, the movements of forces down to the marching of a single battalion in the districts of this country, the appointments to all offices in church and state, not only the giving away of judgeships, bishoprics, regiments, but the subordinate promotions, lay and clerical; all these form the topics of his letters: on all his opinion is pronounced decisively; on all his will is declared peremptorily. In one letter he decides the appointment of a Scotch puisne judge; in another the march of a troop from Buckinghamshire into Yorkshire; in a third the nomination to the Deanery of Worcester; in a fourth he says that, "if Adam, the architect, succeeds Worsley at the Board of Works, he shall think Chambers ill used."'*

* Historical Sketches, Series I., vol. i. (pp. 13-16), *Knight's Weekly Volume*, No. 52.

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All this is perfectly true as to George III.'s intimate knowledge of, and scrupulous attention to, the details of business, and does credit to the candour of Lord Brougham, who could have no personal predilection for the good old Tory King; and we are tempted to confirm Lord Brougham's statement and to do additional justice to his Majesty, by inserting two short specimens of his correspondence which will, we think, fully justify the preceding observations. They both relate to the celebrated Birmingham Riots—which, it will be remembered, were caused by Dr. Priestley and some other agitators insulting the loyal inhabitants with an ostentatious celebration in honour of the French Revolution on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. The people were in those days not accustomed to such democratical orgies; and they rose and destroyed Priestley's meeting-house and residence, as well as those of some of his associates. The King heard of this disturbance; and though he could not regret the feeling of loyalty that misled the populace into these excesses, he felt that his first duty was to preserve the public peace and the lives and properties of even seditious individuals. He accordingly writes on the spur of the moment the following note to the Secretary of State—loose enough as to style, but in a wise and constitutional spirit:—

'Windsor, 16th July, 1791,
28 min. past 4 P.M.

'The sending orders for three troops of the 15th Regiment of Dragoons to march towards Birmingham to restore order, if the civil magistrates have not been able, is incumbent on Government. Though I cannot but feel better pleased that Priestley is the sufferer for the doctrines he and his party have instilled, and that the people see them in their true light, yet I cannot approve their having employed such atrocious means of showing their discontent. G. R.'

The next note refers to a criminal case arising out of the same disturbances. William Hands had been capitally convicted of helping to destroy one of the obnoxious houses. Sir Robert Lawley, member for the county, who had taken an active part in endeavouring to suppress the riots, had doubts of his guilt, and took a great deal of pains to examine the case; and he found that one Hervey, a witness for the prosecution, who saw Hands pulling up the floor of a house, would have added, if he had been asked, that he did so only for the purpose of extricating some drunken men who were in danger of suffocation in the cellar below. This, authenticated on oath, was represented to the King, and he instantly wrote to the Secretary of State:—

'Weymouth, 22nd September, 1791.

'The informations on oath of William Hands having broken up the floor of Mr. Ryland's house with a view to prevent some drunken men from

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from being suffocated in the cellar—seem so clear that I cannot but coincide with the opinion of the propriety of extending that mercy to him which he undoubtedly would have received at his trial had Hervey's evidence been given on the points now so properly stated. It is inconceivable how any one possessed of so favourable a circumstance should not have voluntarily produced it, even though not called upon by the Judge at the time. I trust no time will be lost in transmitting to Sir Robert Lawley a decision which must give him such reasonable pleasure.

'G. R.'

There are, we have reason to believe, many hundreds of similar notes in existence relating to all the transactions, great and small, of his Majesty's long and most eventful reign, which, if they could be collected and published, would form one of the most curious and important, and, for the writer, most honourable register of facts and opinions that ever issued from the press. But—with all our affection and reverence for his Majesty's memory and our respect for his administrative abilities—we think that his letters give at first sight the idea of a more active influence and *independent* decision on the substance of business than in reality his Majesty was accustomed to exercise. When closely examined, and, above all, when compared with the ministerial proposal to which he replies, there will, we think, often be detected something of that dexterous art under which, in a representative monarchy, the royal dignity must affect to do of his *own mere motion* (to use the old legal formula) what is in fact the suggestion, and sometimes an unpalatable one, of the minister. In fact, we believe that—although George III. had the reputation of being characteristically obstinate, and was, we know, immovably firm on any great point of conscience or constitutional principle—he was in everything else complying and manageable to a remarkable degree:—insomuch that by those who did not appreciate the difficulties and, we will add, the *duties* imposed upon him by political vicissitudes, he was on many occasions accused of exhibiting artifice and insincerity—from which we believe he was naturally, and in all his private relations, as exempt as any man that ever lived: but he himself knew and felt so perfectly the subtle distinction between *reigning* and *governing*, that he took uncommon pains that no one else should perceive it.

From these, we trust not unbecoming or inappropriate observations on a subject which forms a prominent feature of these volumes, we return to the series of correspondence which, we think, will exemplify what we have just said. The two following notes, written on the same day, seem to indicate, by the peculiarity of their style, the increased excitement produced by the news of the victories in Egypt:—

'Kew,

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'Kew, 19th May, 1801.

'The King cannot but favourably receive *his* Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposal of a barony for Lady Abercromby, and a pension of 2000*l.* per annum, and the title to be Baroness Abercromby of Aboukir, and the more so as the application is made on the Queen's birthday, and the note in answer wrote in the King's library, he having returned to his own house, where he hopes to receive Mr. Addington to-morrow.

GEORGE R.'

'Kew, 19th May, 1801, 53 minutes past 5 P.M.

'My dear Chancellor of the Exchequer,

'I cannot bear you should have any reluctance in writing a second time when your proposal is so well grounded. I desire the vacancy in the Order of the Bath may be this evening notified to be filled up by General Hutchinson, and the ensigns of it in consequence sent this evening to Egypt. GEORGE R.'

But as soon as the King had escaped from the immediate pressure and excitement of business to the quiet of Weymouth, we find him resuming his usual style; and the following note is a striking proof of his perfect knowledge of the state of his own mind and malady:—

'Weymouth, July 8th, 1801.

'The King received Mr. Addington's box this morning; but the key having broken in opening that of the War Office yesterday, he has sent for a new one to Davis at Windsor, which cannot, at soonest, arrive before to-morrow, when his Majesty will answer its contents.

'He is certain Mr. Addington will be pleased at hearing all the family here are now well. The King finds his sleep now perfect, but that it is necessary to avoid any hurry: even the event of the breaking the key gave *more uneasiness than it ought.* GEORGE R.'

The King, as we have seen, and as Lord Brougham and Mr. Twiss have observed, frequently attended to details connected with matters submitted to him, which had escaped his Ministers: for instance, when about this time the Archbishop of Canterbury prepared a general thanksgiving for the abundant harvest, his Majesty writes—

'That he certainly approves of it, but hopes that [as] through the blessing of Divine Providence the harvest was so favourable, every care may be taken to be moderate in the expenditure of it; and the King wishes to suggest whether, even in the prayer, some words to that effect might not be proper.'—vol. i. p. 430.

His Majesty's suggestion was adopted. Before the King left town he gave Mr. Addington a more solid mark of his 'affection' by assigning to him as a villa the *White Lodge* in Richmond Park (which had been long untenanted), and he himself, with the Queen and Princesses, condescended, as announced in the following

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following good-natured note, to introduce the Addington family to their new abode, which they occupied for three-and-forty years:—

'Kew, June 13th, 1801.

'The appearance of the morning makes the King hope the evening will be dry. He therefore trusts Mr. Addington will bring his family in his sociable to the Lodge in Richmond Park; but hopes, among the number, that the lively and engaging youngest daughter will not be omitted. 'GEORGE R.' *

We now arrive at the great feature of the Addington administration—the Peace of Amiens—of the details of which we need say no more than that the negotiations were conducted with discretion, ability, and dignity, and that the terms were fully as good as, under all the circumstances, this country had a right to expect. As to the policy of the peace, we cannot add much to the pithy description of the sagacious old King, that it was a '*trial*' and '*experiment*.' † It has, however, been generally admitted, that in the then state of England and of Europe the experiment was necessary, and that our having made it enabled us to meet the inevitable renewal of the struggle with increased means of exertion and a greater concurrence of public opinion. This is to a certain degree true; but it should not be, on the other hand, forgotten that the recognition of Buonaparte's Consulate as a legitimate sovereignty was a most important help and encouragement to all his ulterior projects. It gave his usurpation—then new, flagrant, precarious, and even unpopular—consistency and authority—the που στω with which he was to move the world. Whether, if the peace had not intervened, he might have not acquired the same advantages by other means is a different question; but we believe that the recognition of his title was Buonaparte's chief object in the Peace of Amiens; *that* obtained, his next move was to drive us to break it: for he well knew that neither his present dictatorship nor the more permanent despotism he was preparing could co-exist with the light and spirit of constitutional liberty propagated by English intercourse, and by the uncontrollable independence and contagious example of the English press. The terms of the treaty, or the pretexts on which it was to be broken, were of little importance to him.‡ He wanted *recognition* —he

* It had been reported that the White Lodge, with a considerable enclosure of ground, was to be assigned to some one of the Princesses—and Canning was ready with a scrap from the 'Merchant of Venice:'—

'No woman had it, but a *civil* doctor
Who begg'd the ring'—

an unfair enough jeer, for, as Dr. Pellew says, the King wished to ring in fifty acres for the Doctor's use, and he would accept but five or six.

† Twiss's Life of Eldon, i. 398.

‡ Lord Malmesbury thought (iv. 253) that Buonaparte was not prepared for the rupture so soon as it occurred. That might be true (though we do not think it was) as

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—he obtained it; and with that as a solid stepping-stone, he was enabled to reach and grasp the sword of Charlemagne, the crown of France, and the sceptre of Europe. But these consequences were as yet in the womb of time: the only eye capable of piercing the chaos of revolutionary futurity was closed. On the 15th of July, 1797, Addington—a late but warm admirer of Mr. Burke—was of those who bore the pall at his funeral: but it was a pall only, and not his mantle, that the prophet left behind; nor was even the legacy of his parting advice sufficiently estimated. In that last glorious blaze of wisdom and eloquence in which he deprecated a '*Regicide Peace*,' he had shadowed forth many of the dangers which Buonaparte—whose star had then barely appeared on the horizon—was destined to realize; and had clearly foretold that the system of military domination and territorial aggrandizement pursued by the Republic must end in the subjugation of Europe and the establishment on the ruins of all independent governments of a monstrous usurpation, which, new in its principles, he,

> 'Whose old experience did attain
> To something of prophetic strain,'

already designated by a new name—the EMPIRE OF FRANCE.*

But if Addington could have foreseen all this, what could he have done? Mr. Pitt's 'voice was still for *peace*,' though his celebrated speech of the 2nd of February, 1800, was a magnificent and indeed sublime warning that no peace with Buonaparte could be lasting. Mr. Fox was still more pacific, and would then have purchased any peace by any sacrifices; and the country, though stout-hearted in resistance to visible danger, was not disposed to prosecute the war on the prophetic theories even of him—

> ——— οἰωνοπόλων ὅχ' ἄριστος
> Ὃς ἤδη τά τ' ἐόντα, τά τ' ἐσσόμενα, πρό τ' ἐοντα.†

We, therefore, though inclining to think that it might have been better for the world if Buonaparte had not been thus recognised, must admit that Mr. Addington was not merely

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as to immediate preparation, without affecting our view of his intention to break the peace on the first excuse.—See Pelet's *Napoleon in Council*, Q. R., vol. lviii. p. 489.

* Fourth Letter on a Regicide Peace, p. 81. The compiler of the *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène* attributes to Buonaparte something of this view of the *imperial* title:—'Je ne pouvais pas devenir *Roi*; c'était un titre usé; il portait avec lui des idées reçues. *Mon titre devrait être nouveau comme mon pouvoir.* Je n'étais pas héritier des Bourbons: il fallait être beaucoup plus pour m'asseoir sur leur trône. Je pris le nom *d'Empereur* parce qu'il était plus grand et *moins défini*.'

† 'That sacred seer whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew.'
POPE, *Iliad*, i. 69.

justified,

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justified, but highly commendable, in hastening to bring the war to an honourable pause.

Though Pitt's former colleagues, Grenville and Windham (who was still under the warlike inspiration of Burke), vehemently censured the peace, and may be said to have entered into regular opposition; and though Canning and his select *clique* of κατ' ἐξοχην Pittites were very indignant that the *Doctor* should presume to cling to the helm to the exclusion of 'the *Pilot* who'—as they said and sung with somewhat of poetical licence—'had weathered the storm,' the amicable intercourse between the *Doctor* and the *Pilot* remained, to all appearance, unimpaired; Mr. Pitt continuing up to the close of 1802 to give Addington his public support and private advice on all the more important measures of his administration. For the amusing details of Mr. Canning's serio-comic efforts to disunite them, we beg leave to refer to the fourth volume of the 'Malmesbury Correspondence,' or to the rapid summary in our review of that work (vol. lxxv., p. 455). We must here restrict ourselves to a candid consideration of the steps and circumstances which led to the public rupture.

In the execution of this duty we confess that we should feel ourselves very much embarrassed if we loved the memory of either Pitt or Addington better than truth; but as we do not, our task will be comparatively easy; and while we most gladly premise that we find nothing to impeach the integrity, patriotism, and honour of either party, we are forced to confess that there were faults on both sides, and that the selfish frailty of our nature, dignified amongst statesmen and poets as *ambition*—'the last infirmity of noble mind'—seems to have been equally the incentive, and must be equally the excuse, of both for their short hostility and more permanent estrangement.*

A new parliament was summoned to meet on the 16th November, 1802. About the middle of October, Pitt, who felt or fancied that his health required a visit to Bath, wrote to offer to spend on his way thither from Walmer, a day with Addington at Richmond Lodge.

'Mr. Pitt,' says the Dean, 'fulfilled this engagement on Sunday, October 24th, and proceeded on his journey upon the following day. This fact Mr. Addington communicated to Mr. Abbot on the 30th, in the following words:—"Pitt dined and slept here on Sunday in his way to Bath. He has no symptoms of illness, and very slight traces of it in his looks, and none whatever in his appetite and spirits."

* The whole truth cannot be known till we have—shall we ever have?—the *Pitt* and the *Canning* papers. We are now forced to speak from, as it were, the adversary's brief; but the Eldon and the Malmesbury papers, and particularly the latter, are useful correctives.

'A peculiar

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'A peculiar gloom,' the Dean adds, 'overhangs this journey, since it was during his present visit to Bath that Mr. Pitt appears to have first adopted that view of public affairs which alienated him from the policy and party of his friend and successor, and placed him eventually in the ranks of opposition by the side of his great rival and constant opponent Mr. Fox. Probably, however, neither party was aware at this moment even that the seeds of disunion between them were sown at all, still less that they were so near the surface.'—vol. ii. pp. 85, 86.

The Dean here understates the case. We know, from Lord Malmesbury's Diary, what a long and laborious intrigue Canning had been weaving with Lord Malmesbury and others during all this period to drive Addington to resign, or persuade Pitt to oppose him. This 'plot,' as Mr. Pitt himself called it, he did not, we think, sufficiently discourage, though he acknowledged his pledges to Addington, and stated that he could not depart from the position created by those pledges without Addington's previous consent. By degrees, however, Canning's vehement and Malmesbury's more sober suggestions began gradually to have their effect on Pitt's mind; and we can well excuse him for a disposition to think that the hostile spirit, of which France was giving daily instances, might require the strongest Government which could be formed, and that of any such Government *he* must be the head. The present publication throws little light on these transactions; one gleam, however, reveals an instance of the injustice of Addington's adversaries. The daily complaint of Canning and Malmesbury was, that Addington was too submissive to the reiterated aggressions and insults of France, and wanted spirit and power to make any resistance. Now we have here clear evidence that, on the 24th of October, Addington received a visit from Pitt at Richmond, and communicated his opinion that the conduct of France would render it expedient to delay the actual restitution of Malta and the other possessions ceded by the Treaty; that in this view Pitt decidedly concurred, and that he adhered to it even to the 6th or 7th of November—but that within two or three days after, he changed his opinion. He writes to Addington on the 10th of November from Bath—

'I own that, on reflection, I doubt very much the prudence, though not at all the justice, of risking *at all hazards* the determination of withholding such of the restitutions as have not yet taken place; and, having conceived this doubt, I feel anxious just to state it to you, because I certainly was very strongly inclined to the contrary opinion, both when I conversed with you and as late as when I saw your brother here in his way to town.'—vol. ii. p. 87.

It was Pitt, therefore, and not Addington, that was disposed to temporise, and even to yield this important point. Pitt in this same letter made an obviously evasive excuse for not coming up to

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to attend the House; and we find at the same time that the clique at Bath were pressing him to show his coolness towards Addington by not attending; but still he professed a general disposition to adhere to his original engagement, and was even offended at the indiscreet and unauthorised way in which Canning endeavoured to implicate him in the intrigue against Addington.

This is the first stage of the transaction; and so far we may confidently say that Addington was totally blameless. It would really have been too much to expect that he should now, after having successfully filled his high office for two years, carried such important measures, and acquired a large share of confidence, and a still larger of public and personal esteem, have been ready to retire, at the beck—not even of Pitt, but of a clique of Pitt's young friends, disavowed by Pitt himself, and who had been from the outset Addington's personal enemies. It is true that these young gentlemen asserted that Addington, when he first became Minister, invited them to continue in office, professing to be only a '*locum tenens* for Mr. Pitt;' and they now reproached him with not resigning at once his *vicarage*. Dr. Pellew, and his amiable and venerable friend Lord Bexley, cannot believe that Lord Sidmouth used that humiliating phrase. We, however, have several reasons for believing that Addington, when inviting Lord Granville Leveson to remain in office, did say that he *looked upon himself* as *locum tenens* for Pitt—but one is enough, namely, that Lord Malmesbury noted down the expression on the day it was uttered, two years before the time which we are now treating of, and when there could be no possible object for misrepresentation. But may we not add that such a *façon de parler*, in the honeymoon of a Ministry, could never be considered as a political obligation binding under all future contingencies, and against all possible provocations? and at all events Lord Granville Leveson and Mr. Canning had no right to summon Addington to keep that promise, for they had not accepted their part of the condition; they had not enabled him to keep Pitt's Administration together, in which case he might have really been Pitt's *locum tenens;* they separated themselves from Addington, and of course forced him to look for support to other gentlemen, whom he could not now, with honour, abandon. Nor, on the other hand, can we admit the justice of the serious charge which Dr. Pellew, '*with unfeigned reluctance*,' but also, as we think, under an amiable bias towards Addington, makes against Pitt for his non-attendance in parliament in November, 1802.

'It was ostensibly accounted for by the expediency of his remaining longer at Bath for the more perfect restoration of his health; in reality, however, it resulted from a determination to which he had recently arrived

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arrived of withholding in future his *promised* assistance from Mr. Addington's administration.'—vol. ii. p. 107.

To which he subjoins a note:—

'The author's principal authority for making this statement is Mr. Pitt's own acknowledgment to Mr. Canning, as recorded by one who was with him at Bath at the time. "He had pledged himself," he said, "but *himself singly*, to advise and support the present ministry. This pledge he considered as solemnly binding, not redeemable by any lapse of time, nor ever to be cancelled without the *express consent* of Mr. Addington."'—(*Lord Malmesbury's Diary*, vol. iv. p. 75.)

We do not see how the note authorizes the statement in the text; it proves, indeed, the fact of the pledge to support, but it does not prove—*q. e. d.*—the resolution to break the pledge; on the contrary, the letter of excuse is not on the ground of health alone, or even principally, but because he thinks there will be no matter of sufficient importance to require his attendance. We, who know how pressed he was by Canning not to attend, might suspect that his staying away was a symptom of dissatisfaction, but it did not take that shape, and the letter was terminated—'*Affectionately yours, W. P.*' Surely Addington should have replied to such a letter by saying that there *were* matters coming forward at which Pitt's presence would be desirable. *That*, we think, would have been done to any ordinary member; and Mr. Pitt, not receiving such an invitation, *may* have thought (*and perhaps it was the fact*) that Addington did not desire his presence. But moreover, as we have in Addington's favour contended that after two years *he* might be entitled to renounce the character of a '*locum tenens*,' so we think that Mr. Pitt might, by the same lapse of time, hold himself absolved from so close and constant an attendance as was at first necessary. Mr. Addington was, or thought he was, strong enough to go alone, and Mr. Pitt's attendance with his *go-cart* might have been less agreeable than his absence. But in no view can we see any evidence of the premeditated breach of promise imputed to Mr. Pitt.

But this, after all, is of no great importance either way, for a series of circumstances rapidly followed which placed the parties on new and unequivocal ground, and in all these circumstances Addington was—we will not say the *aggressor*—that would be perhaps too strong a word, but the *mover*.

In opening his budget on the 10th of December, Addington (incautiously, we hope) alluded to his predecessors in a way that could not be agreeable to Pitt. Lord Bexley, in a letter to Dr. Pellew of the 14th of June, 1845, says—

'"Your mention of Mr. Addington's speech of the 10th of December [1802] reminds me of a conversation I had some time afterwards with Charles

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Charles Long, who told me that it had been so represented to Pitt as to put him very much out of humour. He was particularly offended by the expression 'economical management of the navy,' which he thought invidious to Dundas.'"*—vol. ii. p. 102.

We can hardly help smiling at the Dean's adding,—

'While such was the impression made on Mr. Pitt, how different was its effect on *his physician, Sir Walter Farquhar*, who congratulated the Prime Minister on his animated and impressive speech!'

—as if Sir Walter's gossiping flattery of the minister's speech could either contradict or explain away the fact that a portion of the speech had been offensive to Mr. Pitt. But one of the offensive allusions was followed up by a practical measure which had eventually most serious consequences, and amongst many others that of helping to break Pitt's heart. This was the bill for appointing the celebrated Commission of Naval Inquiry:—

'This proposition gave birth to much discussion; and being supposed, though certainly, *as far as Mr. Addington was concerned*, most erroneously, to have been levelled against the preceding government, was unpalatable to the Lord Chancellor, as well as to several other members of the late or present administration. The Commission was ultimately appointed; but its proceedings and results proved unfavourable to Mr. Addington's popularity, and tended to place him and Mr. Pitt in a still more embarrassing position with respect to each other.'—vol. ii. p. 104.

We do not see how the Dean, who seems to admit that this measure was by Lord St. Vincent meant hostilely to the late administration, can exculpate from any share of that feeling the Prime Minister, who in his previous speech had so directly pointed at the naval abuses. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not questioning the propriety of the appointment of the Commission: even if Addington could have foreseen the consequences of the inquiry, he would have been but the more bound to institute it—our present question is only whether it was not a reflection, if not a downright censure, on Mr. Pitt's administration. Hear how Canning characterized it to Lord Malmesbury:—

'It is, as you may have gathered from the spirit of the proceedings upon it, a flagrant Admiralty job—not in the sense of *interest*, but of mere trumpery spite, originating in Lord St. Vincent's violence, and forced on the imbecility of Addington in defiance of the opinion of the Chancellor and all the friends of the late Cabinet who belonged to the present.'—*Malm. Corr.*, iv. 15.

* This is a slip of Lord Bexley's memory. Dundas was not First Lord of the Admiralty till Mr. Pitt's last administration, though he happened to be implicated in the investigation of the Commission by having been some years before *Treasurer of the Navy*. The allusion was really *invidious to Pitt himself* as responsible for the economical management of all departments.

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Can any one say that, under these circumstances, Addington had any good ground for complaining of Pitt for not coming up, *uninvited*, to support a minister who, in opposition to the majority of his own Cabinet, was thus favouring, if not originating, proceedings hostile or at least displeasing to Pitt and his friends? If there had been no other cause, was not this a sufficient excuse for the absence of Pitt? Addington may have been, and we are satisfied was, doing a conscientious public duty, which cost him dearly, and in nothing more dearly than in widening the breach with Pitt; but just in the proportion in which we applaud his spirit and his honesty, we must subtract from his complaints of Mr. Pitt's estrangement. We cannot allow *him* to be applauded for sacrificing private friendship to public duty, and at the same time to require from Pitt a precisely opposite conduct.

Pitt, however, though vexed, and perhaps offended, still kept up a friendly intercourse with Addington, and was certainly advised with on the subject of the most remarkable circumstance (after the peace) of Addington's administration—the celebrated message of the 8th of March, 1803, which announced the hostile preparations of France, and called upon Parliament for additional means of resistance. This bold measure effectually refuted Canning's complaints of Addington's pusillanimity and submission to the aggressions of France, though it did not arrest his sarcastic pleasantries. Addington complained to Lord Malmesbury that 'Canning was disposed to smile and sneer at the reading of the message' (*Corr.*, iv. 226); but he did not say what it was that peculiarly excited Canning's merriment. We well remember it. When Addington brought down the message—whether he had happened to be with the King and had not time to change his dress, or whether, as was thought at the time, he meant to give more pomp and solemnity to the occasion—he presented himself at the bar in the WINDSOR UNIFORM, and *marched* with the message up the House with a peculiarly erect and military air. In this exhibition Canning's sportive eye caught 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;' and he made himself and others very merry with the *Doctor—Doctor Caius*—in his belligerent character.—The Minister received, however, on this occasion a note of Spartan style and spirit, which might well console him for Canning's pleasantries:—

'"House of Lords, 4 o'clock, March 9th, 1803.

"Whenever it is necessary, I am *your* admiral.

"NELSON AND BRONTE."'

—vol. ii. p. 170.

The state of feeling between Pitt and Addington at this period may be appreciated from the evidence of Wilberforce, a common and

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and impartial friend. He, on the 10th of March, writes to Lord Muncaster:—

'I really feel for Addington, who is a better man than most of them, though not well fitted for the warfare of St. Stephen's. He has exhibited marks of soreness by losing his temper readily, and once indeed without the smallest reason. Pitt on that occasion behaved nobly. Instead of retorting angrily, as I own I feared, or even showing a contemptuous coolness, he seemed scarcely conscious of Addington's having exposed himself, and answered with perfect good humour.'—*Life of Wilberforce*, iii. 148.

About this time, however, the increasing difficulties that surrounded his Government induced Addington to make a formal overture, through Lord Melville, for Pitt's return to office. We need not, and indeed could not, follow the long details of this negotiation, which was from the outset absurd and hopeless:—Addington's proposition being that Pitt should return in some inferior office—Pitt and Addington, for instance, to be Secretaries of State—or Addington Secretary of State and Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer—under some First Lord of the Treasury to be subsequently chosen—Pitt! who at five-and-twenty had refused any secondary place—Pitt! who had been twenty years first minister—Pitt! to become a subordinate, and that, too, in a rickety ministry of which, with an inferior share of authority, he was to bear all the burden! In talking of it afterwards, he said with a contemptuous indifference, '*Indeed, I never heard what I was to be.*' We really wonder that men in their senses should at that day have made such a proposition, and that writers in ours should regard it as something feasible and not unreasonable. To us it seems to justify Canning's allegation of the temporary intoxication of place and power having overset the *Doctor's* mind, and the confession of Lord Pelham, a member of his own Cabinet, that Addington would defeat himself by his *presumption* (*Malmes. Corr.* iv. 266). Pitt rejected it at once—but was piqued into going, as it is stated, too far in the other direction, by insisting that the existing Cabinet should, as a preliminary, be dissolved—and dissolved by themselves—and that they *then*, by the command of the King, should invite Mr. Pitt to construct another of his own independent selection.

'The 10th of April,' says Mr. Abbot, 'brought matters to a conference [at Mr. Long's villa at Bromley Hill]. The conversation was opened by Mr. Pitt, who said it was indispensable that Lord Melville, Lord Spencer, Lord Grenville,* and Mr. Windham should be of the cabinet. There was to be a general sweep, and the changes *must be by*

* Lord Grenville had agreed, on his own part and Lord Spencer's, to give up the Catholic question, to consider it as *dead and gone*. He afterwards retracted this.—*Malm. Cor.*, iv. 82, &c.

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the King's desire, and with the *recommendation of the King's present confidential servants*. On Monday the 11th Mr. Addington came away, giving no hopes of his acceding to such an arrangement, but promising to communicate with his colleagues on the subject.'—vol. ii. p. 119.

This summary seems substantially confirmed by the original Correspondence now published; but we are glad to be able to present to our readers Mr. Pitt's own version of the affair, from a memorandum made at the time by one of his nearest friends, the late Earl of Lonsdale (then Lord Lowther):—

'I dined at Lord Camden's at Wilderness, where I was invited at Mr. Pitt's request. In the evening he desired to speak with me, and on retiring into the room adjoining the library, he told me, in a most friendly manner, his wish to communicate to me what had passed during the late negociation, of which so much had been said. Early in the month Lord Melville came down to him at Walmer with a proposition from Mr. Addington to unite with him in the management of affairs. Lord Melville was authorized by Mr. Addington to offer Mr. Pitt the situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Addington proposed to take the office of Home Secretary of State, and a First Lord of the Treasury was to be named by Mr. Addington. This proposal, Mr. Pitt observed, was rejected by him without much deliberation; and from the mode in which this treaty was opened, he saw little reason to apprehend that any very serious hope had ever been entertained of its arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. On Lord Melville's return to town, to whom Mr. Pitt opened his opinions pretty generally, he received a letter from Mr. Addington expressing a desire to have a personal conference. Accordingly Mr. Pitt came to Mr. Long's at Bromley, where Mr. Addington met him, and this matter was further discussed; but Mr. Pitt positively refused to *join Mr. Addington's administration* on any condition. He said if the necessity of the times was such as to induce his Majesty to send for him, he should think it his duty to lay before his Majesty such a plan of government as would, in his opinion, be equal to the conduct of his affairs. He was asked what persons he meant to remove, and if he meant to stipulate for the return of Lord Grenville. He replied, that from the high opinion he entertained of Lords Grenville and Spencer he should always wish for their assistance, and should think it his duty to recommend them for such offices as his Majesty might think proper to appoint them to; that *two or three cabinet offices, and some others, which he thought were filled by persons who were advanced beyond their abilities or pretensions, might be affected by this arrangement*; but that neither with a view to the grounds on which he quitted the King's government, nor from the respect he owed the King, could he think of offering this or any other proposition as an ultimatum; all he wished or intended was to submit himself to his Majesty's pleasure as far as he could do it consistently with the duties of his station, and not to stipulate for anything that did not seem essential to the furtherance of the public service. Here the matter rested for some time; and at last, Mr. Addington having consulted

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sulted his colleagues, and finding that he could not acquiesce in Mr. Pitt's proposals without sacrificing persons whom he did not incline to give up, the treaty closed. This is, as nearly as my memory will serve me, the substance of what passed yesterday.

'*April 28th*, 1803.' LOWTHER.'

Mr. Pitt's statement to Lord Lonsdale has somewhat more of the *suaviter in modo* than Addington's representation to Abbot, and indeed than Pitt's own letters, but the substance is essentially the same. Addington wanted Pitt, alone or almost alone, to become an *accession* to *his* administration. Pitt, on the other hand, meant that the new administration should be essentially his own, formed of his own friends, and avowedly to the exclusion of all Addington's immediate followers; and he thought it would be less invidious on his part, and less offensive towards individuals, that the existing Government should dissolve themselves, and that he should be called back, with a *carte blanche* and clear of all antecedents, for the unshackled reconstruction of the Government.*

This negotiation had, however, one important result—it annulled all former engagements. The special pledges of each to the other were of course cancelled, and Pitt and Addington were henceforward to be looked at as independent powers, clear of all personal obligations. This view, which we opened in our second article on Lord Malmesbury (vol. lxxv. p. 459), and the justice of which is, we think, incontrovertible, the Dean of Norwich has not noticed—but we confidently repeat it as a most essential circumstance of the case, and necessary, not merely to explain the conduct of Pitt, but to justify that of Addington; for if it were not for the circumstance of their thus taking a *fresh departure*, as the seamen say, and if we were to consider them as still bound by their old engagements, both, and especially Addington, would be liable to very serious reproaches. But having thus conducted them to this legitimate point of separation, we think we are now entitled to repeat that, though there is something to be regretted on each side—rather too much vanity on one and rather too much pride on the other—there was no breach of good faith, nor any real ground for the mutual charges of duplicity and ingratitude which we find in the publications of the respective partisans.

Of their new and independent positions neither party were slow to avail themselves; Addington again struck the first blow, and it was one that must have startled Pitt, as it surprised the public.

* It is right to state that Lord Melville, in a letter to Lord Eldon (29th January, 1807), says that in this negotiation *all that Pitt stipulated for was the proposing Lords Spencer and Grenville for office* (*Twiss*, ii. 19); but we agree with Dr. Pellew that all the contemporary documents prove that this was a mistake. So do indeed Lord Melville's own letters, as well as Lord Lonsdale's Memorandum.

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We have seen in a former page Mr. Pitt engaged in a duel with Mr. Tierney—and we have seen also what we think Addington's over zeal for Mr. Pitt on that occasion. It was the only affair of the kind that Pitt had ever the misfortune to be engaged in, and Tierney might therefore be *looked upon* as the only personal enemy that Pitt ever had: real enmity we are satisfied there was none—they were both too brave and too generous to harbour such a feeling; but when men go out with such an apparent determination to take each other's lives as to fire *two* cases of pistols,* the popular eye cannot be blamed for considering them as personal enemies. Well; no sooner had the negotiation with Pitt been broken off than Addington offered a Privy Councillor's office to *Mr. Tierney*, who, on the 1st of June, 1803, was sworn as Treasurer of the Navy. We do not at all blame Addington—it was a frank, bold step; and Tierney, though not so useful in Government as powerful in opposition, was a valuable acquisition, or at least a formidable antagonist silenced; but his appointment was clearly a declaration of war against Pitt, and so considered by the public.

Mr. Pitt, however, still maintained his neutral position; but Canning took a bold step in advance, and got up motions of censure on ministers in both the Lords and Commons, which were made by Lord Mulgrave and Colonel Patten, on the 2nd and 3rd of June respectively. Mr. Pitt, though he had not sanctioned this attack, felt himself at liberty to take a *semi*-hostile course upon it, and offered the Government the '*shabby shelter*,' as Sheridan called it, of the *Orders of the Day*—that is, he moved the House to pass on to other business without giving an opinion either way. Addington indignantly rejected this, and Pitt was signally and Canning more signally defeated. Pitt had but 58 to 335; and after he and his section, and the Whigs and Grenvilles had gone away, Patten, that is Canning, had only 36 to 277. It was a deep mortification to Pitt, used to such triumphant majorities, to be reduced to 58 followers. The King, in acknowledging Addington's report of the issue of these proceedings, very justly characterises them as factious:—

'Queen's Palace, June 4, 1803.

'The King feels much pleasure on receiving Mr. Addington's account, that, on Mr. Pitt's motion for the order of the day, the ayes were but 58 to 335; and on Mr. Patten's motion for a censure, the ayes were 36, noes 277—as these events prove the real sense of the House of Commons, and that Parliament truly means support to the executive power, not *to faction*. GEORGE R.'—vol. ii. p. 143.

This was followed by a war of pamphlets—the first, on the

* Pitt is stated to have fired in the air, but this of course could only have been known of his last shot.

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Addington side, by Mr. Bentley, very sharp and clever. Mr. Pitt's cause was defended, not so strikingly, by Mr. Peregrine Courtenay (then a very young man in one of the public offices), under the guidance, we believe, of Mr. Pitt's confidential friend, Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, and, if we are not deceived, this pamphlet was retouched by Mr. Pitt himself. Several others followed; and we believe it was on this occasion that Mr. Robert Ward, the author of 'Tremaine,' a zealous Pittite, first appeared in print. These bye-battles tended, of course, to further estrangement; but Pitt still disavowed anything like systematic opposition.

But a more serious subject now absorbed public attention. War had been proclaimed on the 18th of May, and, as Buonaparte announced and perhaps really intended an invasion, the military defences of the country occupied all thoughts and became the battle-field of parties, who seemed all to forget that their conflicts—whoever might prevail—were, in truth, weakness to the country and strength to the enemy.

At this crisis—January, 1804—the King had a fit of the gout, during which he was perfectly collected and rational; but early in February he had decided symptoms of a worse malady; which as usual seems to have been brought out by vexation and anxiety about public affairs. It lasted, however, only a few days; but an entry in Mr. Abbot's Diary shows the singular calmness and patience with which his Majesty anticipated this calamity: he had learned probably what usually produced it, and he became therefore sensible of its approaches:—

'*February 17th.*—Saw Mr. Addington for the first time since the King's illness. The King had foreseen it coming on, and had made arrangements as in case of his death. The Queen and royal family had put themselves entirely in the hands of the ministers, and the council had examined the physicians as to the probable duration of the disorder. If it should appear likely to be prolonged, a regency must ensue. Mr. Addington had completely made up his mind upon the business.'—vol. ii. p. 249.

In a few days the King was convalescent, and transacted business, which, however, was submitted with some caution not to overload him. About the 20th February the Foxite Whigs, and the Grenville, Windham, and Canning parties entered avowedly into a *coalition*, which they called a *co-operation*, of which the object was to displace Addington, but, as for consequences, *alors comme alors*. Pitt refused to be a party to this junction, and during the earlier part of the session still professed an inclination to be able to support the Government; but at length on the 15th of March—instigated no doubt by the remembrance of what had passed on the

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the Naval Inquiry Bill and the general unpopularity of Lord St. Vincent—he attacked the Ministry, and especially the Admiralty, as having wholly mistaken and neglected the true principles of naval defence. We remember also that debate, and believe that Addington would have been very hard pushed by the Coalition, but for a speech of Sir Edward Pellew, who, in reply to Mr. Pitt, ridiculed and very ably refuted a scheme which he had propounded for employing gun-boats, which Sir Edward called a '*musquito fleet*,' and went on to show that our naval dispositions were judicious and complete. Notwithstanding this able professional opinion, which had considerable effect on the House and in the country, the coalition of Pitt, Fox, and the Grenvilles divided 130 to 201.* Shortly after, the third reading of Mr. Secretary Yorke's bill for the interchange of the Irish Militia was carried but by 21. We learn from Mr. Twiss that Pitt, now about to act in open concert with the combined Opposition, resolved to address a letter to the King to explain his motives. This letter, of the precise contents of which we know nothing, Mr. Pitt thought it prudent, as the King's state of health was very precarious, to transmit through Lord Chancellor Eldon, with whom it seems he had been in some kind of communication ever since the 20th of March, concerning, as Mr. Twiss conjectures, an attempt to remodel the Government. Dr. Pellew adds nothing to Mr. Twiss's statement, but that he can '*authoritatively* assert from the Sidmouth papers,' and again, that he can 'declare from the best *authority*,' that this was wholly unknown to Mr. Addington. Mr. Twiss seems to hint as much; but we wish the Dean had given us his '*authority*' for speaking so confidently upon the point. It might have helped to unravel this mysterious transaction,—which, however, could have had no practical effect; for the attitude Mr. Pitt had taken, as well as the divisions in the House of Commons, had decided *coram populo* the fate of Addington's administration. Mr. Pitt was very anxious that his explanatory letter should be delivered to the King before the debate on the 23rd April, on which day there was open concord between all the former opposing parties, increased by that of the Prince of Wales (Sheridan, &c., who had hitherto supported Addington), in favour of Mr. Fox's motion on the defences of the country, when the numbers were 204 to 256—leaving the Ministry a majority of only 52.

'Mr. Pitt made a long speech of great hostility towards conduct of

* The Scotch members dividing against Addington on this occasion, Sheridan, on re-entering the House, addressed him in a stage whisper, altering only one syllable in the despairing ejaculation of Macbeth—'*Doctor!* the Thanes flee from *thee*.'

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administration. In this and the division on the 25th Mr. Fox's friends were very doubtful of deriving any benefit from their co-operation with Mr. Pitt. Mr. Courtenay [one of the Foxite wits] said, "We are the pioneers, digging the foundations; but Mr. Pitt will be the architect to build the house, and to inhabit it." '—vol. ii. p. 269.

The attack was renewed on the 25th, when Pitt took the lead in opposing one of the military measures of the administration, and opened some plans of his own, about which Fox and Windham expressed strong doubts, but concurred in the common object of defeating Addington. In this division—240 to 203—the ministerial majority was reduced to 37—in those days a hopeless one!

On this Addington resolved, and on the 29th of April announced, his resignation; and Mr. Pitt was charged by the King with the formation of another ministry. Notwithstanding this change of circumstances, Addington, on the 30th, the day previously appointed for it, opened (as Pitt had done in the interregnum of 1801) another budget, which was received with general approbation. On the 10th of May Addington ceased to be Minister, and Mr. Pitt—after having failed to persuade the King to admit—or the Grenvilles to desert—Mr. Fox, resumed his former offices, at the head of a Cabinet in which Addington's late friends formed a majority.

We cannot look back without some regret at this part of Mr. Pitt's career. His coalition with the Opposition to turn out Addington was surely of very doubtful propriety; and his intended union with Mr. Fox would have been as discreditable to both as his abandoning his new ally was to himself.

With all our allowance for Mr. Pitt's anxieties on the subject of the King's health, we can barely admit that he was justified in postponing the Catholic question, to which he was so deeply pledged; but we cannot at all satisfy ourselves that, having gone so far as to displace Mr. Addington, he ought not to have persisted in forming the strong administration which he had declared to be indispensable.

We must now return to Addington, whose exit from office was marked with the most gracious regrets and generous kindness of his royal master:—

'Queen's Palace, May 9th, 1804, 48 m. past 6 P.M.

'The King has this instant finished a long but most satisfactory conversation with Mr. Pitt, who will stand forth, though Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Windham have declined even treating, as Mr. Fox is excluded by the express command of the King to Mr. Pitt. This being the case, the King desires Mr. Addington will attend here at

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at ten to-morrow morning, with the seals of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The King's friendship for Mr. Addington is too deeply graven on his heart to be in the least diminished by any change of situation: his Majesty will order the warrant to be prepared for the creating Mr. Addington Earl of Banbury, Viscount Wallingford, and Baron Reading; and will order the message to be carried by Mr. Yorke to the House of Commons for the usual annuity, having most honourably and ably filled the station of Speaker of the House of Commons. The King will settle such a pension on Mrs. Addington, whose virtue and modesty he admires, as Mr. Addington may choose to propose.'—vol. ii. p. 288.

To this Addington replied in a way that does him credit; and scarcely the less if—as we see reason to believe, though it is not distinctly stated—he was led to refuse those well-earned honours and advantages from the idea that they might be attributed to a compact or understanding between him and the new Minister, from whom he was at that time in no disposition to receive favours:—

'Mr. Addington will not fail to obey your Majesty's commands to-morrow morning, at the hour which your Majesty has been pleased to appoint. He is deeply impressed with the feelings which are due to the fresh proofs which your Majesty has condescended to afford him of your consideration and favour; but he most humbly and earnestly hopes to be forgiven by your Majesty for declaring that he could not possibly avail himself of them without the utter destruction of that comfort and peace of mind which he is fully convinced that it is your Majesty's gracious and benevolent purpose to preserve and promote.'

In winding up his business, some papers having remained unsigned, the King transmitted them to him with the following affectionate farewell:—

'Queen's Palace, May 14th, 1804, 15 m. past 7 A.M.

'The King has signed and returns the warrants to his truly beloved friend Mr. Addington, whose honour, truth, and personal attachment will ever be a source of the greatest pleasure and comfort his Majesty can enjoy, as he only values those who view him as a man, and not those who reflect alone on the King—consequently are led by interest, not sentiments of friendship. The King will be highly gratified if Mr. Addington will call here at ten this forenoon.—GEORGE R.'

Mr. Pitt's ministerial proceedings were now becoming in many instances the best justification of Addington's measures. His Additional Force Act was not more effective than that on which Addington had been turned out, and it was carried through one of its stages—as Sheridan sarcastically reminded Pitt—by a smaller majority. In August he proposed to *Mr. Tierney* to accept under him the Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland. In November he offered the place of Judge Advocate-General

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General to Mr. Bond, and made propositions to others of Addington's friends. And at last in December a proposition was made to Addington himself for a personal reconciliation and political reunion. It was accepted; and we confess that, with all our partiality to both, we do not think that this transaction raised the character of either, or advanced in any degree the public interests.

It was admitted by every one except Addington, and by him too after a slight demur, that he could not remain in the House of Commons; but as he hesitated to accept the peerage, from not having fortune sufficient for that rank, Pitt offered him the Duchy of Lancaster for life, or to propose a parliamentary pension, which it had been usual for retiring Speakers to receive. Addington refused both—we do not understand, even from his own explanation, on what grounds. He writes to Pitt—

'I am fully aware that, under present circumstances, my continuance in the House of Commons, without being connected with government, is open to strong and most serious objections; but I really think they would all be completely obviated by my becoming a member of cabinet. .....If I could reconcile my mind to the idea of a parliamentary provision, the case would in one respect be different; but, after having turned it in my mind, and made every allowance for a change of circumstances, I feel that I could not consent to it with propriety and honour: and, without a provision, the acceptance of a peerage presents such a prospect, as, the nearer I am brought to contemplate it, makes me feel more and more what is due to such a station, as well as to the independence and credit of my family. The office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, though granted, as you kindly suggested, for my life, would not get rid of my difficulty: it could be for one life only, and that a very precarious one; besides which, I should not feel satisfied in locking up, under present circumstances, such a branch of the patronage of the Crown, or in taking an office to which no political efficiency is attached, and the sole recommendations of which are derived from its rank, patronage, and emoluments.'—vol. ii. p. 336.

All this seems to us irreconcilable with any common-sense view of the case. First, the main object was to remove him from the House of Commons, where he and Pitt could hardly with propriety, and certainly not with credit to Addington, continue to sit together, like two kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay—yet his first proposition is to remain there, with the additional awkwardness of being in Cabinet *without office*. Then he objects to the peerage for want of pecuniary means—and at the same time objects to derive those pecuniary means from what seems to us to be the most honourable and independent source—a parliamentary provision, the usual reward of the services of the Speaker;

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Speaker; and, finally, he objects to the Duchy because 'no political efficiency is attached to that office,' though he had set out by expressing his willingness to sit in the Cabinet without any office at all. We suppose the hesitation about the peerage, and the objection to the parliamentary provision, may have arisen from the high tone in which he had only a few months before rejected both; and 'the Duchy,' he significantly hinted, 'was *but for one life.*' In all this, we confess that the praise of any extravagant self-sacrifice, or any supernatural degree of disinterestedness, does not seem to us so eminently deserved as it does to the biographer. We do not see on what reasonable ground Addington, who had refused to serve under Pitt in April, 1803—who in May, 1804, had been turned out by Pitt—should in January, 1805, have submitted to Pitt and accepted the rank and coquetted about the 'provision' which he had so lately and so indignantly rejected. The treaty, however, ended in Addington's being created Viscount Sidmouth, and President of the Council *vice* the Duke of Portland, who accepted the unsalaried cabinet key; Lord Buckinghamshire, Lord Sidmouth's chief follower, obtained the Duchy—his subordinate friends, Pole Carew and Sullivan, were made Privy Councillors—and *Pitt 'engaged to open offices immediately for Bragge* (now become *Bathurst*), *Hiley, and Vansittart.*' This reunion was, we are told (ii. 333-340), a subject of great congratulation and exultation in Addington's circle, to which the Dean seems to attach more value than we do. Indeed we take a quite different view of the case. We are aware that the public, as far as they took any interest in the obscure details of the traffic between Pitt and Addington, were pleased to see what looked like an increase of strength to the Government in that difficult crisis of affairs; and we have no doubt that Addington's attachment to the King, who certainly desired his return, and his patriotic alarm at the aspect of the times, were strong, if not the strongest, motives of his conduct; but we must, on the other hand, confess our regret that those patriotic and laudable feelings had not operated to prevent the breach in April, 1804, rather than to patch it up so clumsily in January, 1805. The same observation applies with equal or indeed greater force to Pitt's excuses:—

'Mr. Pitt's sincerity at this time appears unquestionable. "I am sure," he said to Mr. Wilberforce on the 1st of February, "that you are glad to hear that Addington and I are one again. I think they are a little hard upon us in finding fault with our making it up again, when we have been friends from our childhood, and our fathers were so before us." '—vol. ii. p. 349.

All this, about their fathers and their childhood, seems, to us

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us who have the whole case now before us, mere *soft solder*—a palliative adapted to the tender susceptibilities of Wilberforce, but of which neither Pitt nor Addington were themselves dupes—nor can the surviving friends of either expect that posterity will be. The fact remains, we think, an indisputable proof of the congenitive weakness of Pitt's last Government and of the over-ready ductility of Addington's political temper.

Short was this inconsistent and inauspicious union—and to be dissolved in a way which, as we now learn, is less creditable to Lord Sidmouth than we had hitherto believed. The celebrated 10th Report of that Commission of Naval Inquiry whose institution had, as we have seen, created the first marked umbrage between Pitt and Addington, had charged Lord Melville, now First Lord of the Admiralty, with certain pecuniary irregularities committed by him many years before, when Treasurer of the Navy. We have not room to follow the less important details of the conduct of Lord Sidmouth and his friends in the various steps of this affair; but the pivot on which all turned was this—Lord Melville resigned—Sidmouth proposed *his* friend Lord Buckinghamshire to succeed him, and considered this a fair opportunity for claiming Pitt to perform the engagement before mentioned, by placing Bragge Bathurst in Buckinghamshire's vacancy (vol. ii. p. 357). Pitt, however, appointed Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards Lord Barham), and thus disappointed both of Sidmouth's objects; and Sidmouth and Buckinghamshire tendered their resignations.

The Dean candidly admits that some, and we may venture to add that all, the personal objections raised by Sidmouth against Sir Charles Middleton were untenable; and the real motive—namely, that his friends were disregarded—was, as he tells his brother, openly avowed to Mr. Pitt:—

'Dwelling particularly on the known opinions of Sir C. Middleton on naval subjects, and his intimate connexion with his predecessor, *independently of the obstacles which such an appointment created to the just pretensions of my friends.* * * *'

We should have liked to see, instead of the three asterisks, what Sidmouth had added to enforce 'the just pretensions of his friends;' but the hiatus is perhaps sufficiently supplied by another letter to his brother:—

'Richmond Park, April 22d.

'The die, my dear Hiley, appears to be cast. This morning I received from Mr. Pitt the enclosed note. If a person of weight and efficiency had been appointed [to the Admiralty], there could have been no ground for complaint; but to select an individual who has little professional and no political importance, and thereby to *forego the means of*

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of making an arrangement conformable to the pledge given to me in December last, and which would have been at the same time far more satisfactory to Parliament and the public, is to declare that any expedient is *preferable to the admission into office of those with whom I am connected.*'—vol. ii. p. 360.

Mr. Pitt, however, delayed communicating the resignations of Sidmouth and Buckinghamshire to the King; and in a subsequent conversation he, by many arguments, persuaded Sidmouth to retract his resolution; the only ratiocination, however, which seems not to have been previously though ineffectually urged, being that Pitt engaged

'finally, that every allowance would be made for the peculiar situation of my friends on many questions that might arise, and *every consideration shown to their just and admitted pretensions.* It was added (says Sidmouth), that if, with a *view to my own credit and comfort*, and to the *influence* which it might have upon my friends, *I* should prefer the office of *Secretary of State* to that which I now hold, an arrangement should be made for that purpose.'—vol. ii. p. 364.

Upon this the Dean adds,—

'This settlement was received with much satisfaction by his Lordship's numerous friends, who could not help feeling that, had a breach then taken place, it would have been founded, in public opinion, solely on a comparative estimate of the merits of Sir Charles Middleton and the noble Lord (Buckinghamshire) whose superior pretensions Lord Sidmouth considered as unfairly set aside; whereas, in reality, the difference on that point, so far from being the one cause of the separation, would only have been the last and finishing circumstance of many which had long been tending to the same result.'

The Dean tells us, and we cannot doubt that as usual Lord Sidmouth's chorus of friends were pleased at so promising a bargain, and, being sensible men, would have been sorry of a rupture on such low grounds; but we need hardly say that we think that the last portion of the foregoing extract is a very imperfect summary of the case. We are satisfied that Lord Buckinghamshire's share in the matter was very slight. Sidmouth had, at the first moment of the vacancy at the Admiralty, stated to Hiley, 'I am determined not *to take that office under present circumstances*' (vol. ii. p. 336). This and the subsequent allusion to the Secretaryship of State, and a previous *offer* to *facilitate* Pitt's arrangements by taking the Home Department, satisfy us that far beyond any wish for another office for Lord Buckinghamshire (who already had a very good one) was Sidmouth's desire to change his own, and to make vacancies for Bragge Bathurst in the Cabinet, and for Bond, Hiley, and his other friends in other places, '*conformably to the pledge given in December last.*'

But

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But the wound, though bound up, was not even skinned over. On the further proceedings in Lord Melville's case, Mr. Bond and Mr. Hiley Addington (Sidmouth being in the Cabinet) took an active part against him—Bond moving a criminal prosecution. Lord Colchester's Diary of the 16th of June says—

'On the day before yesterday—Lord Sidmouth said—he had held a conversation with Mr. Pitt at the Queen's house, the result of which was, that Mr. Pitt had thrown out difficulties about giving appointments to Bond and Hiley, and dwelt on the appearance of hostility and defiance shown in their speaking and voting against Government. . . . The King told Lord Sidmouth that he and Mr. Pitt should talk matters over together, and not have any go-betweens.'—vol. ii. p. 368.

They accordingly met more than once, and as to manner kindly, but the difference was irreconcilable. What the precise point of difference was the Dean does not fully explain. But we have Lord Malmesbury's short and clear version of the affair (*Corr.*, vol. iv. p. 338), which explains the *lacunæ* and obscurities of the Sidmouth correspondence:—

'This party acted with Pitt during four or five months, when Addington resigned in a pet, because some of his friends, and particularly Bond, were not given office. Pitt intended and promised to do it soon, but Addington wanted it immediately.'

On the 5th of July Lord Sidmouth's resignation was formally accepted, and, on the 7th of July, 'a note from Mr. Pitt, *subscribed as usual*,' closed their correspondence for ever. '*Coldly* closed,' says the Dean; but if *subscribed as usual* *—that is, we suppose, '*affectionately yours*,'—it could hardly be called *coldly*, and we presume the Dean must have some good reason for not giving us a copy of the note that closed under such circumstances such a correspondence. The Dean, of course, sees in all this nothing that was not high and honourable on the part of Sidmouth, and nothing but faults of an opposite colour on that of Pitt, his respect for whom induces him to attribute those errors to evil counsels and malevolent advisers—pointing, no doubt, chiefly at Mr. Canning. We confess we draw, and we think our readers will have drawn, from the very evidence produced by the Dean himself, a very different conclusion. We admire Lord Sidmouth's fidelity and zeal for his friends, and we admit that no statesman is likely to be true to the public who is false or even indifferent towards them; but we cannot think that the motive of getting places a little sooner or later for three however deserving followers

* The subscription was not a random matter between them, as they invariably *echoed* each other. Previous to the negotiation in April, 1803, it was '*affectionately yours*;' during that, it cooled down to '*sincerely yours*,' and, after it, became '*your faithful and obedient servant*;' but on the re-union, in January, 1805, it warmed again into '*sincerely and affectionately yours*.'

was

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was sufficient to overrule his prior and larger duties to the general party, the country, and the King, and to risk what he knew to be pregnant with imminent public danger—the dissolution of the Government.

About this sad period there fell upon him a deep family affliction: his eldest son, now about eighteen years of age, a young man of the most amiable character and greatest promise,

'had so over-worked his intellectual powers, by plunging into studies that strain the mind, that he fell into a grave, taciturn, and abstracted state, from which he never rallied. The faculties of his mind continued apparently unimpaired; but either the will to exercise them was absent, or the power of doing so was withdrawn. He seemed to derive satisfaction from books and horse exercise, and manifested a consciousness of persons and events; but in all besides his fine understanding, to use his father's expression, "remained locked up to a melancholy degree;" and until the period of his death—from a casual attack of local inflammation—in 1823, neither the sound of his voice, the expression of any desire or emotion, nor a single indication of pleasure or pain, broke the awful monotony of mental inaction.'—vol. ii. p. 390.

On the first intimation of this disorder, Mr. Pitt called at Richmond Lodge, on the 24th of September, to express his sympathy with the afflicted father; not finding him, he called again on the 26th, and saw him for the last time!

On the 23rd of January Mr. Pitt died—of old age at forty-seven, as Sir W. Farquhar emphatically told Lord Malmesbury.

As the Dean of Norwich's very natural and amiable partiality to Lord Sidmouth has led him involuntarily but inevitably into giving much unfavourable colouring to Mr. Pitt's conduct, we have great pleasure in extracting the following just and graceful farewell to that great statesman:—

'It would be a presumptuous act to introduce into these pages any remark on the character of the deceased statesman which did not bear immediate reference to him who is the subject of them. But, regarding Mr. Pitt's conduct even in this restricted point of view, the Sidmouth papers contain what may be considered ample proof that all his spontaneous feelings were most friendly, just, and honourable. Whenever, in short, he exercised, uncontrolled, his natural generosity and that kindliness of disposition which so peculiarly belonged to him, his mind displayed its real nobility; and of this his behaviour towards Lord Sidmouth exhibited proofs even to the last, in the delight he showed at their reconciliation, in the emotion he could not conceal at their second separation, and in the two sympathising visits he paid on the illness of his Lordship and his son, at a period when he was himself almost worn down with sickness and anxiety.

'These evidences of a noble and generous disposition scarcely leave room to doubt, that, had his invaluable life been prolonged, the present, like the former, difference would have proved of a temporary nature; and

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and that both parties would, ere long, have been equally desirous to show that a friendship, founded alike on early attachment, mutual respect, and congenial sentiments, could only, in reality, be dissolved by the hand of death.'—vol. ii. pp. 408, 409.

It is justice to Lord Sidmouth himself to give a letter which he wrote to Mr. Bathurst the day before Mr. Pitt's death :—

'January 22nd, at night.

'Ere this the scene is probably closed at Putney Heath! In a note, written early this evening, the Bishop of Lincoln tells me that "the symptoms indicate approaching dissolution." May everlasting happiness await him! To me it is a comfort not to be expressed, that I have been enabled at this crisis to show, not merely attention, but the affection which has never been extinguished, and that all has been, in this respect, as I could have wished. It is also most gratifying to me to have stopped the intended proceeding of yesterday.* . . . . We must, if it be possible, have a strong and efficient government, and a weak opposition; and this can only be accomplished by combinations and arrangements which I certainly never could look to as objects of choice, though they may be called for by public necessity. For my own part, I will neither, on the one hand, assist in propping a weak and incompetent government, nor will I have any share, on the other, in fettering the King's prerogative. In parliament and in the closet I will offer the best advice I am capable of giving, but there must be no coercion.'—vol. ii. pp. 407, 408.

This letter is a pleasing proof of the feelings of his heart towards Mr. Pitt at that supreme moment, but it affords also, we think, an indication that he had already in some degree connected himself with the Opposition, who must have communicated to him that intended amendment which he had influence enough to stop. Lord Wellesley has told us, in his beautiful letter on Mr. Pitt (Quart. Rev., vol. lvii. p. 491), that it was *he* that communicated Mr. Pitt's imminent danger to Lord Grenville, who immediately determined that all parliamentary hostility should be suspended: we are glad to find that Sidmouth also interfered; and indeed the whole Opposition would naturally concur in this delay, because it certainly would have been not only unfeeling towards the dying statesman, but even in a mere party view highly impolitic, to have pushed at that moment a question which the hand of Providence was so visibly about to solve!

This connexion, or understanding, between Sidmouth and the old Opposition, to whatever extent it may have then proceeded, was speedily and fully ratified by the combination of him and his

* 'At the opening of the session on the preceding day an amendment to the Address had been prepared in each house, pledging Parliament to inquire into the conduct of the Government. Lord Sidmouth, however, disapproved of this step, and, as he here asserts, in consequence of his objections, it was relinquished.'—*Dr. Pellew's Note.*

friends

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friends in the piebald Administration called *All the Talents.* It has been thought that Lord Sidmouth was induced to make this strange coalition with men who throughout their lives had been fierce opponents, not of his person and policy merely, but of his gravest principles, by the secret suggestion or command of the King, who was supposed to have wished to possess in Lord Sidmouth one personal friend in the new Cabinet: this however was not the case. His Majesty was very much displeased with Sidmouth's late secession from Pitt, and was probably not uninformed of his new engagements with the Opposition; and this accounts in some degree for the statement made by Dr. Pellew, that throughout the *Talents'* administration no trace is to be found of that Royal correspondence lately so frequent and so fond. It is, we hope, no more than justice to Lord Sidmouth to suppose that besides the natural wish of political men 'to serve their king and country,' he must have really felt at that crisis the necessity of making a Government, and a strong one if possible—which could hardly be done without his concurrence; and that in coalescing with Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, he was doing only what Mr. Pitt had so lately attempted. He may have also hoped, seeing some new combination to be inevitable, that his influence might tend to moderate and reconcile to the public advantage the violent and discordant views which those destined to be leading members of the new administration had formerly taken. Nor can we doubt that, though in a kind of disgrace with the king, he was, as is intimated towards the close of the letter of the 22nd of January, anxious to be in a condition to protect the conscience and independence of his royal master.

To give himself more weight and consideration in this motley group, he obtained for his friend Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a seat in the Cabinet. The Dean has dutifully collected and ingeniously presents all the arguments and authorities by which this very obnoxious measure was defended; but we do not think he has quite satisfied himself—he has certainly not convinced us; and the best excuse we find is that homely one of old Lord Rous—that 'Lord Sidmouth with Ellenborough by his side puts him in mind of a faithful old steward, with his mastiff, watching new servants, lest they should have any design against the family mansion' (ii. 417). In this goodly and trustworthy company Lord Sidmouth became Lord Privy Seal, and—in addition to the *Mastiff* in the Cabinet—Lord Buckinghamshire and *all* the gentlemen for whose sakes, as we have seen, Sidmouth broke off with Pitt, were also accommodated to his satisfaction and their own. It is due to him, however, to record, from the contemporaneous and therefore unsuspicious entry

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entry of Mr. Abbot's Diary (4th Feb. 1806), that Lord Sidmouth

'gave express notice to Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, that whether in the present or any future reign, in or out of office, he would ever resist to the uttermost the Catholic question.'—vol. ii. p. 416.

And Mr. Fox himself declared that he never would annoy the King by proposing it.

Of the proceedings of that administration we shall notice only what relates to Lord Sidmouth personally.

Their first important measure was a motion pledging Parliament to the abolition of the slave-trade. In this Lord Sidmouth did not concur; he disapproved, not of the principle, but of the *tempus et modus operandi*, and opposed what he thought, and as it has turned out justly, would not suppress, but exasperate, as it were, the cruelties of that traffic.

On the 28th of July he took his last leave of Mr. Fox:—

'After the cabinet was over, I called in the Stable Yard, where I learnt that Fox was desirous of seeing me. This was about four o'clock. He was in bed, and I sat alone with him about ten minutes. He received me with great complacency and cordiality—I could almost say, affection; but perhaps I judged a little from my own sensations. "Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!" and yet my present impressions respecting him are not so utterly hopeless as they were before I saw him. His colour is very bad; but his voice was clear, and he seemed less oppressed than he was four weeks ago. He shook me by the hand at parting, and said he hoped I would come again.'

'Richmond Park, Sept. 14th, 1806.

'Poor Fox closed his career yesterday evening, and, I trust, is at peace. He suffered little, but was occasionally dejected: in general, however, he preserved his complacency, and smiled when any friend approached him, even when he could not converse: as late as Thursday, when he rallied considerably, he talked with Lord Holland and others very cheerfully; and, observing a servant in the room, he spoke in French. Prayers were read to him every day; and he frequently clasped his hands together, and showed strong signs of devotion. This is a soothing and gratifying circumstance. His last words were—"I pity you!" looking at his wife: just before, he had said, "I die happy." Of his talents there can be but one opinion. His natural disposition deserved, I really believe, all that could be said in its favour. I never knew a man of more apparent sincerity; more free from rancour, or even severity; and hardly any one so entirely devoid of affectation.'

'"Little did I think," said his Majesty to Lord Sidmouth, at the first interview with which he had honoured him after the fatal event—"little did I think that I should ever live to regret Mr. Fox's death."'

On this event, Sidmouth again changed office: he became once more President, and Lord Holland Privy Seal.

Then

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Then came the extraordinary proceeding by which it was endeavoured to procure the admission of Roman Catholics to the staff of the army in England—a measure of no great importance in itself, but made considerable by the art and pertinacity by which it was endeavoured to be at first smuggled, and afterwards forced upon the King as a pledge of still larger concessions. The documents and authorities here produced confirm the general accuracy of Lord Malmesbury's very interesting details, in which, however, there is one slight error which is worth correcting for Lord Sidmouth's sake. In the outset of Malmesbury's notes, and before the whole affair had developed itself, he represents Sidmouth as being very lukewarm and suspected of having lost somewhat of his Protestant zeal by keeping bad company; and, indeed, even from this work it does appear that he was very slow in communicating with the King: but though, as the Dean seems to suggest, the fear of being thought to intrigue against his colleagues may have prevented his communicating with the King, the resolution above quoted from Mr. Abbot's Diary shows that he had never changed his opinion; and in a later entry Lord Malmesbury himself records that the King did him full justice, declaring 'that he had behaved handsomely.'

As the King's answer to one of the representations of the Cabinet is the last of his Majesty's notes relative to public affairs that this work gives, and is an honourable specimen of his powers of mind at this trying time, when he has been represented as an insane bigot, we shall extract it:—

'Windsor Castle, Feb. 10th, 1807.

'The King has received Earl Spencer's letter, transmitting a minute of cabinet, with the despatch from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the draft of the proposed answer to which it refers. Whilst his Majesty approves of that part of the answer which instructs the Lord Lieutenant to keep back any petition from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and to prevent the renewal of a question upon which his Majesty's sentiments and the general sense of the country have already been so clearly pronounced, the King cannot but express the most serious concern that any proposal should have been made to him for the introduction of a clause in the Mutiny Bill which would remove a restriction upon the Roman Catholics, forming, in his opinion, a most essential feature of the question, and so strongly connected with the whole, that the King trusts his parliament never would, under any circumstances, agree to it. His Majesty's objections to this proposal do not result from any slight motives—they have never varied; for they arise from the principles by which he has been guided through life, and to which he is determined to adhere. On this question a line has been drawn from which he cannot depart; nor can Earl Spencer be surprised that such should be his Majesty's feelings upon this occasion, as he cannot have forgotten what

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occurred when the subject was brought forward seven years ago; and he had hoped, in consequence, that it would never again have been agitated. GEORGE R.'

While this great affair was pending, Lord Grenville was endeavouring to negotiate Mr. Canning's accession to the Government. We learn from Mr. Canning himself, through Lord Malmesbury, that in the preceding November Lord Grenville had employed Lord Wellesley to bring him over. 'Lord Wellesley negotiated ably, but Canning remained firm, and from principle.'—('*Malm. Cor.*,' iv. 354.) This treaty had either been continued or was now renewed. The Dean throws into a note, with an observation '*that he can give no explanation of it*,' the following, as we think, very important letter from Lord Sidmouth to Lord Grenville:—

'My dear Lord, 'Gloucester Place, March 5th.

'* * * On the subject which we have discussed so fully, I have nothing to add. That the loss of Lord Howick in the House of Commons would be severely felt is unquestionable; but I cannot concur with you in thinking that the effect of it, unless obviated by some previous arrangement, would be the dissolution of the Government, still less do I agree in the opinion that the mode proposed is the only practicable one, or even the best that might be adopted. * * * It is, however, quite impossible for me to stand in the way of an arrangement to which you attach such extreme importance; *it is also impossible for me to become a party to it.* Ever sincerely yours, SIDMOUTH.'

We are surprised that the Dean can have had any doubt that this letter alludes to the prospect of Lord Howick's being called to the Lords, and to a proposal of Lord Grenville's for replacing him as leader of the House of Commons by Canning. This we think is clear from the following letter, which we find on the same page:—

'My dear Lord, 'Gloucester Place, March 11th, 1807.

'After having fully considered the difficulties we talked of yesterday, I am convinced that there is only one course for me to pursue with justice to you and with honour to myself. My opinion on parts of the bill respecting Roman Catholics, *and the communications now going on with Mr. Canning for the purpose of connecting him with the Government*,* separately afford sufficient ground for this conviction, and, when taken together, *admit of no alternative.* Ever sincerely yours, —vol. ii. p. 461. 'SIDMOUTH.'

On Saturday the 14th of March, says Lord Malmesbury,

'Canning was with me, entered into a long account of his own conduct, principles, &c., and said that he had received and rejected overtures from Lord Grenville; but that he had not explained himself fully and decidedly *till this morning*, when he had told Lord Grenville that the

* Sydney Smith, in the character of *Peter Plymley*, states, that if the *Talents* had asted four-and-twenty hours longer Canning was to have joined them.

King's

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King's sentiments being now fully and distinctly pronounced (which was all he wanted to know), his part was decidedly taken to support the King, declaring with a threat that "*he would never sit in the same cabinet with Addington.*"'—*Corr.*, vol. iv. p. 367.

Thus we see that Sidmouth on the 5th and 11th declared his resolution to resign if Canning was introduced, and Canning on the 14th declared he *never would sit in a cabinet with Sidmouth*—a *threat* produced, we presume, by Lord Grenville's having communicated to him Sidmouth's hostile declaration.

In reply to Sidmouth's letter of the 11th, Grenville only wrote to beg him to suspend his resolution till they should have met and conversed; but Lord Sidmouth 'had already made a similar communication to his Majesty, and had received his Majesty's gracious commands to remain in his office.'—(ii. 462.) On that same day, however, Lord Sidmouth had made an overture to Mr. Perceval—*the leader of the Opposition*—

'for a communication respecting the best means of defeating the Catholic Bill, and *upon that subject only*; and a meeting was fixed for Friday the 13th; but in the interim, Lord Howick having finally postponed the second reading of his bill, and the King not having accepted Lord Sidmouth's resignation, the latter requested Lord Arden to explain to Mr. Perceval the reason of his declining the interview, which was, that the step "would be premature and improper until he was fully informed of the final determination of the Government." All this was subsequently explained to Lord Grenville, who in their parting conversation expressed his unqualified satisfaction in all Lord Sidmouth's intercourse.'—ii. 464.

The Dean does not state the authority on which he prints these words, '*upon that subject only*,' in *italics*, for Lord Malmesbury says, 'that Sidmouth's overture threw out a general hint of coming round' (*Malm. Corr.*, iv. 368). Indeed we regret that the Dean has not given the whole documentary evidence of this transaction, in which Lord Sidmouth's proceedings seem to us rather obscure. We confess that we should like to see explained—what looks like the complicated intrigue of a Spanish farce, rather than the councils of British statesmen—the simultaneous communications between so important a member of the Opposition as Mr. Canning with the First Lord of the Treasury, and, *par contre-coup*, of the President of the Council with Mr. Perceval. That Lord Sidmouth's proceeding, strange as it looks, was not only justifiable, but honourable, we are unwilling to doubt; and it was certainly stamped with the approbation of the King himself:—

'Queen's Palace, March 25th, 1807.

'Although the King is deprived of the services of Lord Sidmouth in the arrangement which he has made for the formation of a new administration, his Majesty cannot release him from his situation without ex-

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pressing to him the satisfaction which he has derived from the support which Lord Sidmouth has given to him throughout the progress of a transaction in which his decided principles and his feelings were at stake. The King is not less sensible of the readiness with which Lord Sidmouth complied with his wish that he should continue in office for the last fortnight, under circumstances which his Majesty is well aware must have been equally painful and embarrassing; and he desires Lord Sidmouth will be assured that he shall ever feel a sincere interest in his welfare.'—vol. ii. pp. 466, 467.

Lord Sidmouth seems to intimate (vol. ii. p. 467) that he had received something like an invitation to join the new Government, having the Duke of Portland at its head, which he states that he had resolved not to do; but there is, we think, abundant evidence that this was a misapprehension; nor can we imagine, considering the antagonist pledges of him and Mr. Canning, now one of the most important leaders of the new Cabinet, how such a proposal could have been thought of. Office was, however, offered through him to Mr. Bragge Bathurst, and declined.

Lord Sidmouth is now out of place, and, in fact, in Opposition —though he protests against being so considered—and, 'hushed in grim repose, expects his prey,' or, in other words, was waiting his opportunity for attacking the ministers. That was soon presented by the second Copenhagen expedition in the summer of 1807, which the Sidmouths joined with the Whigs in condemning, and which Dr. Pellew still laments over as a public immorality and national dishonour. If we chose to examine the Dean's arguments on this point—his condemnatory views of the political motives of the design—his becoming horror at the 'frightful slaughter' and 'bloodguiltiness' of the execution—we are afraid that they would make but a poor figure by the side of his glowing exultation at the *first* Copenhagen expedition, his proud and dutiful recollections of his own father's heroic achievements, and of all the other 'frightful slaughters' which, as far as we can see, had no other exemption from the general charge of 'bloodguiltiness' than that Lord Sidmouth happened to be in office when they were perpetrated.* We thought, we have thought ever since, and we still think—as did at the time the Parliament and the country—that the second expedition to Copenhagen was as perfectly justifiable as the first; and really it is a little too bad to encounter again, after the lapse of forty years, all the out-of-office scruples and

* We wonder the Dean did not call to mind one of the retorts of the day against Sidmouth, when spouting his ethics about Copenhagen—'Are our soldiers and sailors to be like the apothecaries in Dryden—

"——————— Who must but kill,
When *Doctors* first have sign'd the bloody bill"?'

opposition

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opposition sensibilities of Lord Sidmouth and Brother Bragge. Nor can we conceal our regret at seeing the notorious malignity of that strange moralist Mr. Jefferson against this country brought forward by the Dean of Norwich as an auxiliary to Lord Sidmouth:—

'It is a *singular circumstance* that the transatlantic statesman, *Mr. Jefferson*, should have included the "conflagration of Copenhagen" amongst several other facts in proof of "the total extinction of national morality in the present age."—*Jefferson's Memoirs*, p. 87.'—vol. ii. p. 489, *note.*

But we think our readers will be something more than surprised to hear that—in the whole twenty pages dedicated to an elaborate accusation of spoliation and perfidy against England—the real clue to and complete justification of the whole policy—*the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit*—are not so much as mentioned! Hear what Citizen Fouché, a member of Buonaparte's Cabinet, tells us—

'The success of the attack on Copenhagen was the first derangement of the *secret articles* of the treaty of Tilsit, in virtue of which the *Navy of Denmark was to have been put at the disposal of France.* Since the catastrophe of Paul, I had never seen Napoleon in such a rage. That which struck him most in this vigorous *coup de main* was the promptitude and resolution of the British ministry.'—*Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 137. *

And this was the affair of which Lord Sidmouth declares, with such absurd emphasis, '*When I die, Copenhagen will be found at the bottom of my heart!*' We well remember the debates on this question, and, above all, Mr. Canning's most eloquent and triumphant refutation of all these calumnies against England, and we cannot patiently submit to an attempt to revive the notoriously *factious pretences* which were forty years ago debated in the face of England and of Europe, and silenced and crushed by majorities—in the Lords of 105 to 41—and in the Commons, notwithstanding the union of the Whigs and Sidmouthites, by 224 to 64.

Lord Sidmouth followed up this explosion by protests and motions, marked by the same spirit, for the safe preservation of the Danish ships for the Danish Government, and for the indemnification of the 'unfortunate' Danish merchants who were the victims of England's disgraceful system of perfidy and

* We have not such implicit faith in these Memoirs as other, perhaps better judges, profess; but the fact of the secret articles is now notorious. Fouché says that Buonaparte suspected Talleyrand of having betrayed him, and it is true that Talleyrand happened to be dismissed the very day our expedition sailed; but it was for a different cause—some pecuniary jobbing. The information reached, we believe, our Government, and that of Portugal, whose fleet was similarly menaced, through a *Russian* channel. All Russia, except Alexander, was against France.

plunder;

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plunder; but a contemptuous division of 36 to 16 forced him to abandon the ungrateful topic, which we humbly wish, for the sake of our good old friend, that we had been allowed to continue to forget.

On the 27th of May Lord Grenville brought forward the Catholic question, and was opposed by Lord Sidmouth, a portion of whose speech confirms what we have before said as to his and the King's sentiments about paying the Catholic clergy; and, in truth, the whole speech is worthy of consideration at the present moment:—

'Much, however, remained to be done, and, he hoped, would be done, for Ireland. She required to be emancipated from poverty and ignorance, and those evils could only be obviated by industry and instruction. . . . . With these several measures *he should wish to combine a moderate provision, at the charge of the State, for the deserving part of the Roman Catholic clergy*, with the view of convincing them that, by peaceable and becoming conduct, they would entitle themselves to the favour of Government.'—vol. ii. p. 501–502.*

During the couple of years that followed, Lord Sidmouth, being still out of office, joined readily in every factious movement made by the Whigs, though not formally coalescing with them. Taking advantage of the discouragement created in the public mind by the retreat and death of Sir John Moore, Lord Grey brought forward a motion of censure on the manner in which the Spanish campaign had been conducted; and although the motion was made by the adversaries of any struggle and the prophets of ultimate discomfiture and defeat, Lord Sidmouth, who professed opposite feelings, voted with the Whigs—with a view to displace the existing Government, or, as we rather think, to produce a crack in the building, through which he and his friends might wriggle in. In the same way he joined in the clamour against the Orders in Council,

'with the injustice and impolicy of which he was fully impressed, and was extremely anxious that the Government should pursue a more conciliatory policy towards the United States.'—vol. ii. p. 508.

We, who now know the determined hostility of the United States at that juncture, and that they were only waiting the opportunity of playing the game of Buonaparte, by falling upon us

* The Dean gives in a note this extract of a letter from Lord Wellesley to Lord Sidmouth:—'Dublin, August 3, 1824.—I often think of the policy of *a public provision for the Roman Catholic clergy*, and I am much inclined to suggest it to Mr. Peel; but the mode of effecting it offers many embarrassing questions.' What a misfortune that this did not form part of the arrangement of 1829!—which, without it, has produced unalloyed mischief.

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when we should be least able to resist the general assault, must read all this episode of Lord Sidmouth's political life with sorrow, we had almost said shame—and we cannot but wonder that Dr. Pellew—finding, we suppose, no other complimentary author—should have the *naïveté* to tell us

'that his Lordship's sentiments were *highly gratifying to the American minister, Mr. Pinkney.*'—vol. ii. p. 508.

We have little doubt that it might have been safely added, that they were also *highly gratifying to Napoleon Buonaparte.*

This, we think, does no great credit to Lord Sidmouth; and it was followed early next session by another proceeding which we think does no more, and of which even the Dean of Norwich marks his tacit disapprobation *by not even alluding to it.* We mean the countenance given to Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke by Bragge Bathurst's moving a vote of censure on the Duke of York—which, after his resignation, the vast majority of all sides of the House thought wantonly offensive, and negatived without a division.

The financial measures of the new Government Lord Sidmouth concurred with Lord Grenville in condemning, 'as invading Mr. Pitt's grand measure of the Sinking Fund,'—from which, however, it is subsequently admitted that 'Mr. Pitt himself had long ago set the example of departing' (ii. 514); but even if he had not, how could any rational man argue that a measure formed and calculated for an ordinary futurity was to be inflexibly adhered to in circumstances so awfully different, and when the question was not of theories of finance, but on the very existence of the country? And here again, as is usual, when Lord Sidmouth does anything very indefensible, the Dean produces, from his archives, a chorus of applause from his Lordship's little knot of worshippers.

The unfortunate dissension between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh dissolved the Duke of Portland's administration, which the Dean characterizes as '*feeble*,' for no other visible reason than because Lord Sidmouth did not belong to it; for we have just seen that it took the boldest war measure ever taken, and justified it against the coalesced Opposition by majorities of nearly three to one; and we know that even a fragment of it was strong enough to carry the country triumphantly through the most terrific difficulties and dangers that it ever had experienced.

On this occasion Mr. Perceval endeavoured to obtain the concurrence of Lords Grenville and Grey in forming an extended administration; and on their refusal, he offered a seat in the Cabinet,

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Cabinet, as Secretary-at-War, to Bragge Bathurst, and informed Sidmouth

'"that vacancies would be kept open for some of his friends in the House of Commons;" but, strange to say, making no offer of office to Lord Sidmouth himself. . . . Mr. Perceval candidly assigned the "prejudices of some of the members of the old Pitt connexion upon the subject of Lord Sidmouth's immediately forming a part of the Government, and the fear that they would by that circumstance be much alienated from the ministers, if not wholly decided in favour of Mr. Canning, as the reason why he had not immediately sought his Lordship's own assistance in the Cabinet." '—vol. iii. pp. 5, 6, 7.

This of course failed, but the extract from Mr. Perceval's letter shows, first, that the animosity with Mr. Canning was still irreconcileable, and that Mr. Pitt's particular friends—some of them, we know, calm, well-judging, and placable men, who knew the details of the case, and were afterwards good friends of Lord Sidmouth—considered that Sidmouth had behaved very ill to Pitt in the secession of July, 1805. On this failure Sidmouth endeavoured to renew and draw closer his alliance with Lord Grenville, but not being able to obtain from him a distinct pledge as to his future conduct on the Catholic question, Sidmouth resolved to stand aloof, with, however,

'a *bias* to support the measures of the present administration, which *cannot now be considered so weak* as to justify our concurring on that *ground only*, and before they are tried, in any parliamentary proceeding for their removal.'—vol. iii. p. 17.

This accounts for the use of the epithet *feeble*, before applied to the Duke of Portland's ministry, for Lord Sidmouth had attempted to justify his previous opposition to a government formed on his own principles of protecting the King's conscience, by the absurd excuse of its weakness and incapacity; but now, though it had lost the Duke of Portland himself, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and their numerous and powerful friends, and had gained only the, as yet doubtful, assistance of Lord Wellesley, he chose to consider it as strong enough to justify a bias towards it—that is, as we rather interpret the phrase, feeble enough to excite a hope of the *Doctor's* being called in.

This accordingly happened in April, 1811, when Mr. Perceval endeavoured to reunite the late Pitt party by the junction of Sidmouth, Wellesley, Canning, Castlereagh, and the existing Government; but this also failed. Wellesley would not go on without Canning,—Canning and Sidmouth were still irreconcilable, and Castlereagh also declined. Mr. Perceval's Government was therefore very near escaping the political small-pox—but he too was destined to *take it*. Only a month before the sudden

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sudden termination of his virtuous and honourable life and victorious administration, the inevitable *Doctor* entered his cabinet as President of the Council.

And here, we think, for the first time in his ministerial life, Lord Sidmouth found, and, we believe, felt himself in his proper place. By Pitt he had been overshadowed when not overpowered —his alliances with the Whigs were heterogeneous and almost discordant; and when out of office his manœuvres to return to power, however disguised from his better judgment by self-love or the flattery of his friends, were awkward, and hardly consistent with the real integrity of his heart. But in a respectable and (as he soon had) an efficient office in a Tory cabinet all his good qualities were drawn out, and his best energies consequently employed in their natural direction; his characteristic good nature was gratified by a gradual and eventually cordial reconciliation with all his early friends; and he was now enabled to pursue his political career without any deviation from the great principles which had guided his earlier life.

On Mr. Perceval's death in May, 1812—after some abortive efforts to form cabinets under Lord Wellesley and Lord Moira respectively—the existing Ministry was confirmed—Lord Liverpool being First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Sidmouth Secretary of State for the Home Department—an office for which he had always, we think, a strong predilection, and for which, during eight or nine most eventful and critical years, he showed himself admirably fitted. His friends were of course suitably provided for, and they, like their leader—good souls—amalgamated kindly and cordially with colleagues from whom they really never had had any substantial difference but the being *in* or *out*.

The only point of which Lord Sidmouth's new position could be, by the most censorious critic, charged with anything like inconsistency, was, that the Catholic question was now left an *open one*—but so it had virtually been ever since Mr. Pitt's second administration; and all that could be expected from Lord Sidmouth, was what he performed to the last—a manful and independent assertion of his own opinions.

The volume is now occupied almost exclusively with a narrative of the public events during that long and disgraceful series of seditious riots which from the year 1813 to 1820 disturbed so many parts of the country, and in some instances amounted to murder, high treason, and actual rebellion. The Dean gives copious details of these transactions, many of which are new to the public, and we particularly wish that we had room for his account of the celebrated Manchester Riot and its suppression.

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sion. The military proceedings are very ably told in an original letter, recently written by Sir William Jolliffe, who was himself—being then a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars—an actor in the scene he so well describes. It is impossible to read this letter, and indeed the whole narrative of this series of events, without feelings of wonder, shame, and indignation at the insane turbulence of the people, and the factious violence of parties—when Hunt was a patriot, and almost a power; and the lawful and even lenient suppression of this Manchester riot was stigmatised to an infuriate populace as a *Peterloo Massacre*. The Government boldly, in defiance of the clamour both in Parliament and out, thanked the Manchester magistrates for their spirit—dismissed Lord Fitzwilliam from the lieutenancy of Yorkshire for calling a public meeting to censure those proceedings—proposed and carried through Parliament *six acts* to arrest and punish libellous, seditious, and treasonable practices—and notwithstanding, we must say, the disgraceful countenance that these violences received from the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament, succeeded in rejecting inflammatory amendments in the Lords by 159 to 34, and in the Commons by 183 to 150. In all these severe trials Lord Sidmouth showed the greatest forbearance with the most undaunted firmness, and there is no minister of his times, nor indeed, we believe, of any times, to whom we may more truly apply one of his own favourite quotations—

> 'Justum et tenacem propositi virum
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium
> Mente quatit solida!'

Here we have to notice a circumstance that seems to us very extraordinary. We have hitherto seen but too much of the antagonism and antipathies of Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Canning. We know that they were pledged in much bitter language never to meet in the same cabinet, and we expected with considerable curiosity the Dean of Norwich's explanation of the circumstances which induced them to depart from that resolution. Not that we ourselves ever doubted of the propriety of the reconciliation and junction, but others had; and we wished to see what still more satisfactory version the Sidmouth papers would enable a panegyrical biographer to give of so remarkable a transaction. Even the example of Lord Eldon's biographer * had not at all prepared us for the mode in which the biographer of Lord Sidmouth has dealt with this topic—he *never mentions it at all!*

Under the date of 1812 the Dean relates that, the magisterial

* See (Q. R. vol. lxxiv. p. 110) our remark on the omission in Mr. Twiss's 'Life of Eldon' to notice Mr. Canning's return to the cabinet in 1822.

examination

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examination of the papers of the Comte d'Antraigues (an emigrant murdered by his servant) having accidentally brought Mr. Canning into the same room with Lord Sidmouth, they shook hands with some appearance of civility and even kindness. He dwells, indeed, with complacency on the good feeling which this incident produced on the future relations of the parties; but he does not say that, four years later—4th June, 1816—Canning as President, and Sidmouth as Secretary of State, were gazetted together as members of the same Board of Control, and sat, of course, in the same Cabinet; nor does he mention Canning's return to the Cabinet (after a short secession) in 1822.

Surely this is a strange suppression, and if made from any over anxiety about Lord Sidmouth's political consistency, it is very ill judged—for in the first place, the facts are as notorious as that Lord Sidmouth ever existed; secondly, there was nothing extraordinary in them—for Lord Sidmouth's whole political life was, as regarded his selection of colleagues, a whirl of inconsistencies; and lastly, the omission of such a capital figure as Mr. Canning from the scene only, as we said at the outset, serves to make him the more remarkable.

Lord Sidmouth, now at the age of sixty-seven, retired into private life. He had lost his first lady, the mother of all his children, in July, 1811: in July, 1824, he married the only daughter of his early friend Lord Stowell—the widow of Mr. Townshend, a lady whose 'prudent, friendly, and generous line of conduct quickly won the very sincere affection of Lord Sidmouth's family.' (vol. iii. p. 411.) The large property that this lady inherited from her father in 1835 enabled Lord Sidmouth to indulge his own high sense of independence by resigning a pension of 3000*l.* a-year, granted him, under Act of Parliament, on his retiring from office. This lady, too, he was doomed for a short time to survive, losing her in the spring of 1842.

But Lord Sidmouth's retirement was by no means ascetic, nor even negligent of such duties as he found himself able to perform. His last speech in Parliament was made on the 4th of April, 1829, against the Roman Catholic Relief Bill—that unhappy measure which, however right in itself, was the first or at least the most flagrant example in our political history of the sacrifice of pledges, principles, and *party*, to the influences of that combination of inferior motives which miscalls itself *expediency*. 'For the first time in my life,' says the brave old man, 'I am disheartened. We seem to be in a shattered boat, and in a strange and agitated sea, without pilot, chart, or compass.'

On the Reform Bill—the unhappy consequence of the foregoing bad precedent and suicidal schism—Lord Sidmouth, then in his 75th

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75th year, sedulously attended the debates and divisions. When so many other peers gave way to prevent the swamping of the House of Lords with an inundation of partisan peerages created *ad hoc*, Lord Sidmouth did not speak, but voted resolutely, declaring—

'For my own part, I should prefer seeing this destructive Bill carried by a most unconstitutional and flagrant misuse of the royal prerogative, than at the expense of the consistency, honour, and character of the House of Lords. *I* will not, therefore, assist in relieving Lord Grey from the inducement to do wrong by doing wrong myself.'—*Letter to Lord Exmouth*, vol. iii. p. 435.

Having thus performed his last duties to his country, he now retired altogether into the bosom of his family, where—paying ever and anon instalments of the heavy price of longevity in the loss of his coevals—he wore away, in the cheerful society of a few select friends, and under the vigilant care of his affectionate family, the tranquil and pious twilight of his long and busy day. 'Placidâ demum morte quievit,'—he died literally in the arms of his children on Thursday the 15th of February, 1844—the last of the generation and we may add of the *class* of statesmen who characterise the reign of George III.

There is no part of this work that we have read with greater satisfaction than that which is more peculiarly the Dean of Norwich's own—his narrative of the close of this amiable life, and his concluding reflections on its general tenor and character. They are written with taste, feeling, piety, and with, we have no doubt, a conviction of their justice. There is here, indeed (as there has been all through the work), a tendency to soften defects and to exalt merits; but this—always excusable in so near a relative—becomes in this last stage of a biography—when the writer stands, as it were, over the grave of his revered friend—a graceful and Christian sentiment; and in fact critical truth can adopt much of his copious and affectionate tribute. He draws from his review of the character the conclusion that Tacitus saw in the aspect of his friend—*bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter;* and we willingly admit that though amongst the eminent persons who illustrated the last forty years of the reign of George III.—the friends or rivals of Lord Sidmouth—there were some abler and many more brilliant orators and statesmen, there was at least—under his own view of his duties—no sincerer patriot—no more honourable or better man.

In addition to all the private virtues and social amiabilities, he had many valuable public qualities, which, by his original inaptitude or reluctance for parliamentary debate, he never was able to produce to their full extent. In such a Government as ours, the talents of statesmen are popularly measured by the

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the single one of oratory; and, perhaps, not unjustly; for, different and even opposite as the qualities sometimes seem, the force and brilliancy of eloquence have generally been found united with the soundest logic, the most extensive information, and highest scale of intellectual faculties. '*Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh*,' and those who have spoken best in Parliament have had, for the most part, powers that would have ensured their superiority in other walks of life. Lord Sidmouth wanted something of the internal spring and spirit as well as the mere mechanical facility that constitute the orator; and he certainly paled his ineffectual fire before the meridian brightness of his great contemporaries. It may be said of him that his *mind's eye was near-sighted;* it saw accurately enough what was brought close to it, but its range was limited—it looked neither far nor high—and he was certainly, from that defect of mental vision, too apt to give to small objects somewhat of an imaginary magnitude—a miscalculation of the size and weight of himself and his friends and of their intrinsic importance to the public service, that involved him in most of the difficulties and all the errors of his political career. He had generous notions of the obligations which the head of a party owes to his personal supporters. He had really persuaded himself that he and they were absolutely necessary to the public service; and though we will not say that he ever (except perhaps 'during the winter of his discontent' with the Duke of Portland's administration) sacrificed principle to party, he was very easy, not to say lax, on questions of political connexion. He also, we think, miscalculated his own powers: he was *par negotiis, nec supra*, and, excellent as the head of a department, was, by the structure of his mind as well as by an at once too easy and too confident temper, less fit for the head of a Government.

'Tel brille au second rang, qui s'éclipse au premier.'

But on the other hand, he had *personally* many noble qualities —truth—honour—integrity—courage. In all his little manœuvres to obtain political objects, which he persuaded himself were to enable him to serve the country with more effect, there never was, we firmly believe, any duplicity, not the shadow of falsehood, nor anything that could in its odious sense be called intrigue; he was, in public as in private life, generous and charitable; he was not merely placable, but indulgent to opponents, and carried his good opinion of mankind almost to a weakness; he was sanguine in hope and inaccessible to fear; and we believe he was one of the half-dozen men in the whole world who—at the highest spring-tide of Buonaparte's fortunes—even

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even at his *apotheosis* at Dresden in 1812—never feared his power nor doubted of his fall. This high quality alone, if he had had a larger share of parliamentary ability, would have made him a great and (as events fell out) a most triumphant minister. Even in a secondary place, his confidence and energy were not useless in a cabinet which needed occasionally some of his Tyrtæan spirit. It was peculiarly fortunate that during the reign of riot *he* happened to be at the Home Department. Under him no one was afraid to do his duty, and the magistrates and the military knew that he at least would never permit them to be sacrificed to popular clamour. His determination and energy saved the country, we are satisfied, from many imminent disasters; and in looking back at those disgraceful times, we forget all the minor defects of Lord Sidmouth's public character, to remember, with gratitude, services which few men could have performed with equal ability, and none with a more imperturbable spirit.

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Note.—Errata in the article on French Agriculture in our last number—p. 230, for 1*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*, read 3*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* We have to apologise also for a few others, but they are so obvious that the reader himself will have corrected them, or so slight as to have no effect on the general statement. It has been observed to us, that we state in p. 227 that 15 hectolitres are equivalent to 17 English bushels;—but if the person who has favoured us with the remark will look higher up on the page, he will see that the error is his own. Our statement is, that 15 hectolitres *per hectare* are equivalent to 17 bushels *per English acre.*

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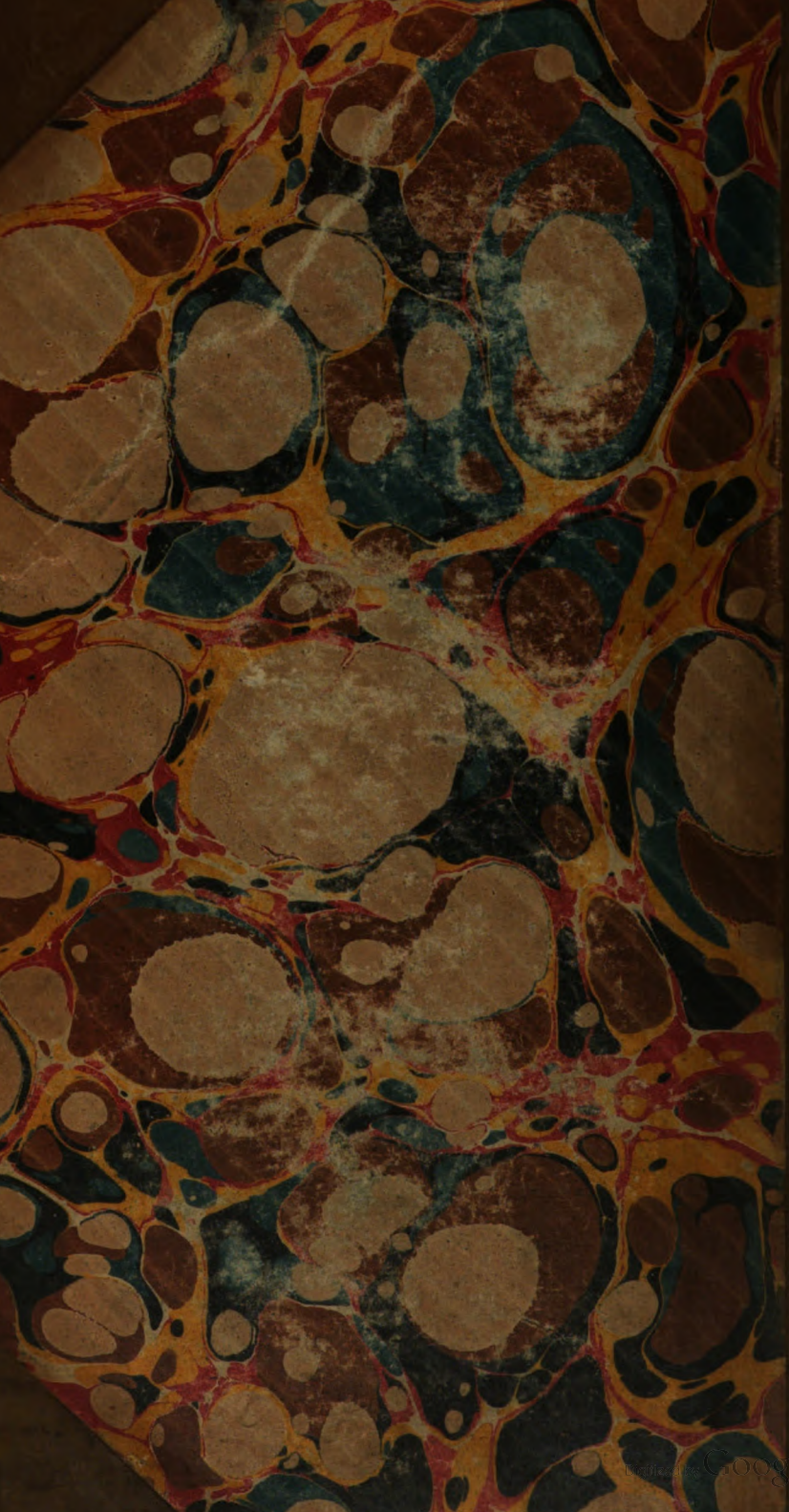
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